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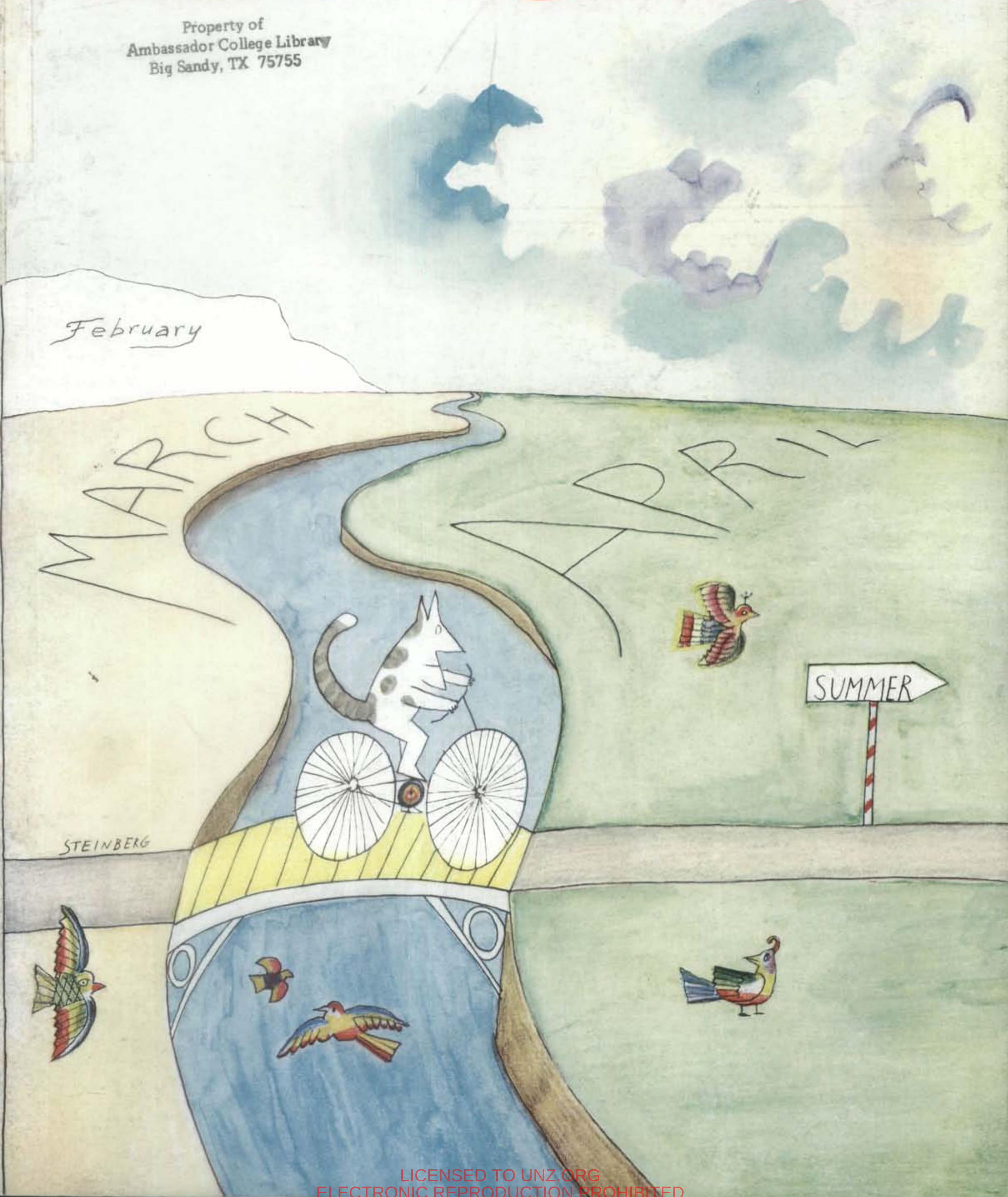
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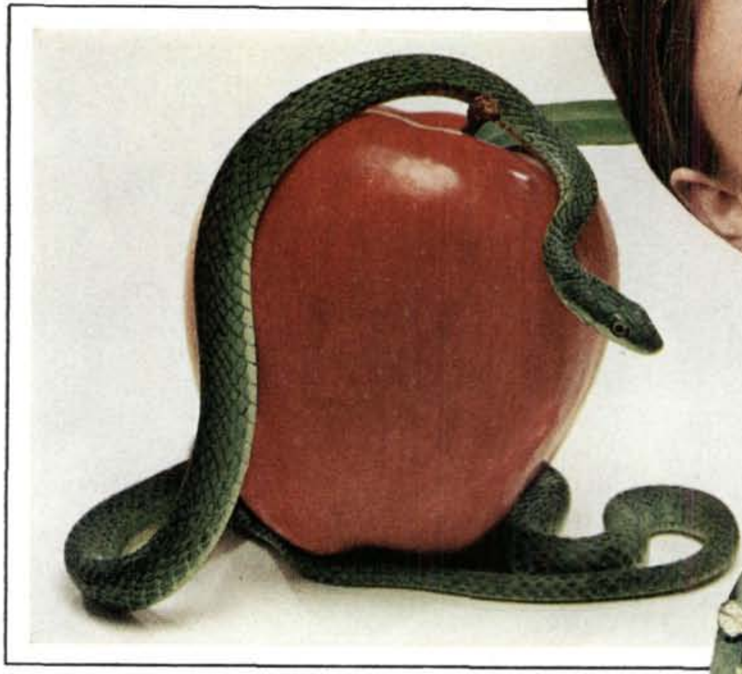

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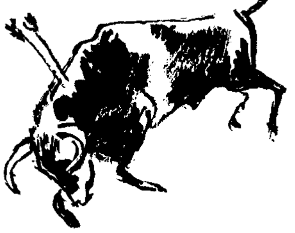

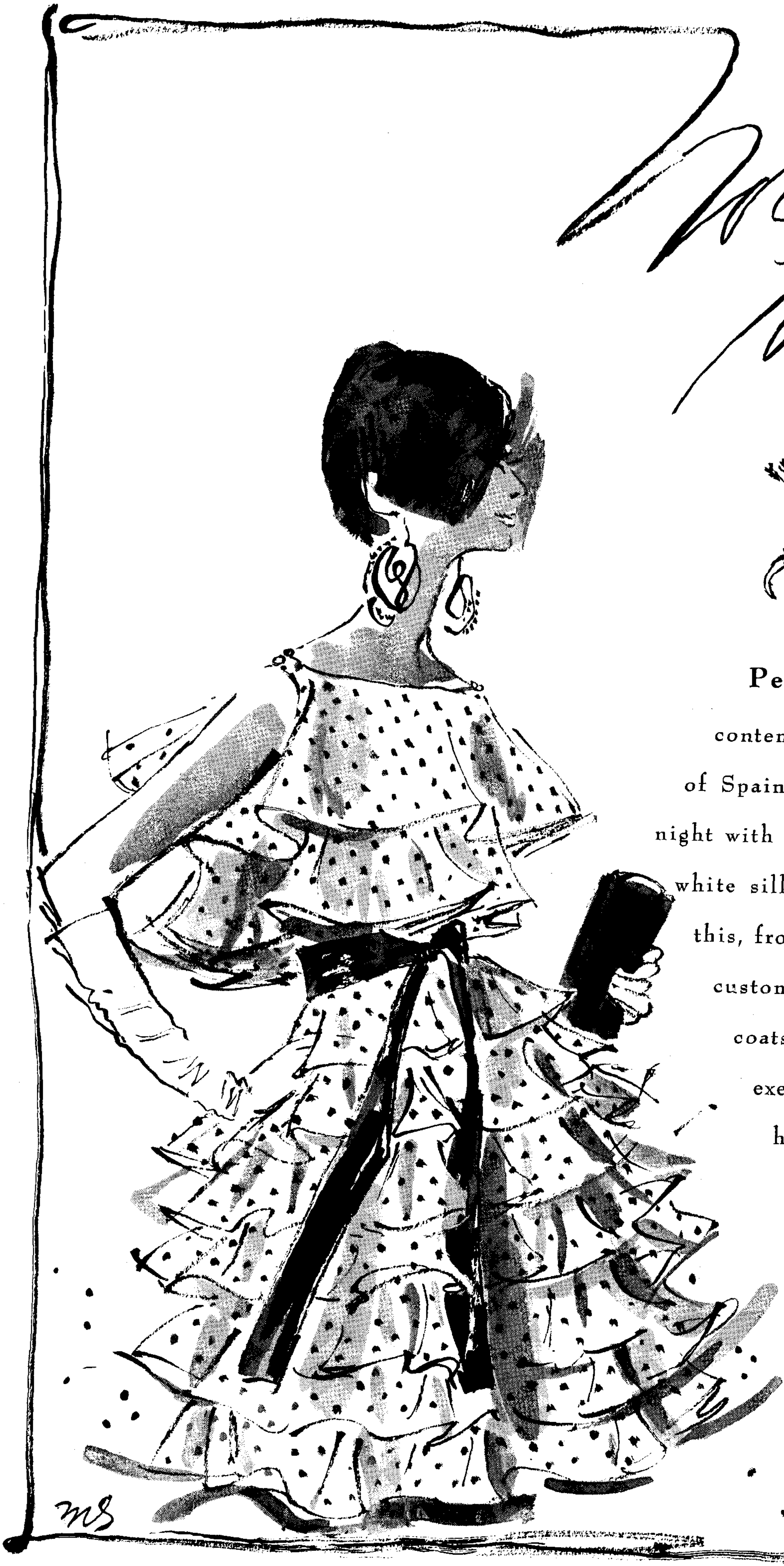

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—There are altogether too many dramatic recesses in this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs give the proceedings a lift every now and then. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—A marathon monologue makes up the bulk of this drama by John Osborne, which describes the disintegration of a solicitor who has no respect for his law or for himself. Hard going, but occasionally relieved by the performances of Nicol Williamson, as the lawyer, and Madeleine Sherwood and Ted van Griethuysen, who portray assorted other characters. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's fitfully amusing fictional creation of the private life of Henry II at a time when the king was trying to determine who would be his successor. Robert Preston plays the king, and Rosemary Harris his queen, and they are both estimable, as are the others in the drama. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. May close Saturday, March 26.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company representing the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum, which is, as depicted here, a nightmarish place indeed. Peter Brook, who directed the depressing drama, plainly aims to shock, and from time to time he succeeds. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 27.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are excellent as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, in which Christopher Plummer and David Carradine lead a first-rate cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	.			24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

3 Bags Full—Jerome Chodorov's agitated adaptation of a French farce by Claude Magnier, in which Paul Ford figures to no particular purpose. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—The APA Repertory Company's expert revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb is the director, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik having a fine time in South Africa as a Jewish grandfather who likes to go adventuring with a native pal (Louis Gossett) in Johannesburg and its environs. An insubstantial bit of business, put together by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon. The piece is enlivened by Harold Rome's incidental music. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

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Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 5-6969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—Julie Harris is appealing as a young lady trying to save a Manhattan brownstone from some high-rise builders bent on destroying it, but this musical hasn't much else to recommend it. Adapted from Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" by Peter Stone, the play has music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography, by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are lively. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial,

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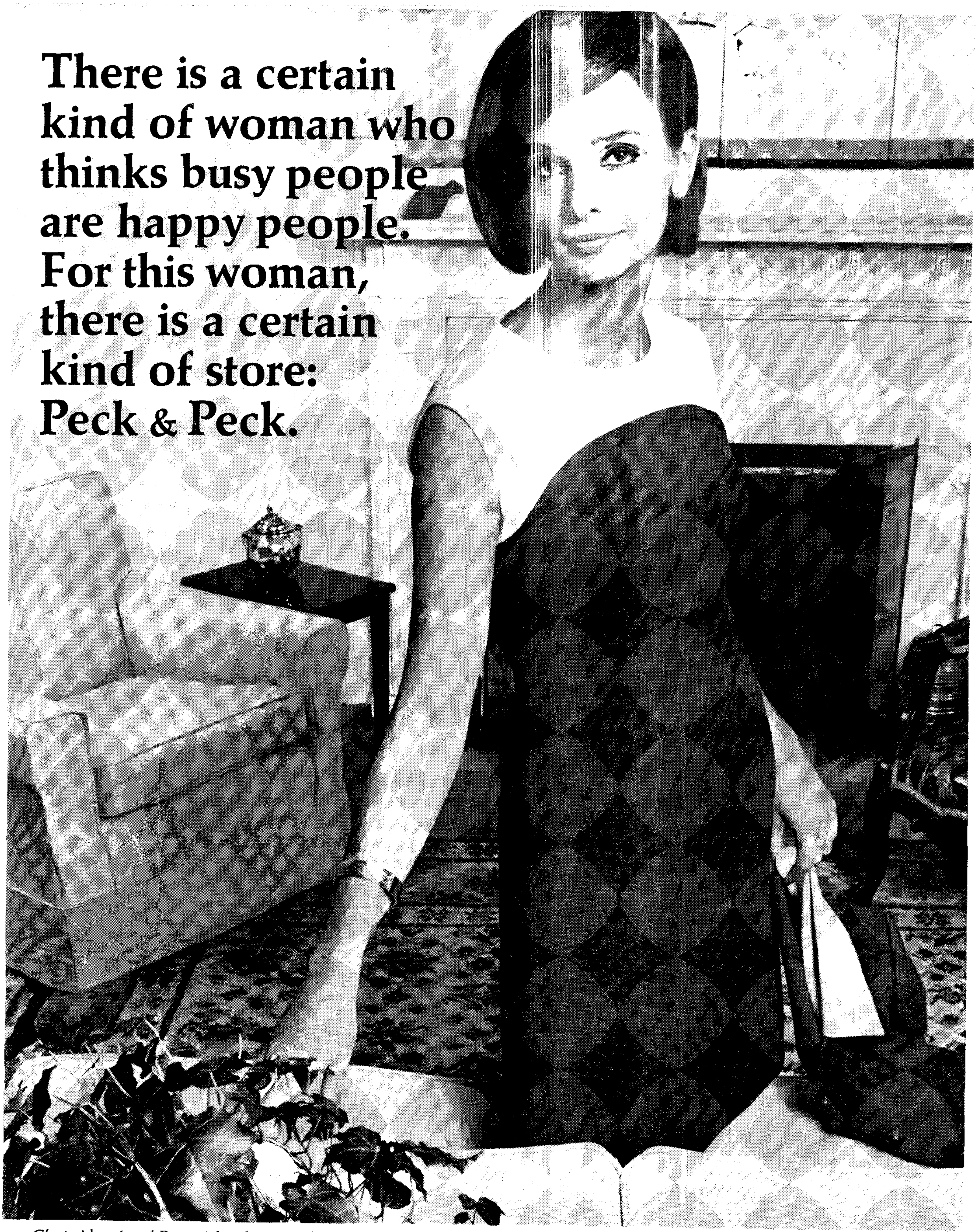

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tony Tanner in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mother Carey. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE BEST LAID PLANS—A comedy by Gwen Davis, with Edward Woodward and Marian Hailey. Directed by Arthur Storch. Preview Thursday, March 24. Opens officially on Friday, March 25. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IT'S A BIRD . . . IT'S A PLANE . . . IT'S SUPERMAN—Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, and Bob Holiday in a musical based on the comic strip "Superman." Charles Strouse wrote the music, Lee Adams the lyrics, and David Newman and Robert Benton the book. Previews through Monday, March 28. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 29. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER—**BUNRAKU PUPPET THEATRE:** Final performances of a two-week engagement (two programs) by this company from Japan. Program I: Thursday and Friday, March 24-25, at 8:30; Saturday, March 26, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 27, at 8:30.... ¶ Program II: Saturday, March 26, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 27, at 2:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance.... **ROBERT JOFFREY BALLET:** An engagement of seven performances. Wednesday, March 30, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Incubus," "Pas de Deux," and "Opus 65."... ¶ Thursday, March 31, at 8: "Olympics" (première), "Pas des Déesses," "Opus 65," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Friday, April 1, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Gamelan," "Ropes," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 2:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée," "Pas de Deux," and "Contrasts."... ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 8:30: "Ropes," "Pas de Deux," "Incubus," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 2:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée," "Pas de Deux," and "Contrasts."... ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Gamelan," "Opus 65," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's **THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE**, adapted by Eric Bentley. Opens Thursday, March 24, and will run through Sunday, May 8. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Opening-night curtain at 6:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presentations of **TOSCA**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

THE DEADLY GAME—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, is quite good. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HALF HORSE HALF ALLIGATOR—William Mooney in a one-man show he has derived from humorous pieces by such nineteenth-century writers as Mark Twain, James Russell Lowell, and Seba Smith. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY ENDING and **DAY OF ABSENCE**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

HOORAY! IT'S A GLORIOUS DAY . . . AND ALL THAT—This good-humored musical spoof of musical comedies gets a bit monotonous as the evening wears on, but it has a few bright moments all the same. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

LUDLOW FAIR and **THE MADNESS OF LADY BRIGHT**—A double bill by Lanford Wilson. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

THE MAD SHOW—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MONOPOLY—A program of four one-acters by a new dramatist named Jerome Kass. The characters are local and suburban types, most of them familiar Jewish and all of them recent arrivals in the middle class. Three of the plays are mere sketches; the fourth, "Young Marrieds Play Monopoly," has more substance and is quite promising. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PHÈDRE—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE—A melodrama set in nineteenth-century England about four soldiers who come to a mining town to expose the cruelty of war. The play is done as a sort of Victorian primitive, and whatever excitement it has (not much) lies in the manner rather than the matter, which is fairly conventional. Britain's John Arden is the dramatist. John Colicos is good in the leading role. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WHITE DEVIL—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, May 22—Tuesday evening, March 29: "Scotch Symphony," "Pas de Deux," "The Cage," and "La Valse." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 30: "Serenade," "Ebony Concerto," "Tarantella," and "La Valse."... ¶ Thursday evening, March 31: "Prodigal Son," "Variations" (première), and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Friday evening, April 1: "Prodigal Son," "Apollo," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 2: "Agon," "Meditation," and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 2: "Prodigal Son," "Agon," and "Raymonda Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15.)

JOSÉ GRECO—With his company of Spanish gypsy dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

PAUL SANASARDO—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA BALLET—A program of three new works: "Concerning Oracles," "Echoing of Trumpets," and "La Ventana." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Sunday, March 27, at 8.)

GLEN TETLEY—With Carmen de Lavallade, Mary Hinkson, and Scott Douglas, in a program of modern dance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Saturday, April 2, at 8:30: "Interplay," "Don Quixote Pas de

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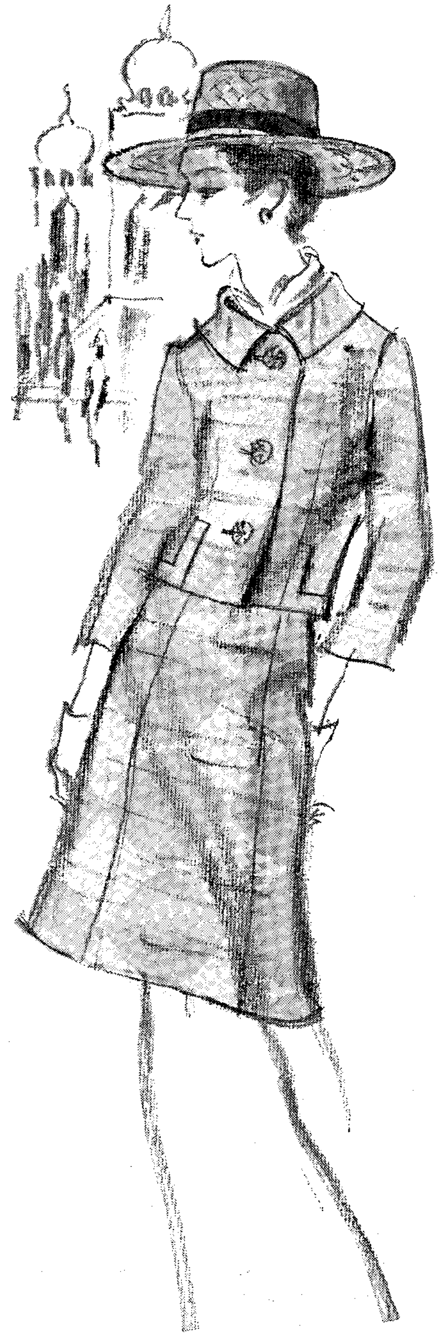

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Deux," "The Wind in the Mountains," and "Etudes."... ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "The Combat," and "Theme and Variations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

MISCELLANY

Mark Twain Tonight!—A four-week return engagement (new program) of Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Final performances Saturday, April 16.)

George Gershwin's Theatre—A second performance of a program of songs (chorus and orchestra), presented by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center, with Barbara Cook, Bill Hayes, Eileen Rodgers, Veronica Tyler, William Walker, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Right Up Your Alley," is this year's undergraduate production. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday through Monday, April 2-4, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-4600.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box at dinner and supper there is Ella Fitzgerald, the keys to the city and the keys to all the octaves swinging (and really swinging) from her belt. Jimmy Jones and a picked crew make the appropriate background for her; the orchestra of Lee Evans spends the evening sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The nights have grown longer since the dance band of Horace Diaz moved in among the dinner tables of the new wing, which, candy-striped from head to foot, looks exactly like the late Little Club—and such it actually is, complete in every detail, including Billy Reed, prop. The tunes begin at nine during the week and cease at two, at ten Fridays and Saturdays, when three is closing time; Sundays, Budd Gregg's piano is the whole show, nine to one.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Well-schooled dancing is par for this *concours,* where George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the restaurant from eight until nine, then breaks into prance tunes. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—How to be a social success by really trying. In the main hall, a couple of bands (Freddy Alonso's and Charles Bubeck's) provide the music necessary for this arduous exercise; in the Champagne Room, though, only a violin and a piano confer, and in whispers. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Ben Cutler's boys from Boola Boola U. stick to the real New York beat every night of the week for whoever both dances and dines.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Diahann Carroll, making a bewitching spectacle of herself during the dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room, blows her intense songs sky-high, pats her love lyrics on the tops of their pretty little heads. Plenty of dance music is decanted in the course of the evening, the best of it by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather revellers. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine.... ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of Gunnar Hansen's gallant violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Room at the top. If the vistas and the vittles do not use up enough time, there is always a dance floor, beside which the long-lost José Melis and his band turn loose their cajolery from eight-thirty to one-thirty. On Monday, March 28, the Melis mélange will be replaced by the band of the trumpeting Jonah Jones. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Ring out the new, ring in the old (and all its splendid, ornate architecture) with the everlasting Glenn Miller orchestra, now in the charge of Buddy De Franco's soothsaying clarinet. On Monday, March 28, Count Basie's band takes the baton from the Millers. The music lets go from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The new blossom in the Sheraton daisy chain, and the handsomest. In the Maisonette, Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are the urban and urbane hosts from dinnertime until curfew, which arrives at two. Closed Sundays.

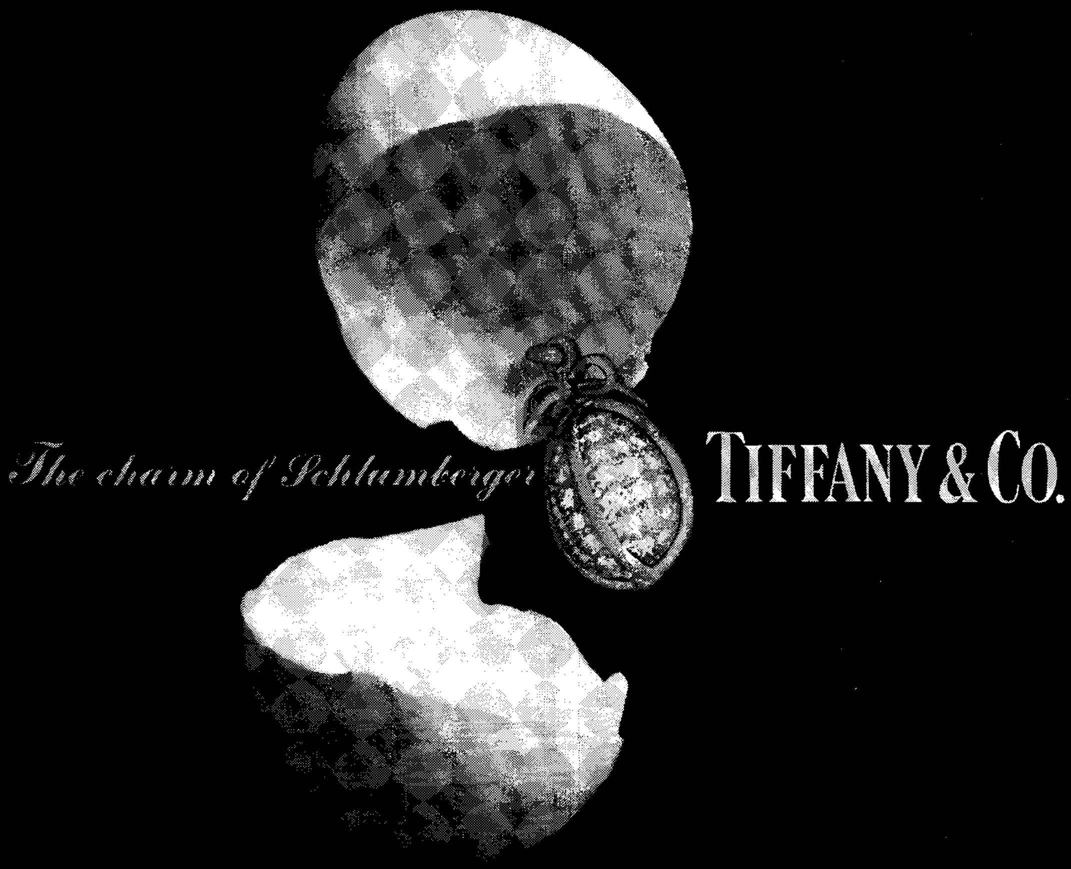
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano—which happens from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week (except Mondays), and from five to eleven on Sundays—is right up Peacock's Alley. The little dance band that bowls in the Alley from nine to one takes Sundays off.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. All sports but the Twist and its offspring are permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy by customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **l'intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Upstairs, in what was the dining room of the old Wanamaker town house, Bobby Short is the nightwatchman for those who stay awake long, long after the dinner hour. Their reward is the blithe spirits of, respectively, his songs, his piano, and his sidemen—Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer. ... ¶ Downstairs, where Murray Grand's piano recalls the best years of our lives, Jimmie Daniels sings about the best nights of our lives, Mary Small contributes her soprano, and (when it comes to her mind) Nancy Steele, the patroness, slithers through her Texas Guinan cantatas. None of these characters are early arrivals. All is shut tight Sundays.... **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Domestic life in Firenze. The family retainers who are not required in the kitchen now and again display their knowledge of Italian, operatic and otherwise, to the diners. They are not unaware of American arias, either. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays.... **mike malkan's,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): The Kingdom of Lilliput in a garrulous mood, full of young'uns on their best behavior. While they gabble, Mr. Malkan, *padrone*, plays rumbling piano. Seven until almost daybreak is the scheme.... **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays.... **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall delights the young people. The music—Bob Emma's period piano and song, and Bob Gibson's chortling trio—sets to at seven; Sundays, in their place, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. The menu is plain but hearty. . . . **BELL'S,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): The comforts of home, and the happy congregating of young and old for a mannerly Old Home Week. George Taylor's trio, which is always on the verge of sing-along, chortles from nine until three. It stays home Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A blockhouse on the Wild, Wild East frontier, where Charles De Forest, who sits right down and writes a night-life ballad whenever he hasn't one for the precise occasion, plays piano and chants away from ten until three. He is marked absent on Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, and some of it is handmade. Killer Joe Piro, leader of the lost generation born in the shadow of the Peppermint Lounge, does a special shivaree at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings (the resounding Chambers Brothers) and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion. The guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The new face of Spain, but even so the architecture makes the twentieth century a great deal less stark. The current musicians, Inaki & Carlos, are Basque—which puts them under the heading of Rarity. They are both strolling players. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do (and doing it superbly), with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, there is Joe Moon, a knowledgeable pianist, whose music runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The scenery of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dreams of Empire, all right, but of the one that once lay along the Neva and the Volga. Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is Venetian-glass. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): This portion of the Hotel Westbury is given over to dining and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the winter on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, Mario Peralta wields with ease an absolutely unwieldy and age-old bandonion, whose seven-until-nine music is all balm. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, which is a bar first and foremost, there is piano by Tony Gorody, who was once part of the Havana dawn pa-

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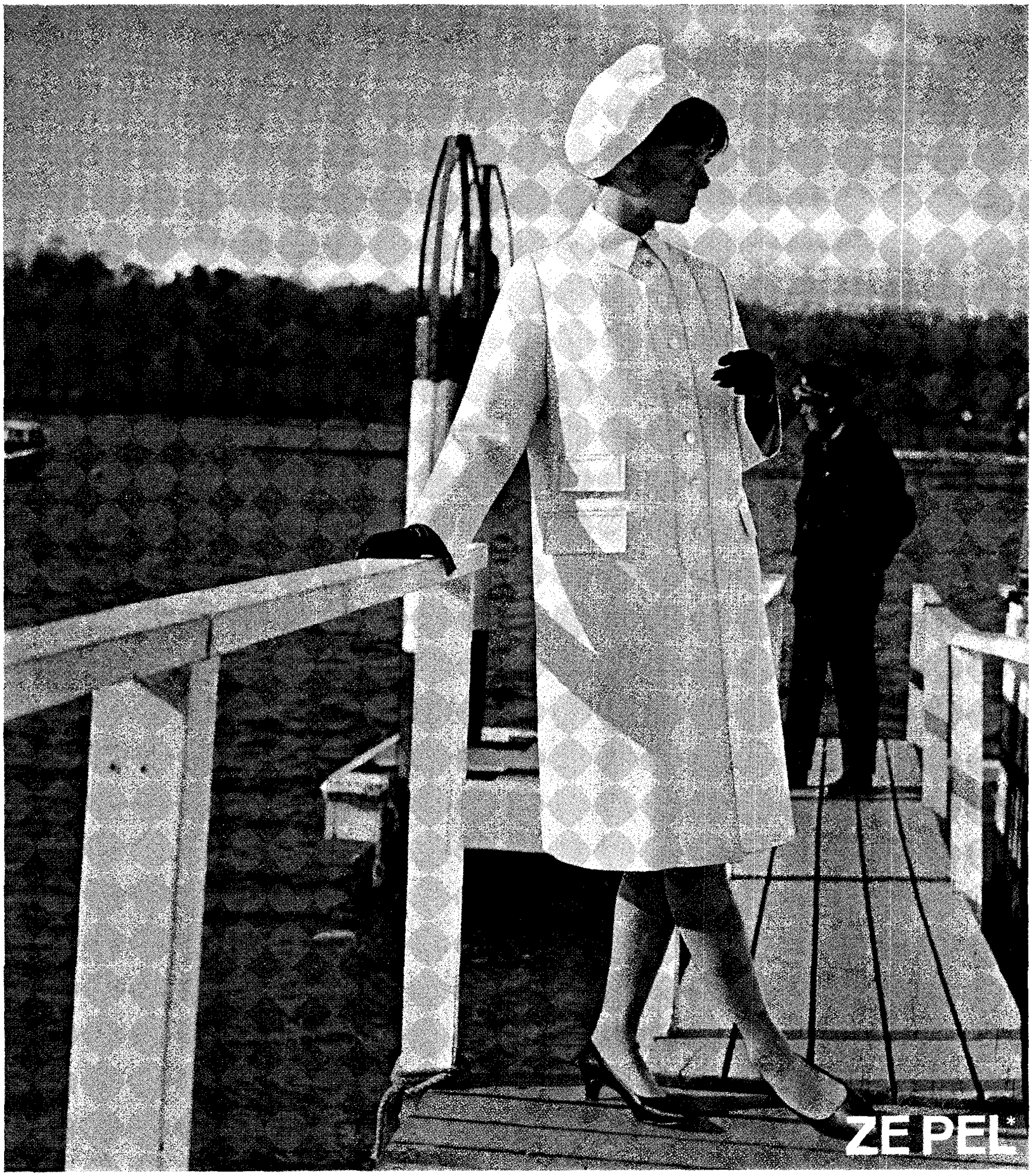

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trol. He is on duty from six to one. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): As troubadours go these nights, Steve Lawrence is among the very best, and so are his songs; the current raconteur, Sandy Baron, speaks for himself, not for Joe Miller. On Thursday, March 31, a new deal: Bobby Darin (youth calling, and singing, unto youth) and Bobby Ramsen (standard-gauge humor). Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a Never-Never Land in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. In the middle of it all stands Nelson Eddy, looking tiptop in spite of the hard winter at Valley Forge. He is a robust tenor, and Betty Jo Alvies, captain of the girl brigade, is a robust puma; the attendant Hungarian ballet is a rumble left over from "West Side Story." Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse is Trini Lopez, a mighty leader of the youth movement. His arias and guitar even overcome the aggression complex of the band behind him. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. The ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all noblewomen; Bill Hinnant is their sly shepherd. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): It's boots-and-saddle time in the back room when the feet of Joaquin Robles take off on their infuriated flamencan cavalcade; the rest of the night is assigned to Los Vegas, a quintet of Mexicans who have far better ideas than most of us North Americans about how to make the music of the rockers and the rollers presentable. On Tuesday, March 29, the entire staff will be succeeded by a new draft of players, principally Juan Lejido, whose flamencan songs sometimes take unexpected but nevertheless entertaining turns. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten.... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Mario Escudero's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the pocket-edition revue here, is a slow starter, but it soon picks up an amiable momentum. R. G. Brown, Fannie Flagg, and Richard Blair are the leaders of the pack. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, a girl with a tremendous gift of gab (stream, and scream, of unconsciousness) is using this small temple as a trial run. Sam Hamilton's piano is a calming influence. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bill Evans, master of understatement, brings the terse recitals of his piano and triad to an end on Sunday, March 27. The brimming brass of Gerry Mulligan's quintet will enhance the last three days of the Evans visit. On Monday, March 28 (as on every Monday), the exuberance of the eighteen-strong band of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis will fill the place. Tuesday through Thursday, March 29-31, will be ennobled by the presence of the quintet owned by Coleman Hawkins. There ensues a three-day stand, commencing on Friday, April 1, by Miles Davis and friends.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a belowstairs cave. Up top, the Dave Pike trio ruminates every evening but Monday, and Sunday afternoons (five to nine) there are offertories by other jazz men. Down under, Miriam Makeba, the heart and soul of Africa irredenta, chants (surrounded by fellow-countrymen players and dancers) in her celebrated lioness fashion. On Mondays, though, down under is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. The big breeze is Roy Eldridge's horn, joyfully attached to a fivesome, which is to be supplemented, on Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, by the quintet of Sonny Stitt and McCoy Tyner. On Tuesday, March 29, Roland Kirk's five-man squad replaces all hands. Closed Mondays.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The land of the coffee bean. Friday, March 25, brings on Charlie Brown's Generation (evenly divided between rock and roll), Howie Storm's witticisms, and the often spoofy folk songs of Jake Holmes. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The stage is occupied by Abbey Lincoln, that lyric Lorelei, and the strong-arm quintet of Max Roach. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, is using a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Roger Kellaway, and Morey Feld—to produce the old-school music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually comprising Red Allen, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome beginning at nine.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three every night, and each Tuesday-through-Thursday a bagpiper waxes eerie.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays offer, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a few stanzas by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Nina Simone, alone with her thoughts, seems unaware of an audience as she sings her arcane songs, plays her arcane piano. She and her trio set to at nine and eleven through the week; Fridays and Saturdays, they do a third turn, too, at one. Closed Mondays.... **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is Charles Lloyd's quartet right now. It will, on the other hand, be the foursome of Philly Joe Jones on Monday, March 28, and thereafter the quintet of Jackie McLean.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRO, PETER LANYON, AND CÉSAR MANRIQUE—Paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANNETTE BARTLE—Paintings; through Saturday, April 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Drawings and a few sculp-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures; through April 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Baumbach—Abstract paintings; through April 16. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chester Beach (1881-1956)—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in marble, ivory, bronze, and terra cotta; through Friday, April 1. (National Sculpture Society, 250 E. 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Ariane R. Berman—Paintings, lithographs, and woodcuts of carnival, beach, and park scenes; through April 9. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Victor Brauner—Surrealist paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Braverman—Oils and drawings; through Saturday, March 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Broderson—Figure paintings; through Saturday, April 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pol Bury—Moving sculptures; through April 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chryssa—Neon and metal sculptures; through April 6. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pietro Consagra—Abstract bronze sculptures and drawings; through April 16. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cook—Bronze sculptures; through Thursday, March 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Vieira da Silva—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Saliba Douaihy—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Rosalyn Drexler—Paintings; through April 14. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger—A retrospective of woodcuts, etchings, and lithographs; through Saturday, March 26. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Michael Goldberg—Semi-abstract still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday April 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstract canvases; through Saturday, March 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Goodyear—Kinetic works; through Saturday, April 2. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

John Hartell—Landscape and figure paintings; through April 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Léon Hartl—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marsden Hartley—Oils, drawings, and pastels (1909-43); through Saturday, April 2. (Valente, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Hepworth—Sculptures in stone, slate, wood, and bronze; through April 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margo Hoff—Collage paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Huot—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, April 2, (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Keyser—Abstract oils; through Saturday, March 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

John Koenig—Paintings; through April 8. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter London—Paintings and drawings; through Thursday, March 31. (Aegis, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscapes; through Saturday, March 26. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Mary Meigs—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, March 26. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Pop art; through Saturday April 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Raymond Parker—Non-objective paintings; through April 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Rattner—Figure paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bridget Riley—Drawings and preparatory work; through Saturday, April 2. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Peter Saul—Vietnam drawings; through Saturday, March 26. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Frank Stella—Geometric paintings; through Wednesday, March 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stout—Semi-abstract landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, April 2. (Dorsky, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert S. Titus—Landscapes; through Saturday, March 26. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sol Wilson—Landscapes and cityscapes, with figures; through Saturday, April 2. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA HERITAGE**, 63 E. 57th St.: A show commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters, with works by Thomas H. Benton, Arthur G. Dove, Charles Sheeler, and others; through April 9. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "Sea and Coast," an exhibit of paintings by (for instance) Bennett Bradbury, Leonard Lane, and Stanley Woodward; through Saturday, March 26 . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Hassam, Twachtman, and Pleissner; through Friday, March 25. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Paintings and drawings of flowers by, among others, Nell Blaine, Nicholas Vasilieff, and Andy Warhol; through Saturday, April 2. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such artists as Chagall, Giacometti, and Pollock; through April 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Modigliani, and Calder (to mention a few); through April 23. (Closed Mondays.)

Israelis; Group Show—Paintings by Mané-Katz, Israel Paldi, and Shalom of Safed; through Saturday, March 26. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through May 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and collages (1941-55) by Nicolas de Staël, together with European drawings by such artists as Gianfranco Baruchello, Eduardo Paolozzi, and Antoni Tàpies; through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Marcia Marcus, Lennart Anderson, and George Segal are three of the twenty-nine artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and prints purchased during the past ten years from a fund established in memory of Neysa McMein; through Sunday, March 27. . . . ¶ Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and prints by George Bellows (1882-1925); through May 1.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through May 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sculptures and recent paintings by Max Ernst; through April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Designing for the Theatre by Jo Mielziner," a showing of scene paintings (1928-65) for "The Little Show," "Guys and Dolls," "Death of a Salesman," "Winterset," and many more; through May 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through April 9.... ¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23.... ¶ The Vinland Map and other early records of exploration; through Saturday, April 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Tikal 1956-66: Excavations in Maya Guatemala," through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of the works of twenty-five American painters and sculptors who are candidates for awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Carroll Cloar, Maurice Grosser, and Ezio Martinelli. Through Sunday, March 27. (Daily, 2 to 5.)

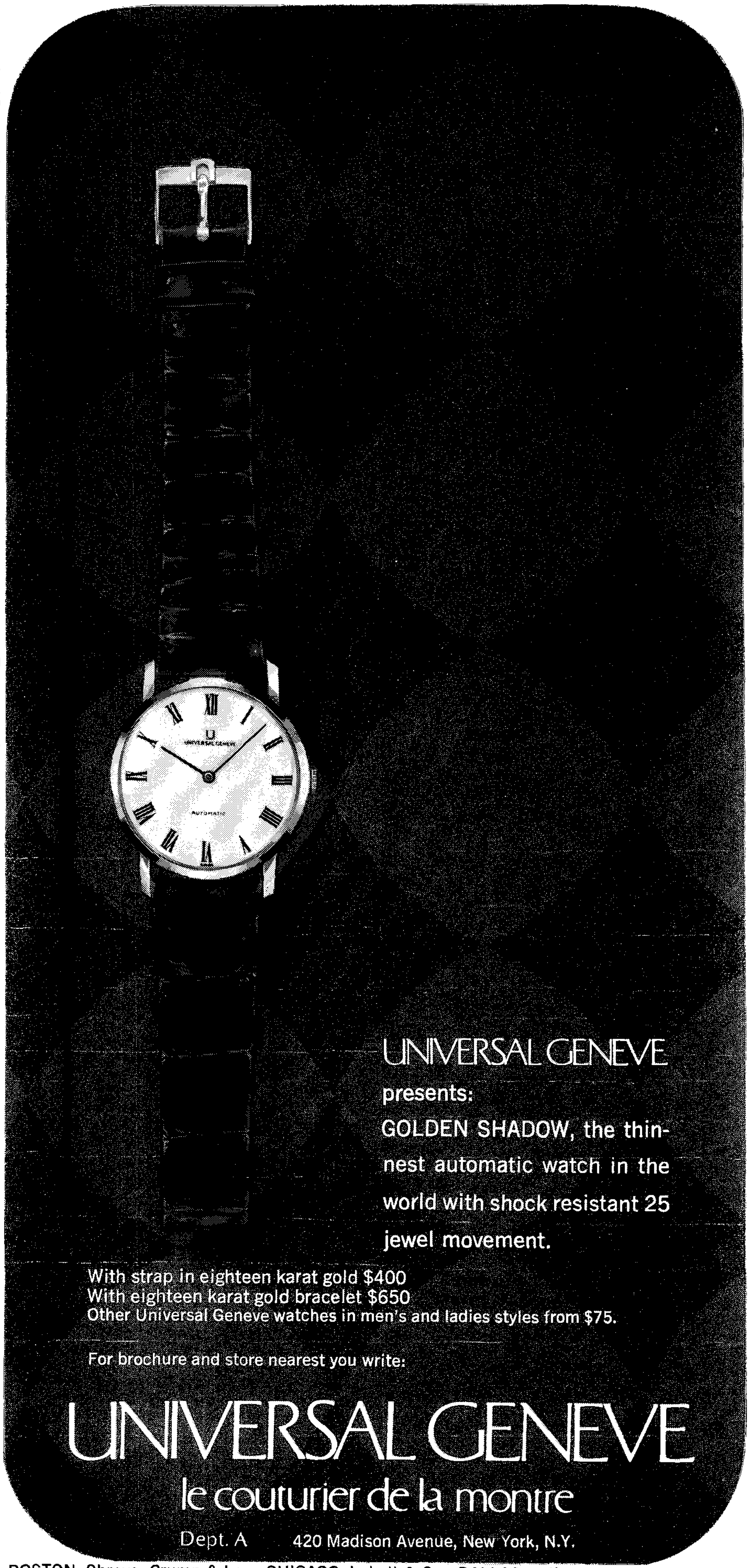
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 24, at 8: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Raskin, Lili Chookasian, Marcia Baldwin, Anselmo Colzani, Frank Guarrera, and Luigi Alva.... ¶ Friday, March 25, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Régine Crespin, Ruza Pospinov, Jeanette Scovotti, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 2: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Pekka Nuotio, John Macurdy, Thomas Stewart, and Arturo Sergi.... ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Reri Grist, Frank Guarrera, Luigi Alva, Elfego Esparza, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Sunday, March 27, at 8: The Metropolitan Opera Ballet in a program of three new works. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday, March 28, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, and Justino Díaz.... ¶ Tuesday, March 29, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Pekka Nuotio, Jerome Hines, Thomas Stewart, and Arturo Sergi.... ¶ Wednesday, March 30, at 8: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani.... ¶ Thursday, March 31, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Frank Guarrera, George Shirley, Ramon Vinay, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Friday, April 1, at 8: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Mary Ellen Pracht, Jon Vickers, Ezio Flagello, Morley Meredith, Ernst Wiemann, and Charles Anthony.... ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 1: "Parsifal," with Régine Crespin, Sándor Kónya, George London, Jerome Hines, Justino Díaz, and Morley Meredith.... ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 8: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani. (A non-subscription performance.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, March 24: "Katerina Ismailova," in English.... ¶ Friday evening, March 25: "Don Rodrigo."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 26: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 26: "Katerina Ismailova."... ¶ Sunday matinée,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 27: "Don Rodrigo."... ¶ Sunday evening, March 27: "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Thomas Schippers conducting on Monday, March 28, at 7:30 (with Tong Il Han, piano).... ¶ Lukas Foss conducting on Thursday, March 31, at 8:30; Friday, April 1, at 2:15; Saturday, April 2, at 8:30; and Monday, April 4, at 7:30 (all with Gladys Kuchta, soprano, and Jess Thomas, tenor).

Houston Symphony Orchestra—Sir John Barbirolli conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 24, at 8:30, with Evelyn Rothwell, oboe; and Thursday, March 31, at 8:30, with Ralph Holmes, violin.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Georges Prêtre conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Monte Carlo National Orchestra—Paul Paray conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here. With Michel Block, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8:30.)

London Symphony Orchestra—Istvan Kertesz conducting the first in a series of four concerts, this one with Robert Ilosfalvy, tenor, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus—Frederic Waldman directing a performance of Rossini's "Messa Solenne," with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; and Justino Diaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Princeton Chamber Orchestra—Nicholas Harsanyi conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Presti and Lagoya, guitarists; John Wummer, flute; and Karen Tuttle, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting, with Donald Green, cello. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 632 W. 156th St. Wednesday, March 30, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Erica Morini, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 2-3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Manhattanville College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing a concert of sacred music, with a chamber orchestra. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 27, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Washington University Choir and Madrigal Singers—Orland Johnson directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Esther," with Netania Davrath, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern and Stafford Wing, tenors; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. The final concert of the season. (Town Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Friday, April 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call 228-1870.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Schneider, and Leslie Parnas—Piano, violin, and cello, in two programs of Haydn trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 24, and Saturday, March 26, both at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Contemporary Music Society—The last in a series of programs of new music, this one performed by Milton and Peggy Salkind and Charlotte Hegyi, piano, and Julius Hegyi, violin. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, March 24, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Andrius Kuprevicius—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 5:15.)

Erica Morini—Violin, in a recital postponed from March 5. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Peter Nero—Pop pianist, with an orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8:45.)

Beaux-Arts String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Ludwig Olshansky—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

Toby Saks—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Guarneri Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, April 1, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Zara Nelsova and Grant Johannesen—Cello and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 2, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Jimmy Giuffre, with accompaniment. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, March 25, at 8:30.)... ¶ Juanita Hall, in a blues program, with Claude Hopkins, Al Hall, Benny Morton, and others. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Monday, March 28, at 9 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sunday, March 27, at 7.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30.... BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, March 28, through Saturday, April 30.

Professional Tennis—Kenneth Rosewall, Rodney Laver, Lewis Hoad, Pancho Segura, Alex Olmedo, Luis Ayala, Pancho Gonzalez, Andres Gimeno, Earl Buchholz, Pierre Barthes, Mal Anderson, and Michael Davies. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday, March 24, at 4, and Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, at 7:30 P.M.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 2, at 10, and Sunday, April 3, at 10 and noon.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 2, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.)... PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... STORYLAND THEATRE: "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.

Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)... **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Babu." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, March 27, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show, "The Meaning of Spring," describes the motions of the earth and the causes of the seasons, and compares our seasons with those of other planets. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Andrei Voznesensky reading his poems in Russian, and W. H. Auden, Jean Garrigue, Stanley Kunitz, Stanley Moss, Richard Wilbur, and William Jay Smith reading their translations of Mr. Voznesensky's poems. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, March 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)... ¶ Anthony Burgess and Jakov Lind reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, March 27, at 8:30.)... ¶ Muriel Rukeyser reading from her own poetry. (Washington Square Room, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Thursday, March 31, at 4:15. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Archibald MacLeish, Louise Bogan, William Meredith, Allen Tate, and Stanley Burnshaw reading from the works of Mr. MacLeish. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, March 31, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—The annual spring event will feature American, European, and Oriental antiques, assembled by a hundred and thirty-five dealers. Included will be Bennington flint enamelware books, Tiffany vases, Victorian Easter eggs, French paperweights, and mechanical banks and toys. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, March 28-April 1, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 2, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 24, at 5:30: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by such artists as Braque, Matisse, Miró, Picasso, and Rodin; from the collection of the late G. David Thompson. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.... ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century and other French furniture and decorative objects, from various owners.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29-30, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century graphic art, belonging to Arthur B. Spingarn and others.... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, March 31-April 2, at 1:45: French porcelains, Viennese enamels and other objects of art, Russian icons, ivory carvings, Tiffany glass, French and other furniture and decorative objects, and rugs and tapestries. Part I of the collection of the late Anton Meister. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 26.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Dear John—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A rousing melodrama, laid in the blistering Sahara. Among those getting blistered are James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger. Directed by Robert Aldrich. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting March 30.)

The Group—The recent best-seller by Mary McCarthy about college girls in the dim thirties has been made into a big, splashy, but not very satisfactory costume drama. Directed by Sidney Lumet and starring, among others, Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, and Hal Holbrook. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Hamlet—Based on a translation of the play by Boris Pasternak, this version easily survives our not understanding a single word that is uttered. Rousingly directed by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. In Italian. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through March 27. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting March 30. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 30, tentative.)

King and Country—A harsh account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War, flawlessly acted by Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde under the direction of Joseph Losey. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 29. . . . ¶ Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; March 24.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 29.)

Lord Love a Duck—Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld give superlative performances in Professor George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of contemporary teen-aging. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Loved One—An unfunny bungling of the Evelyn Waugh original, ill-directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through March 29.)

Male Companion—Philippe de Broca has directed this comedy with characteristic zest. It stars that energetic if not entirely plausible Don Juan, Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through March 29.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. *Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable*, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—James Coburn has great fun playing a Bond-like paragon of international sleuthing. He is aided and hindered by lots of pretty girls. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through March 29.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very convincing movie. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting March 30, tentative.)

Shakespeare Wallah—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. In English. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Shop on Main Street—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully well acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Somebody is bent on *murdering all six occupants of a certain* train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective who tries to stop the massacre. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—An entirely successful adaptation of the famous best-seller. With Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 29, tentative. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting March 30.)

The 10th Victim—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this witty extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through March 29.)

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through March 29.)

Thunderball—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea and even under the sea. Starring Sean Connery, of course, and directed by Terence Young. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 29.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Where the Spies Are—Still another melodrama about international spies. The difference is a clever script and a fine performance by David Niven. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through March 29. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 30.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 25-28, last showing on March 28 at 3:58.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 24.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 29.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W.C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting March 30.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; March 27-29.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 24. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 29.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 29.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo and others. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through March 26.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through March 26.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 25-28, last showing on March 28 at 2:32.)

Marty (1955)—A comic and touching account of the trials and tribulations of a bashful Bronx butcher. Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through March 28.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, here with Mae West. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting March 30.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through March 26.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 24.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 27-29.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting March 30, tentative.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 24.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (In English at the R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; March 25-29. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 30.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—March 24 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Bed and Sofa" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Abram Room. . . . ¶ March 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Arsenal" (1928), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko. . . . ¶ March 26 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Father Sergius" (1917), a Russian silent film, directed by Yakov Protazanov. . . . ¶ March 27-29 at 2 and 5:30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ March 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Breathless" (1961), in French, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Albert Lewin." March 24: "Saadia" (1954), with Cornel Wilde and Mel Ferrer. . . . ¶ March 25: "The Moon and Sixpence" (1942), with George Sanders and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ March 26: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" (1951), with Ava Gardner and James Mason. . . . ¶ March 27: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945), with Hurd Hatfield and George Sanders. . . . ¶ March 29: "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami" (1947), with George Sanders and Angela Lansbury. . . . ¶ March 30: "The Moon and Sixpence" (1942), with George Sanders and Herbert Marshall. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note**: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GROUP.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through March 27: "An Evening with Batman and Robin," four and a half hours of it, no less.
March 28: Theatre closed.
From March 29 at 8:30: "Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. For tickets, call 254-8203. Thereafter weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through March 29: **OUR MAN FLINT.**
From March 30: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Singing Nun," Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through March 27: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).
From March 28: "Flame and the Fire," a French documentary film, with an English narration.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Silencers," Dean Martin.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 29: **KING AND COUNTRY.**
From March 30: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through March 29: **THE LOVED ONE.**
From March 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 29: **WHERE THE SPIES ARE**; and "The Sandpiper," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From March 30 (tentative): "Inside Daisy Clover," Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer; and "The Nanny," Bette Davis.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE GROUP.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Silencers," Dean Martin.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE GROUP.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 29: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company. (March 24 at 2:15 and 8:15. March 25-29, continuous showings.)
From March 30: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
HAMLET (in Russian).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LORD LOVE A DUCK.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through March 26: **HENRY V**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
March 27-29: **THE THIRD MAN**, revival; and "Blithe Spirit," revival, Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison.
From March 30: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**; and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 28: **MARTY**, revival; and "Moulin Rouge," revival, José Ferrer, Colette Marchand.
From March 29: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 29: **THE KNACK**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From March 30 (tentative): **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
March 24 at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.
March 25-29: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**, revival; and "Marriage—Italian Style," revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From March 30: "Inside Daisy Clover," Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer; and "Frankenstein Meets the Space Monster," Robert Reilly.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 29: "The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.
From March 30: **THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 24: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (in French), revival; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.
From March 25: "Nosferatu" and "Metropolis" (both silent German films).

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through March 26: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
March 27-29: **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival; and "Abbott and Costello Meet Captain Kidd," revival.
From March 30: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 29: **THUNDERBALL.**
From March 30: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 29 (tentative): **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**; and "Backfire" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.
From March 30 (tentative): **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 29: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "24 Hours to Kill," Mickey Rooney, Lex Barker.
From March 30: "The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda; and "You Must Be Joking!," Michael Callan, Lionel Jeffries.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 29: **MALE COMPANION** (in French); and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From March 30: **WHERE THE SPIES ARE**; and "Once a Thief," Alain Delon, Ann-Margret.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 29: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company. (March 24 at 2:15 and 8:15. March 25-29, continuous showings.)
From March 30: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 29: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.**
From March 30: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Revenge of a Swordswoman" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Kingdom and the Beauty" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
March 24: **KING AND COUNTRY.**
From March 25: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"La Fuga" (in Italian), Giovanna Ralli, Anouk Aimée.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 24: **THE SCARLET EMPRESS**, revival; and "Naked Autumn" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret.
March 25-28 (last showing on March 28 at 2:32): **IF I HAD A MILLION**, revival; and **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival.
March 28 at 6:30, 8:15, and 10: Three Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a short with Charlie Chaplin.
From March 29: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS; and "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," revival, Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 24: **8½** and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (both in Italian and both revivals).
March 25-28: "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer; and "Folies Bergère" (in French and English), revival, Jeanmaire, Eddie Constantine.
From March 29: "Toys in the Attic," revival, Dean Martin, Geraldine Page; and "The Children's Hour," revival, Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 29: **MALE COMPANION** (in French); and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From March 30: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).

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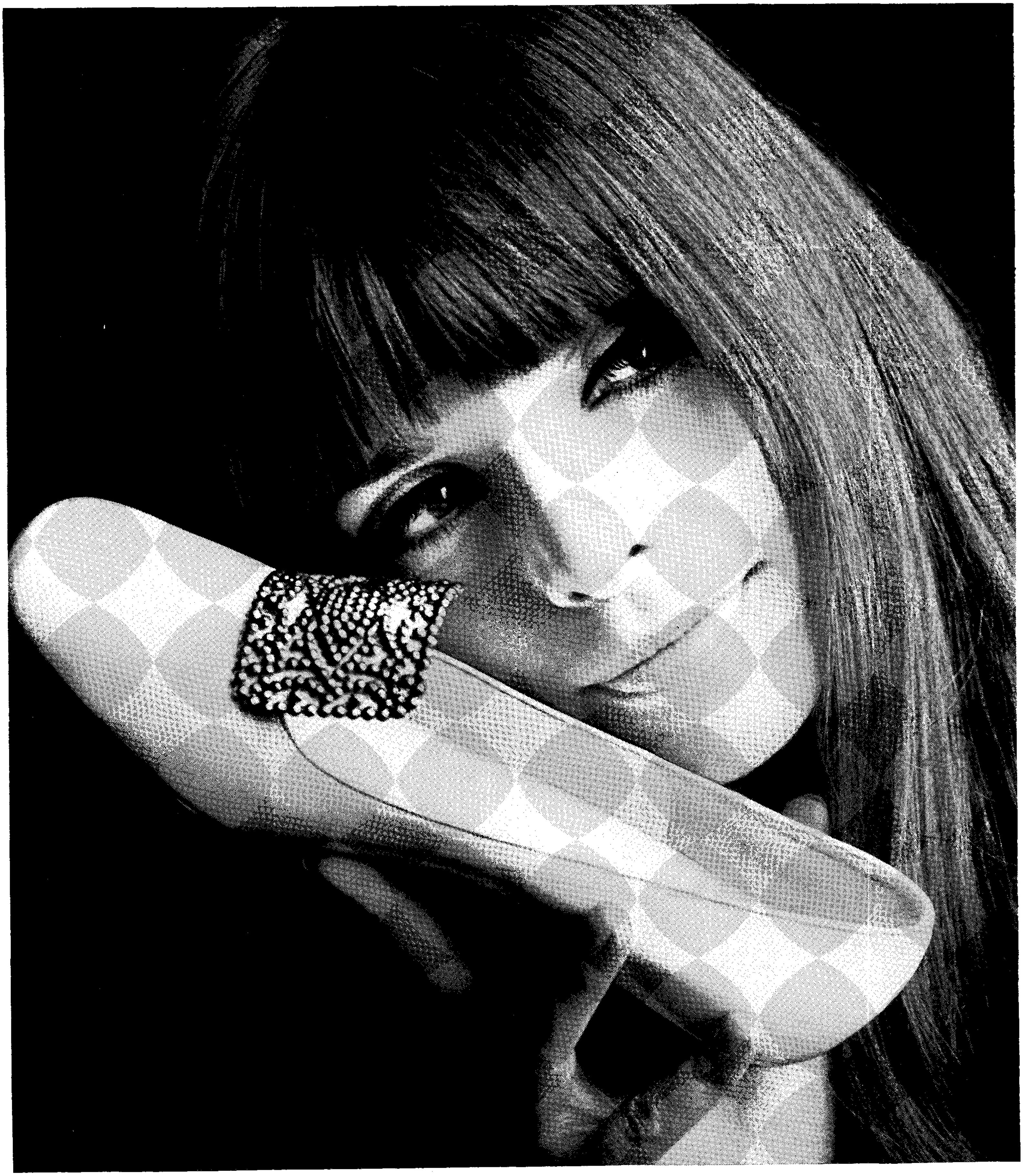

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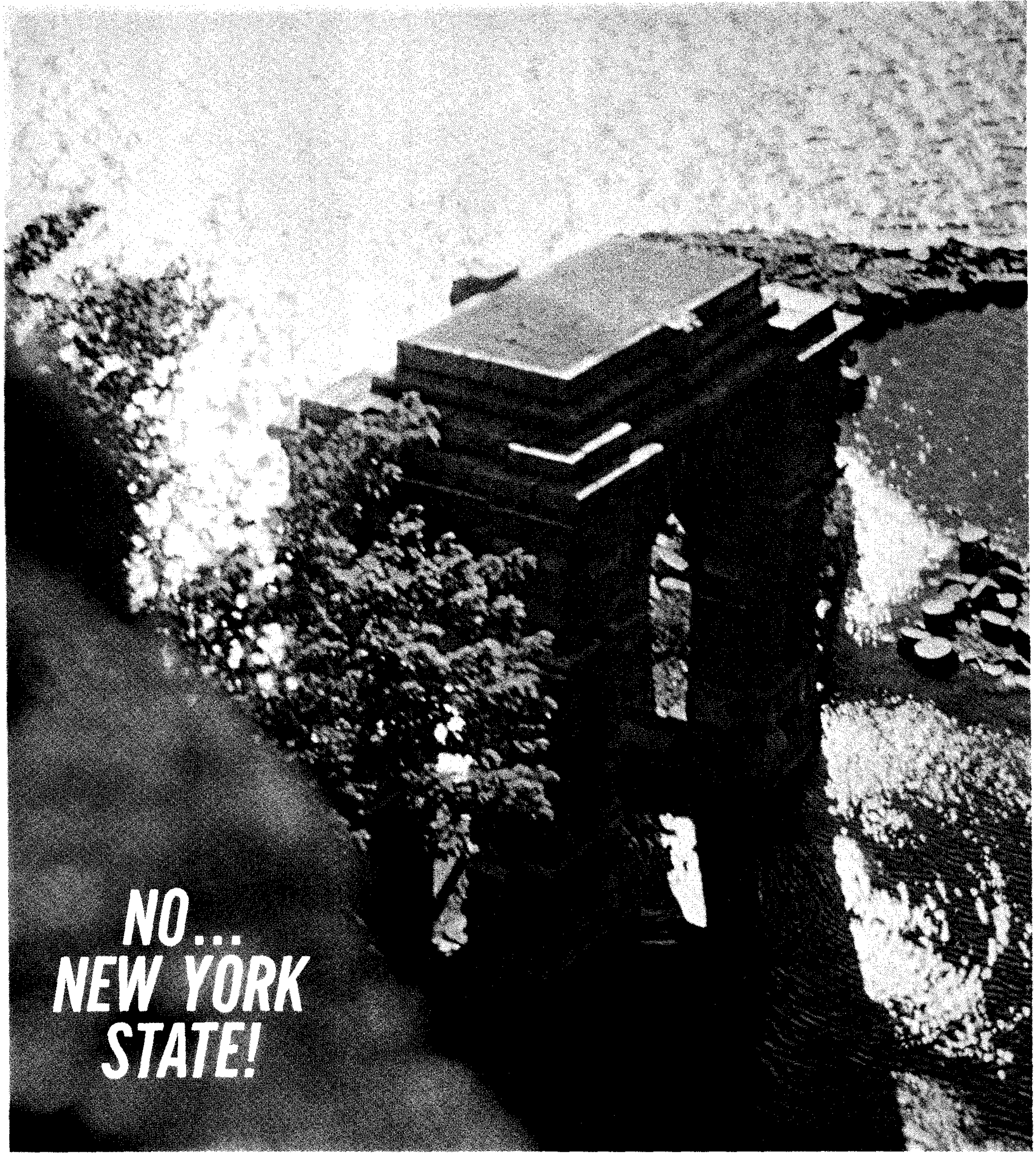

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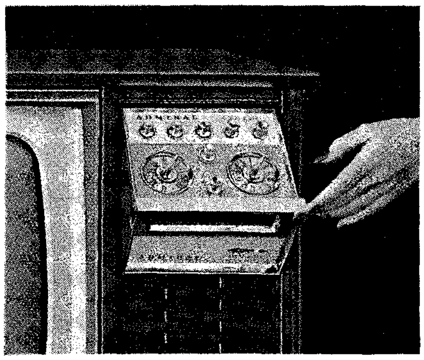

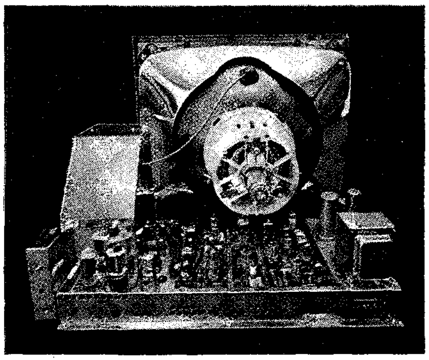

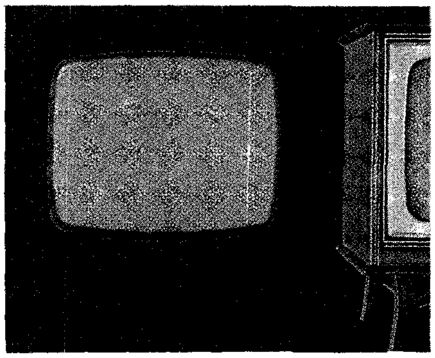

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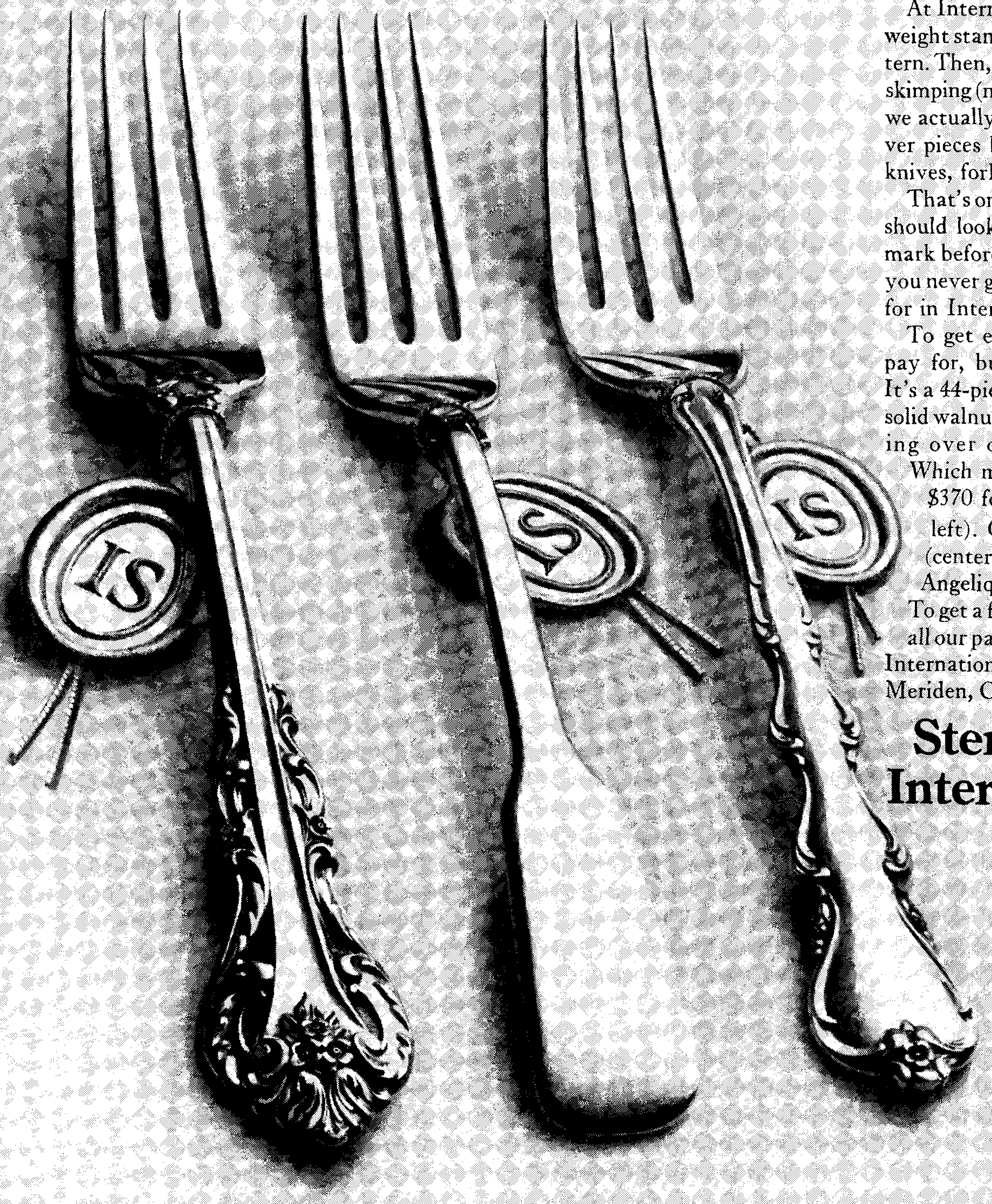

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Smith-Corona even makes a "cordless" electric, the Poweriter™. It's the only electric typewriter that doesn't have to be plugged in. (It does come with a power cord so it can be used as our other electric portables. But the unique power cell brings you the advantages of electric typing where no electricity is available. Even outdoors!)

All Smith-Corona portables, manual and electric, carry a five-year guarantee.* That's a part of our design, too!

*GUARANTEE: ANY SMITH-CORONA BRANCH OFFICE WILL REPLACE WITHOUT CHARGE (EXCEPT FOR LABOR AND SHIPPING) ANY PART THAT PROVES DEFECTIVE WITHIN 5 YEARS OF PURCHASE DATE. NO LABOR CHARGE WITHIN 90 DAYS OF PURCHASE. WARRANTY COVERS ALL PARTS EXCEPT MOTOR, RUBBER PARTS, ENERGY CELL OR CHARGER AFTER 90 DAYS. DOES NOT COVER DAMAGE FROM ACCIDENT OR MISUSE AND EXTENDS ONLY TO ORIGINAL OWNER.

SMITH-CORONA PORTABLES

SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022.
OFFICES IN CANADA AND MAJOR CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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ELECTRA 110
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BRAVEST OF THE NEW: THREE SPIRITED RE-NUTRIV LIPSTICKS

...flashing up throughout the European fashion scene. Culled from Estée Lauder's European Collection, they come on full-strength—designed to give your make-up a mouth quickened with brilliance. These Color Originals are favorites on the Continent, rendered for America in the one-and-only Re-Nutriv lipstick. The secret of its radiant color, its rich deep-velvet smoothness is Re-Nutriv, Estée Lauder's creme of creams, whipped right into the full-bodied beauty-treating formula. Make it your own formula for a fresh, bright face-to-the-world with these brave new colors—Parisian Peach (in the ribbon of color you see here), Swedish Blush or Pompeii Red.

Estée Lauder

This is the new Porsche.

We've been thinking about it for 17 years.

Ever since the classic Porsche was introduced in 1948, many have thought of it as the ultimate car for getting from here to there in the fastest, safest, most enjoyable manner possible.

But time is a great teacher.

All we have learned in a generation of racing and testing has gone into the new Porsche.

It is faster. More nimble. More beautiful. Far roomier.

Even the famous Porsche ride—one of life's great pleasures—has been improved.

A new generation of Porsche has been born.

Go ahead. Drive it. You'll never forget it.

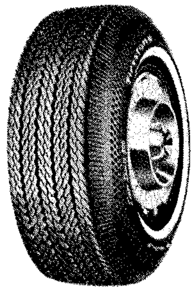
The high-performance, unusually well-instrumented Porsche 911 has new 6-cylinder, air-cooled, 148-hp rear engine, new 5-speed gearbox. Top speed 130 mph. The lower-priced Porsche 912, sister to the 911, has famous SC, 4-cylinder engine, new 4 or 5-speed gearbox. Top speed 115 mph. New Porsche fastback design offers 75% more field of vision, even better suspension, far more elbow room and under-the-hood luggage space. Superb 4-wheel disc brakes, precise handling, welded body make Porsche one of world's safest cars. Complete interior safety package is standard. For domestic or overseas delivery, see dealer or write Porsche of America Corp., 107 Tryon Avenue West, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

Firestone
Super Sports 500

Some things just naturally go with a high-performance car

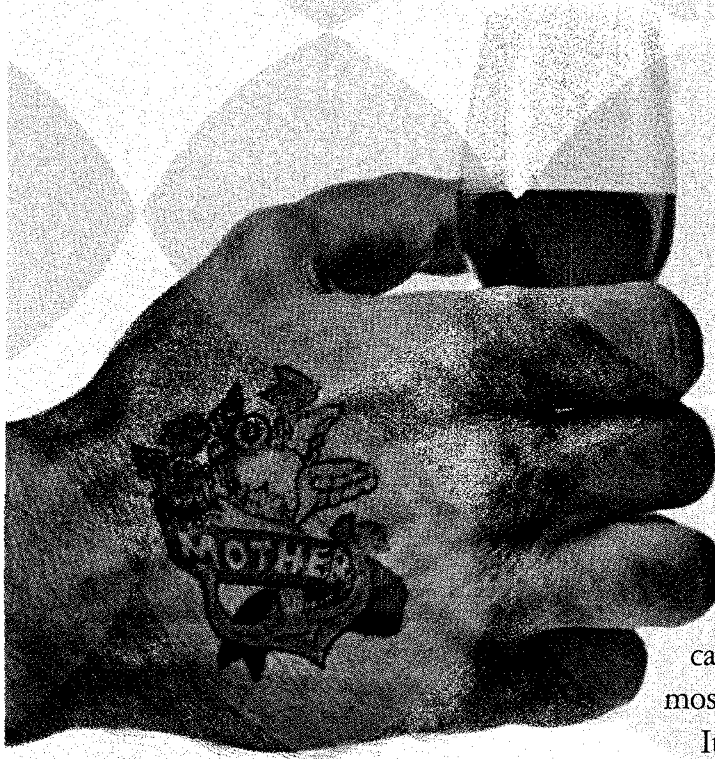
(our 125-m.p.h. tire, for one)

One glance at certain people and you can tell everything about them, by their manner, by their clothes. They know the difference between a two-step and a four-speed, between a six-pack and a rally pack, between lap seam and lap time. To them, standard equipment on an automobile means four-on-the-floor, wire wheels with knock-off hubs, tach, and dual four-barrels. It also means our 125-m.p.h. tire: The Super Sports "500." Anything less would be like dressing a four-minute miler in sandals. This 125-m.p.h. tire (it's great for 60-m.p.h. drivers, too) is crafted with a special racing construction that inseparably welds the nylon cord body to the high-speed tread . . . it's fortified with unique bars in the tread to eliminate wavering at high speeds. And designed with wrap-around tread for cat-claw traction on curves. Some things just naturally go with a high-performance car: The Super Sports "500." After all, your safety is our business at Firestone. "500"®



THE SPORTS CAR TIRE SUPER 500 SPORTS **FROM Firestone**

All those nice, sweet things you've heard about Cherry Heering are untrue.

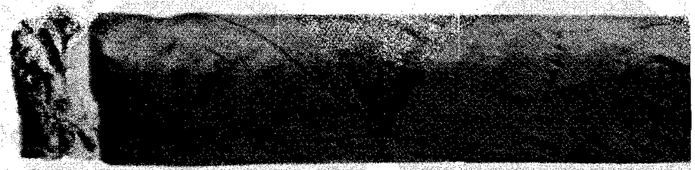


"It has a delicious, sweet taste...a wonderful thick cherry flavor...the best fruity liqueur in the world."

We suspect the people who are spreading these rumors about Cherry Heering have never really tasted it. Because Cherry Heering is different from most after-dinner liqueurs.

It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish.

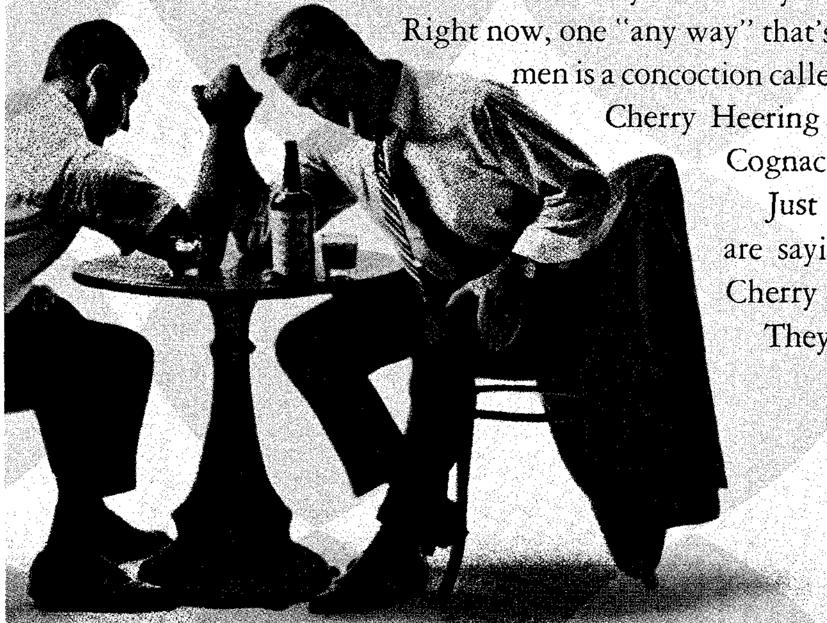
Cherry Heering is light and almost dry. In fact, it's one of the few liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.



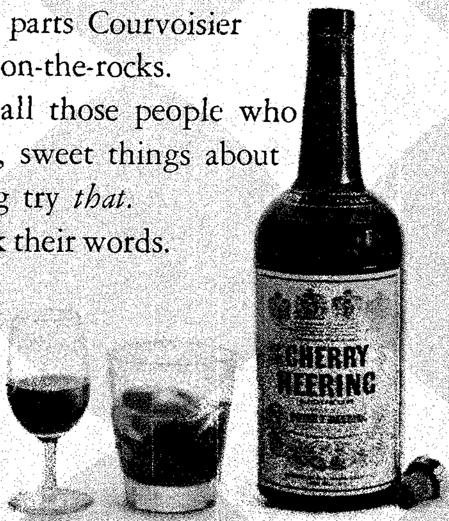
Right now, one "any way" that's becoming popular with some men is a concoction called a *Redhead,* which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

Just wait'll all those people who are saying nice, sweet things about Cherry Heering try *that.*

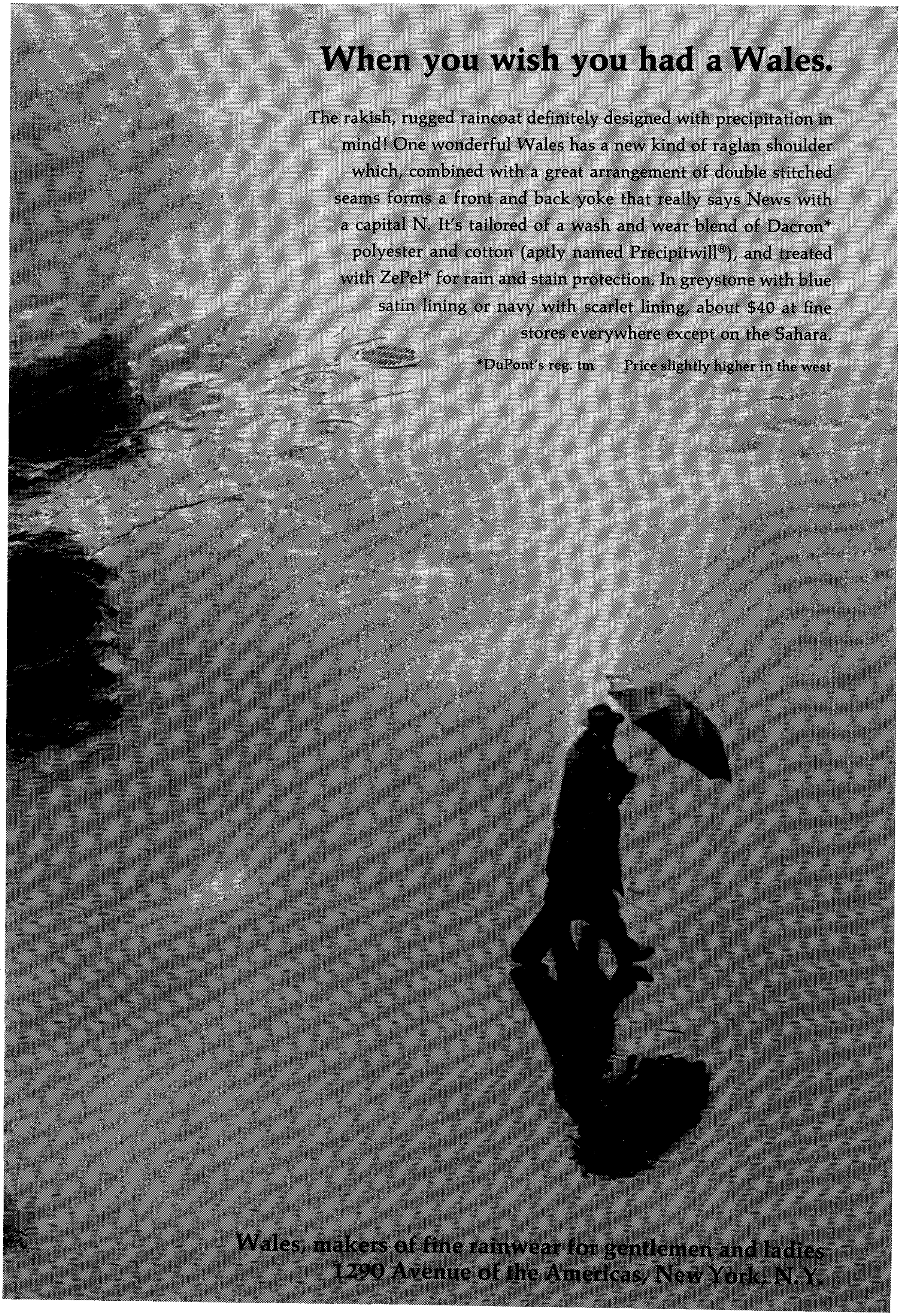
They'll drink their words.



CHERRY HEERING. 49 PROOF. COURVOISIER COGNAC. 80 PROOF.
BOTH IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



The most misunderstood drink in the world



When you wish you had a Wales.

The rakish, rugged raincoat definitely designed with precipitation in mind! One wonderful Wales has a new kind of raglan shoulder which, combined with a great arrangement of double stitched seams forms a front and back yoke that really says News with a capital N. It's tailored of a wash and wear blend of Dacron* polyester and cotton (aptly named Precipitwill®), and treated with ZePel* for rain and stain protection. In greystone with blue satin lining or navy with scarlet lining, about $40 at fine stores everywhere except on the Sahara.

*DuPont's reg. tm Price slightly higher in the west

Wales, makers of fine rainwear for gentlemen and ladies
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IMPERIAL DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

We know a quiet spot to go after work.

Good music. Nice atmosphere. *Therapeutic.* Your own private island.

After a tough day, the harried executive finds his Imperial rejuvenating. Read how and why.

Imperial's silence is uncanny. Little noises that grate the nerves are absent.

Even the electrical system is insulated for *sound.* Its terminal panel is gasketed to block out engine compartment noise and vibrations. Further, each of 16 electrical connections has its own sound baffle to filter out minute vibrations which might travel along the wiring.

At turnpike speeds, the intermeshing of Imperial's thousands of moving parts is practically inaudible.

Imperial's silence is a perfect background for music. And tucked under the shelf behind the rear seat is your own radio station—an optional "reverberator."

It sounds like you're sitting in with the New York Philharmonic. Or the Beatles, en concert.

Except that here you settle into your own private armchair, fully adjustable for height, angle, and distance from the wheel.

Under its regal fabric or leather upholstery, even the padding is padded with up to 1¼ inches of additional foam.

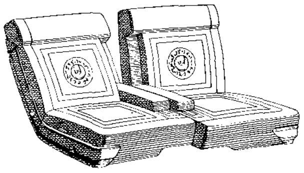
Your front seat passenger has an armchair which in addition tilts back to any angle within a 22½° arc—becoming, in effect, a chaise lounge. And both chairs, with center armrests up, can be aligned into a 5-foot sofa for three.

Try an Imperial one night after work. Just phone our dealer in your locality.

Or, if you'd prefer to read more about Imperial's pleasures before you try them, send for our 20-page, full-color Imperial catalog. Imperial Division/Office No. 5E-6/P.O. Box 1658/ Detroit, Michigan 48231.

THE INCOMPARABLE IMPERIAL

Finest of the fine cars built by Chrysler Corporation



Is GENESCO a renowned Waterfall?

No no no. But we generate an awful lot of power.

Our strength is in our specialization: we're in the business of **everything to wear.** Spray it on, put it on, pull it on, step into it, slip into it . . . if it's something to wear, we're likely to make it, or sell it, or both. Of course clothing's not *quite* as important as water but we're very busy, all the same—in manufacturing, wholesaling and retailing. Our Coordinated Management Plan keeps our corporate affairs in smooth flow, and our Annual Report reflects our progress. You may be interested in these; we'll be glad to send them if you'll write us.

We're as much in awe of great cascades as anybody. But we pour our own energies into seeing that all those avid sight-seers have something to wear.

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Holly Hoelscher's drifting shirtdress for Behost. In Swiss voile.
By the ethereal yard. By Stoffel of Switzerland.
Nowhere, nowhere, voile this fine, this precious.
From gossamer threads of pure Egyptian cotton it is created.
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is a winter suntan, bright white beaches and warm blue bays,
fashionable cities, so near and yet so foreign.
There's more to do in Mexico.

The temperatures are in the 80's in Mexico now. That's beach weather. Perfect for relaxing on the white sands at Acapulco or splashing in the sun-warmed waters off the coast of the Yucatan peninsula. Perfect for sightseeing in cosmopolitan Mexico City with its outstanding new museums or in colonial Guanajuato. For visiting the temples and pyramids of Teotihuacan. Whatever vacation pleasure you're looking for, now is the time to find it in Mexico.

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Gentlemen:
Please send illustrated literature on Mexico.

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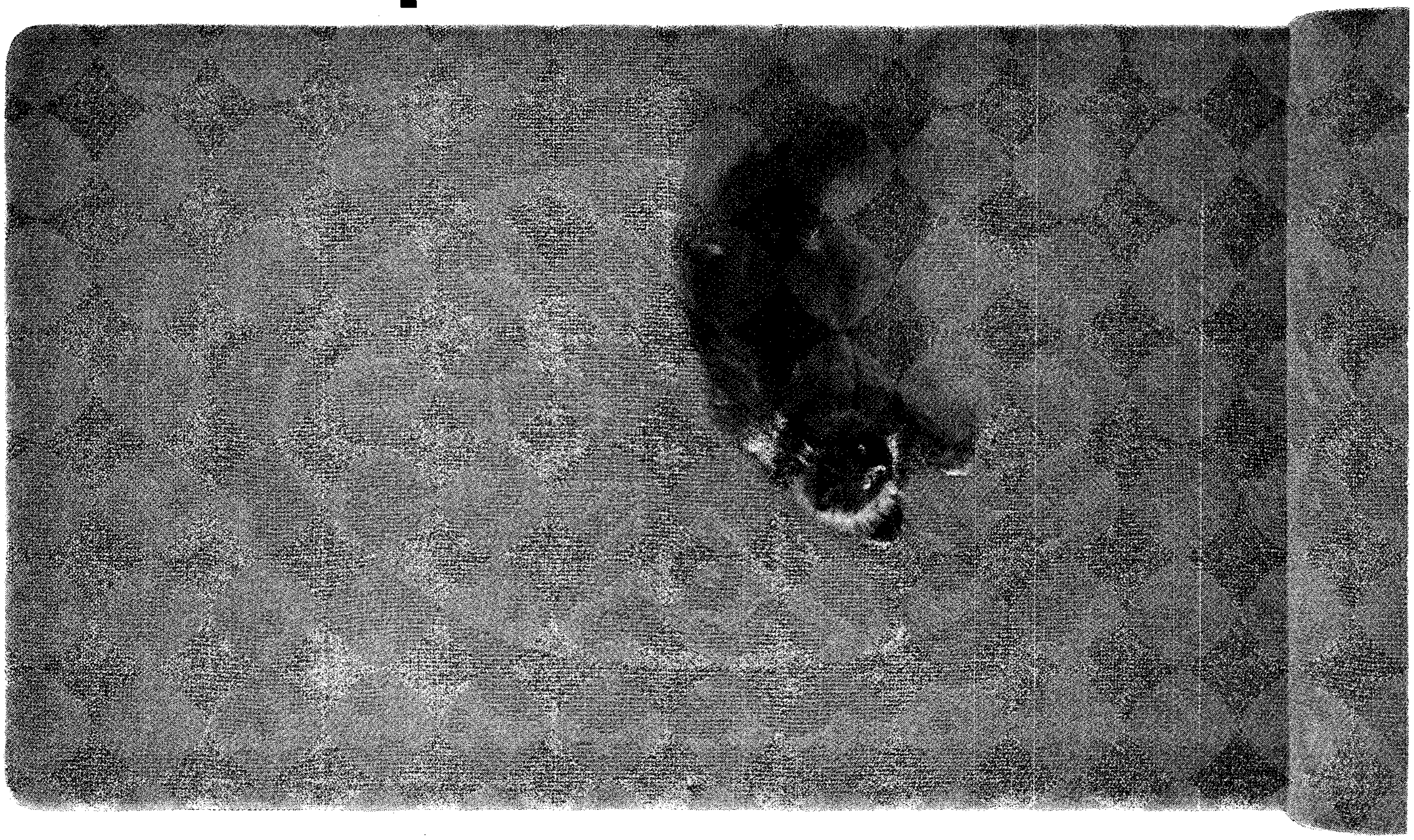
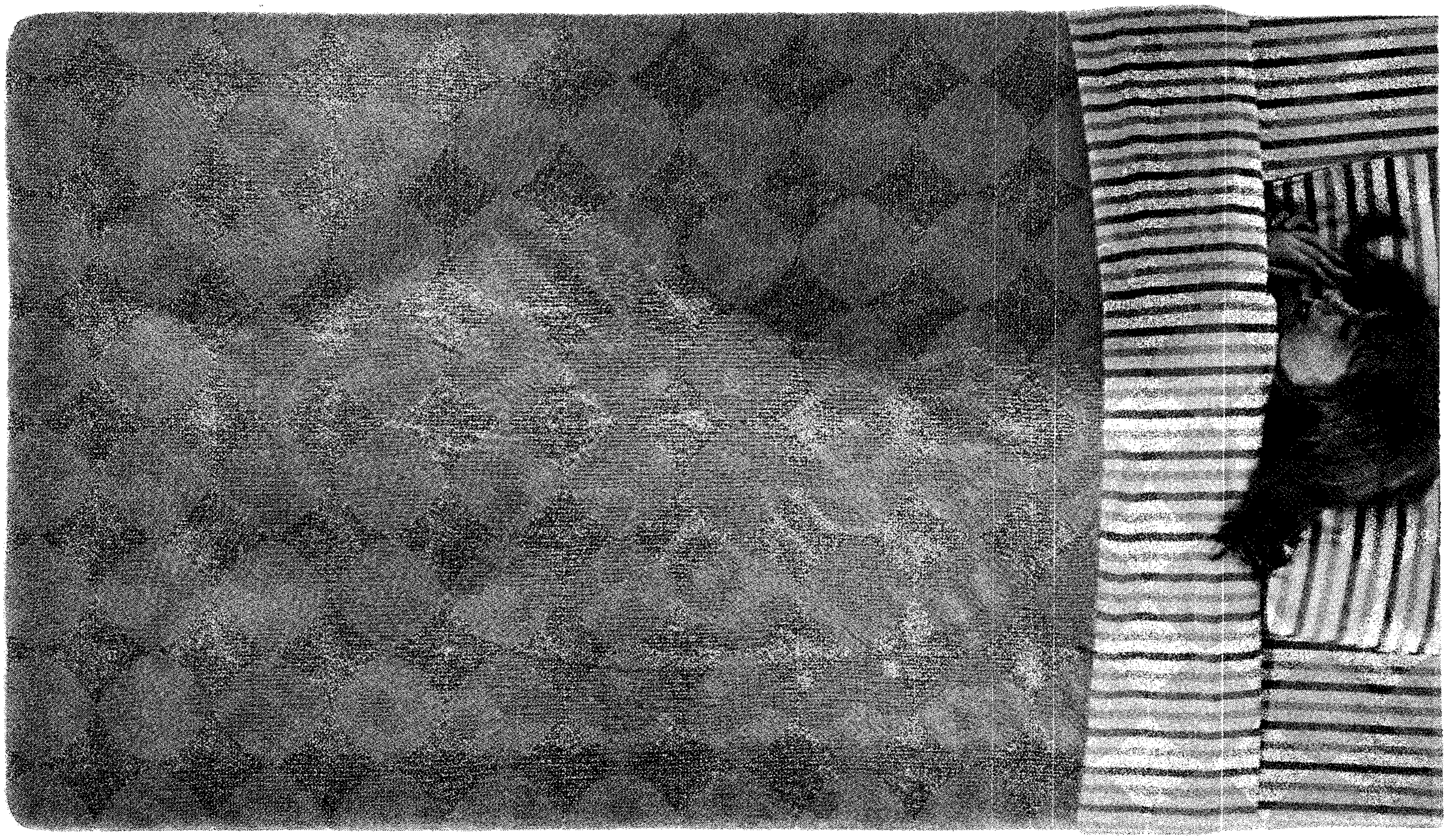
Home of the 1968 Olympic Games
Site of the 5th World Golf Championship, 1966
World Soccer-Football Cup, 1970
Mexican National Tourist Council
Mexican Government Tourism Department

It's a bedspread



It's a blanket



It's a Splanket®!

Splanket is a product of THOMAS *Pride* MILLS INC.

Splankets are for thermophiles

(are you one?)

Q. What happens when you cross a bedspread with a blanket?

A. You get a Splanket® made only by Thomas Pride Mills.

Q. Can everyone use a Splanket?

A. Splanket is for everyone . . . especially thermophiles, those people of any age or sex who love comfort: warmth when it's cool. Coolth when it's warm.

Q. How's that again?

A. A Splanket is a *thermal* invention. Instead of conventional type weave, it's woven thermally. Put a light cover over it and you trap warmth. Without a cover it's a light, cool blanket for people who like to keep covered without weight.

Q. Does it help housekeeping?

A. Immeasurably. Women welcome Splankets. They put a new ease into bedmaking. Splanket allows you to make your bed and lie in it . . . without muss. But that's not the only labor-saver; you save laundry. We estimate it saves an average homemaker at least 10 days of work a year. Why that's a vacation right there!

Q. What are the dimensions of Splanket?

A. Any your bed requires. It will fit twin, full or king size beds correctly.

Q. What about color and washability?

A. All Splankets are pre-shrunk, perfectly machine-wash 'n' dryable. The shades are heavenly. All 15 of them: antique gold, butternut, celery, colonial or Dresden blue, empire green, laurel pink, mimosa, olive, rouge, sandalwood, topaz, turquoise, white, zinnia.

Q. All right. The colors are lovely, but how do Splankets wear?

A. Marvelously. We've tested them over and over, and washed them carefully in an automatic washing machine 26 times and they still look like new.

Q. You've sold me. Where can I get a Splanket right away?

A. Go to your favorite store or write Thomas Pride Mills, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. We'll tell you where you can get your Splankets quickly.*

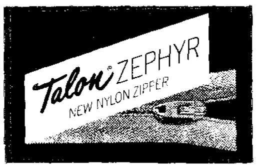
*They're only about $10.00

THOMAS *Pride* MILLS INC.

All you need is just a little Pride in your home

If gleaming silver isn't the color of your suit, why should it be the color of your zipper?

It shouldn't.
Not when you can buy suits or
slacks with the new
Talon Zephyr® nylon zipper in them.
Zephyr is made of soft,
inconspicuous nylon.
So it can be dyed
to the exact color the suit is.
And it can't shine or glare.
Try a Talon Zephyr in your
next suit or pair of slacks.
You just might take a shine to it.



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Don't believe everything you hear about the new kind of KUPPENHEIMER

Really. You don't have to worry about girls beating your door down when you start wearing a Kuppenheimer XK suit. All our suit has is a new tailoring idea that makes more of your chest and shoulders and less of your middle...and keeps your collar where it belongs...and gives you easier arm movement...and a dashing new self-assurance. That's all. (Besides, if girls start bothering you, you can always move away.)

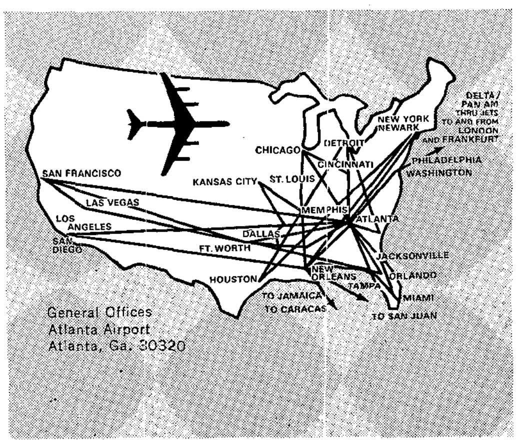
Now...instant reservations, not only on Delta flights...

but on 27 other air lines too!

No waiting for confirmation of available space on connecting flights when you call Delta. Our DELTAMATIC® electronic reservations system gives you the complete answer right-away, all-the-way... on your Delta flight *and* on 27 connecting lines as well! Call Delta first and see!

DELTA

Best thing that ever happened to air travel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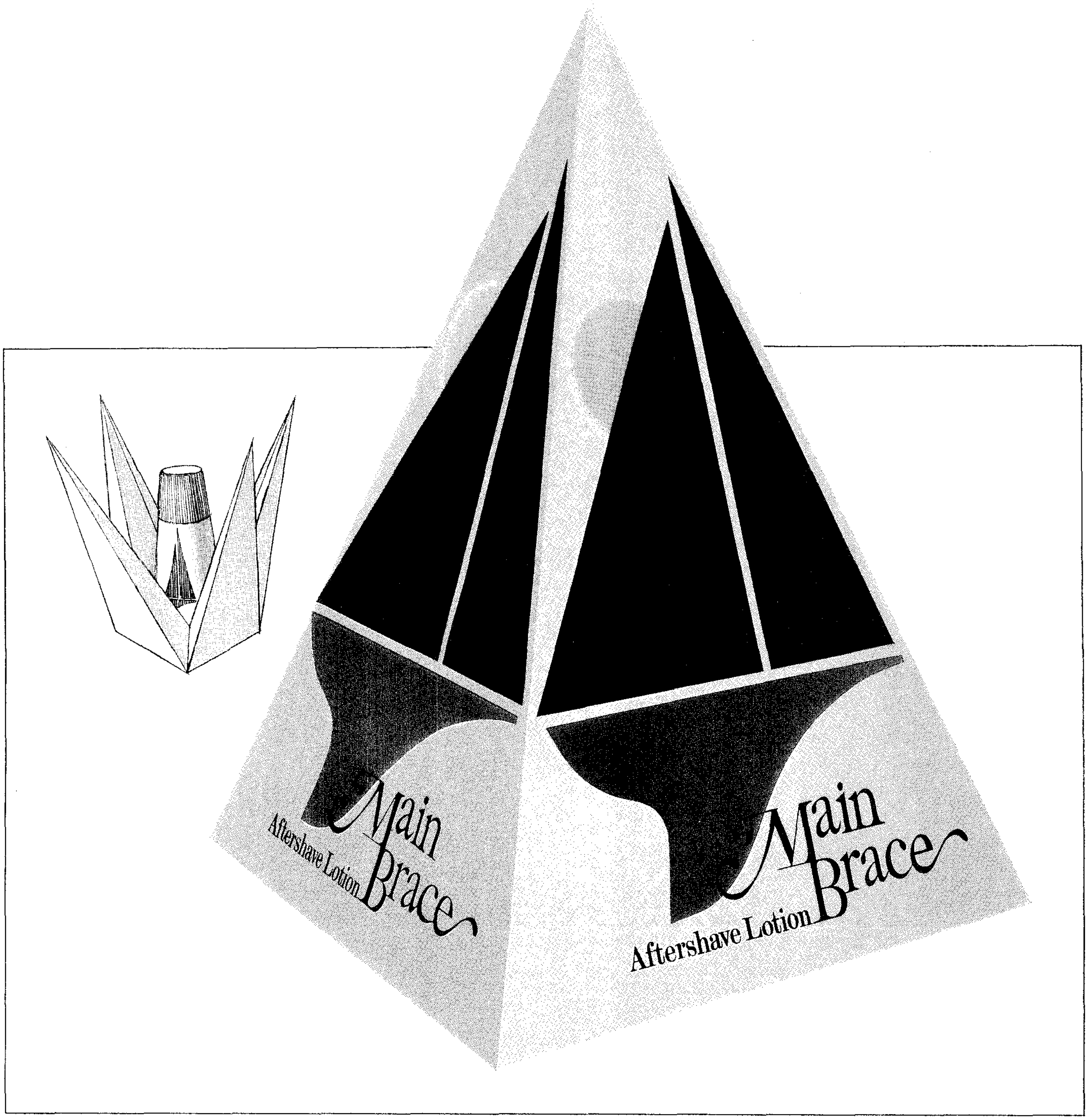
Consider the power of paper used with Imagination


Main Brace
Aftershave Lotion
Main Brace
Aftershave Lotion

Consider the power of Champion Papers packaging papers. Used with imagination, they can reflect the quality of the product contained, increase attention value and enhance graphic design. We make the world's largest selection of commercial printing papers. More importantly, we can help you use them with great imagination.

CHAMPION PAPERS

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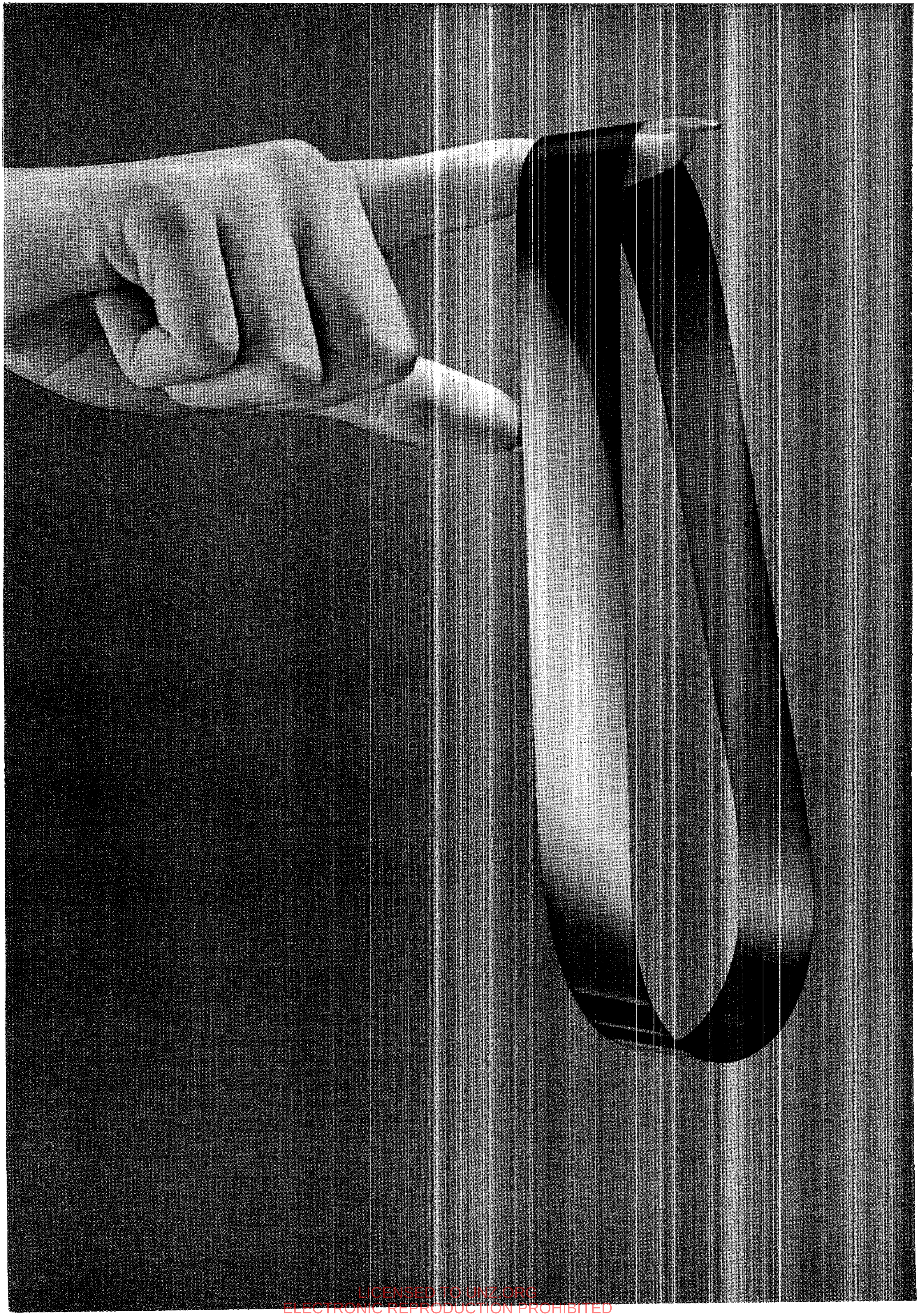


This little loop of tape weighs 8½ pounds.

How come?

Space age scientists want to record all sorts of fantastic things. Like how a house reacts to being blown to smithereens in a nuclear explosion. Or what happens when a missile crashes into armor plate at twice the speed of sound. All of which has helped make the great engineers of Borg-Warner Controls Division stars of the nation's most far out recording industry.

IN THIS AGE of space flight and supersonic speeds, crazy things can happen to weights. And it's all a matter of gravity.

Right now, for instance, gravity is holding you in your chair at a force that's called *one G*. But if you happened to be an astronaut being fired into space, the rapid acceleration of your rocket would *magnify* the power of gravity as much as *eleven times*. This would put you under a force of *eleven G's*. Which is just another way to say you'd weigh eleven times your normal weight. The more G's you're under, the more you weigh. And that's how a little loop of tape that *really* weighs only .65 grams can *really* weigh 8½ pounds—its weight is being magnified 6,000 times by a force of 6,000 G's.

Which brings us to the engineers of Borg-Warner Controls Division. They've made quite a reputation for themselves by building tape recorders that can record right through thousands of G's of punishment—and live to tell about it.

One of their recorders, installed in a guided missile, records through a 1500 G impact. Another is used in NASA's huge Saturn rocket that will carry our astronauts to the moon. This machine withstands all the stress of 18,000 mph flight while playing back 144,000 signals per second without a hitch.

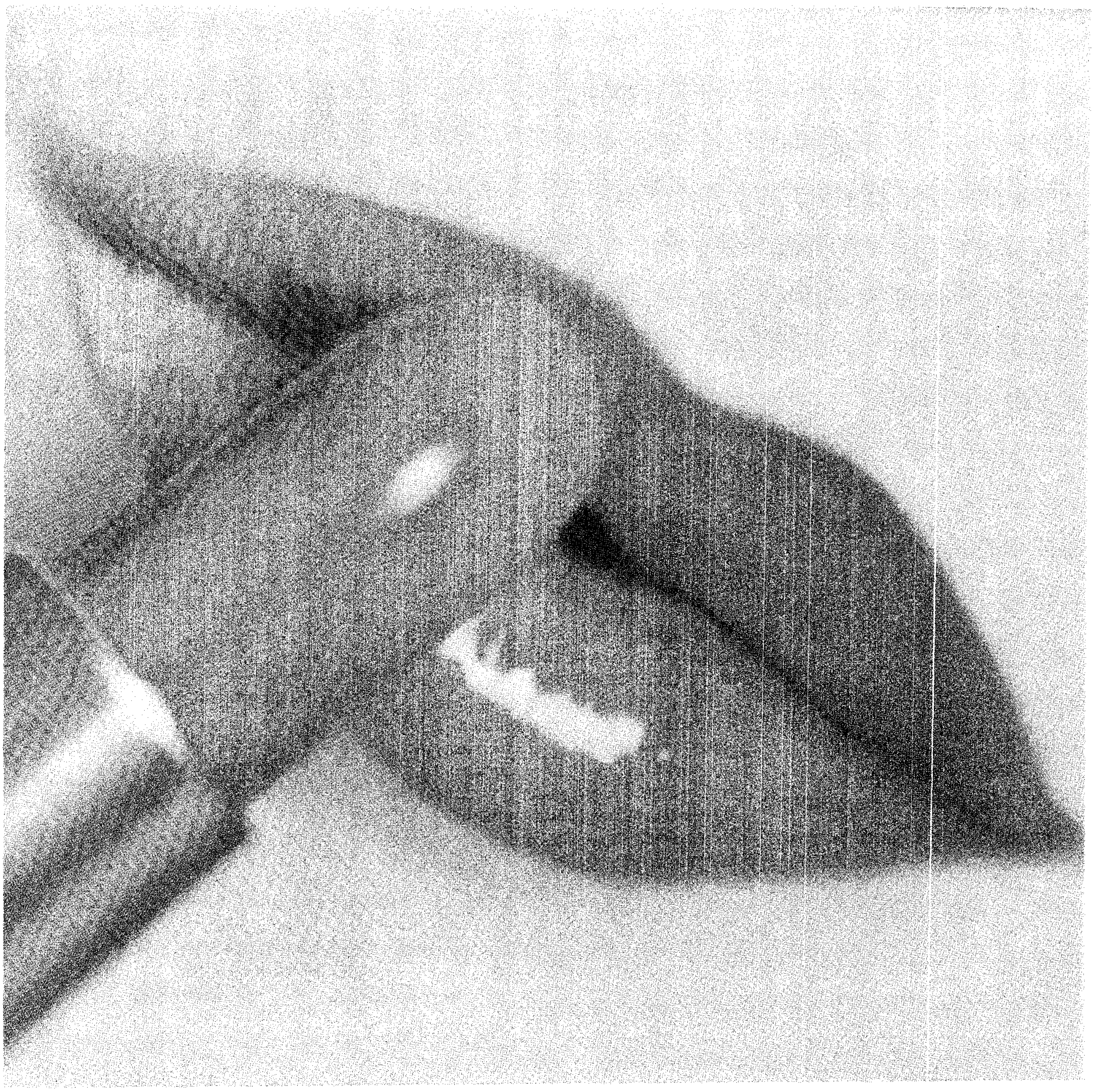
There are dozens of other Borg-Warner Controls tape recorders orbiting the earth right now. They are capable of storing up an hour and a half's worth of information as they circle the globe—waiting to disgorge it in seconds flat when they pass over tracking stations. Some of the subjects these machines record are so secret that the great engineers themselves don't know *who* uses them to record *what*.

It's not easy to build machines that will perform reliably enough to do jobs like these. And not *every* machine can take it. That's why every single orbital tape recorder built by Borg-Warner Controls must go through no less than 100 hours of brutal testing before it gets its wings. Many have survived shocks as high as 6,000 G's.

But thanks to this kind of perfectionism, Borg-Warner Controls is now a leader in the complex business of building high-shock tape recorders. Which isn't so shocking at all when you consider how good they are at it.

AUTOMOTIVE, HOME & BUILDER, CHEMICAL & STEEL AND INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS. ©1966, BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, 200 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60604

BORG WARNER ®
The great engineers



SUPER-MOIST LIPSTICK

A new lipstick that *feels* as good on your lips as it *looks*—and that looks simply wonderful. It is made with the same moisturizers first developed for Monteil's **Super-Moist Beauty Emulsion.** Soft as velvet and slippery as ice, it smooths a moist brilliance on your lips that will keep them dewy-fresh for hours.

Germaine Monteil

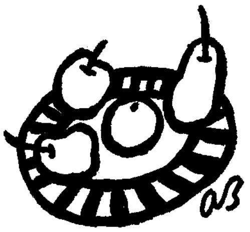
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S too easy to get mad at the thousands of television viewers who called up the networks last Wednesday to protest the interruption of "Batman" and "The Virginian" by news coverage of Gemini 8 as the space vehicle was making its non-scheduled dive to earth. The surly fans were undoubtedly victims of the Cathode Effect (lingering stupefaction caused by overexposure to a picture tube), and so should not be criticized for their wrath. The space flights, while generally considered a Swell Show, are perhaps too similar to "Batman" in the first place, and when reality reared its ugly head on Channels 7 and 4, the sodden viewers may have thought they were suddenly being handed Brand X instead of their Favorite. The fine line between reality and Show Biz grows thinner daily in the Great Society, and this may be less the fault of Madison Avenue than of Pennsylvania Avenue. When Ambassador Duke wades into the questionable surf of Palomares, and the midget submarines nose around the depths offshore, it is only natural for television fans to think they are seeing Lloyd Bridges in a rerun of "The Sea Hunt." Can we blame them if L.B.J.'s ranch blurs into "Petticoat Junction"? Is it their fault if Vietnam tends to blend with "Combat"? The quality of television may be O.K.; the quality of our public affairs, on the other hand, may Need Work.

SPENDING most of our time, as we do, within earshot of Fifth Avenue, we have a distinct auditory impression of a parade gap between St. Patrick's Day and the cluster of nationalistic, religious, and martial processions that can be heard starting in early May. We are as sensitive as any patriot to gaps in the national and metropolitan honor, and so we propose to fill this one. Our suggestion is for a nonpartisan and nondenominational mass stroll, in any direction, within the territorial limits of Central Park, to be held on one or more April days, in conglomerate celebration of the opening of the baseball season, the Academy Awards, spring, Thomas Jefferson's birthday, and whatever other occasions appeal to the strollers. Men needn't wear ties, women may leave their white gloves home, and we would prefer it if no recognizable uniforms were worn. Stragglers and people whose birthdays fall in April are urged to attend. No epaulets, no organizational banners, no functional campaign buttons, no rifles. No instruments larger than a small harmonica. The musical tone would be established by random whistling and humming, and anyone who chose to could softly sing all the lyrics of "Chimes of Freedom" or "A Well Respected Man." It would certainly be considered a friendly gesture if every bar within a hundred-mile radius of the Park were to offer one free drink to each customer between noon and 4 A.M. (3 A.M. on Saturday), but we won't mind if it doesn't. Banks, schools, and department stores may close or stay open.



"The Black Student"

FOR the last five months, a small group of Negro students at Columbia and Barnard have been meeting once a week, usually at night, to work on *The Black Student*, a semiannual journal that is scheduled to make its first appearance around the first of April. Five of its six editors—Stephanie Skurdy, Sherry Turner, Ed Hardwick, Bill Sales, Hilton Clark, and Sam White, who wasn't present on this occasion—were frantically busy with manuscripts and galley proofs, in an effort to make their press deadline, which was only two days off, when we stopped by last Monday to find out why they thought Columbia needed another student publication. Their offices—small, overheated, and made of cinder blocks—are in the sub-sub-basement of Columbia's Chemistry Building, and when we walked in we could hear a steady *plockt*, *plockt* filtering into the room through a ventilator in the ceiling just above the desk where Bill Sales, a graduate student from Philadelphia, was sitting. "Squash game," he said in answer to a lifted eyebrow from us, and, explaining that he had a late class in half an hour, returned to editing a letter to William Strickland, head of the Northern Student Movement.

We retreated to a corner and waited for a lull. When one came, we went over to the desk where Hilton Clark, a senior from Hastings-on-Hudson, was sitting, and asked him about the purpose of the journal. "It's partly to help young Negroes in Northern interracial colleges reinforce their commitment to the civil-rights struggle," he said. "Columbia CORE, for instance, is an all-white organization. So many of us have got to the point where we don't participate in anything. But if you look at it one way, the apathy is understandable. Of all the courses offered here, there isn't one in Negro history, and not one in literature or in social science, or even in the regular history courses, that significantly indicates the contribution of the American Negro. We feel that the only way we can move forward is by getting together among ourselves and reëxploring questions such as 'Who are we?' and 'What are we, as college Negroes, supposed to be doing?' Don't you think that's our position, Ed?"

"Precisely," said Ed Hardwick, a pensive senior from Trenton who is majoring in English and has had stories published in the *Columbia Review* and the *San Francisco Review*. "We have felt the need to have an outlet for what

Negro students perceive and wish to pursue," he went on, with an exasperated glance at the noisy vent. "This year, I have seen all too dramatically what happens when Negroes come to Northern interracial colleges and try to make it. Sometimes it's just too much. Four boys I know have already dropped out. And these weren't dumb guys. I talked to them, and I know they just suffered from an inability to truly identify."

Hilton Clark told us that the idea for *The Black Student* came from the Afro-American Society, a group that Negro students at Columbia formed two and a half years ago to achieve the same goals that the new journal is aimed toward. "When we decided to have a journal, we composed an official statement of its raison d'être and included it in an appeal for a three-thousand-dollar grant that we needed to get us through the first two issues," he said. "We got two thousand dollars—part of it from the New York City Mission Society, part from the New York Foundation, and part from Columbia. To begin with, we have an article from my father—he's Kenneth Clark—about the performance of Negro students in Northern interracial colleges. We're also running a taped interview with James Meredith, who is at Columbia Law School this year. And a piece that I wrote called 'The Black Ivy League' will be in, too." He went on to say that the first issue will contain an article on the relationship between Afro-American students and African students, and that the cover will be a picture of a student. "We hope the money from the sale of the journal—we'll charge a dollar a copy—will carry us on after the money from the grant runs out," he added, crossing his fingers.

At this point, Stephanie Skurdy, a Barnard sophomore from Cleveland, came in from a quieter room next door, carrying a piece of copy. "Would somebody tell me the rule on capitalizing 'black student'?" she said.

"You capitalize it every time you use it," Bill Sales replied.

"Do you do the same for 'white student'?" she asked.

"No," he said, standing up to leave for his class.

"In other words, it won't strike people as unusual to see 'black student' capitalized and 'white student' in lower case?" she persisted.

"No," he replied. "It won't."

"Well, I think you're wrong," she said.

"Well, I think I'm right," he said, moving toward the door.

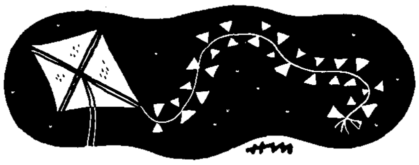
"Well, if you want to know what I think, I think it's your inherent nationalism coming out at last," she said, and laughed.

Bill Sales, who had been dead serious up to that moment, picked up his books and laughed, too.

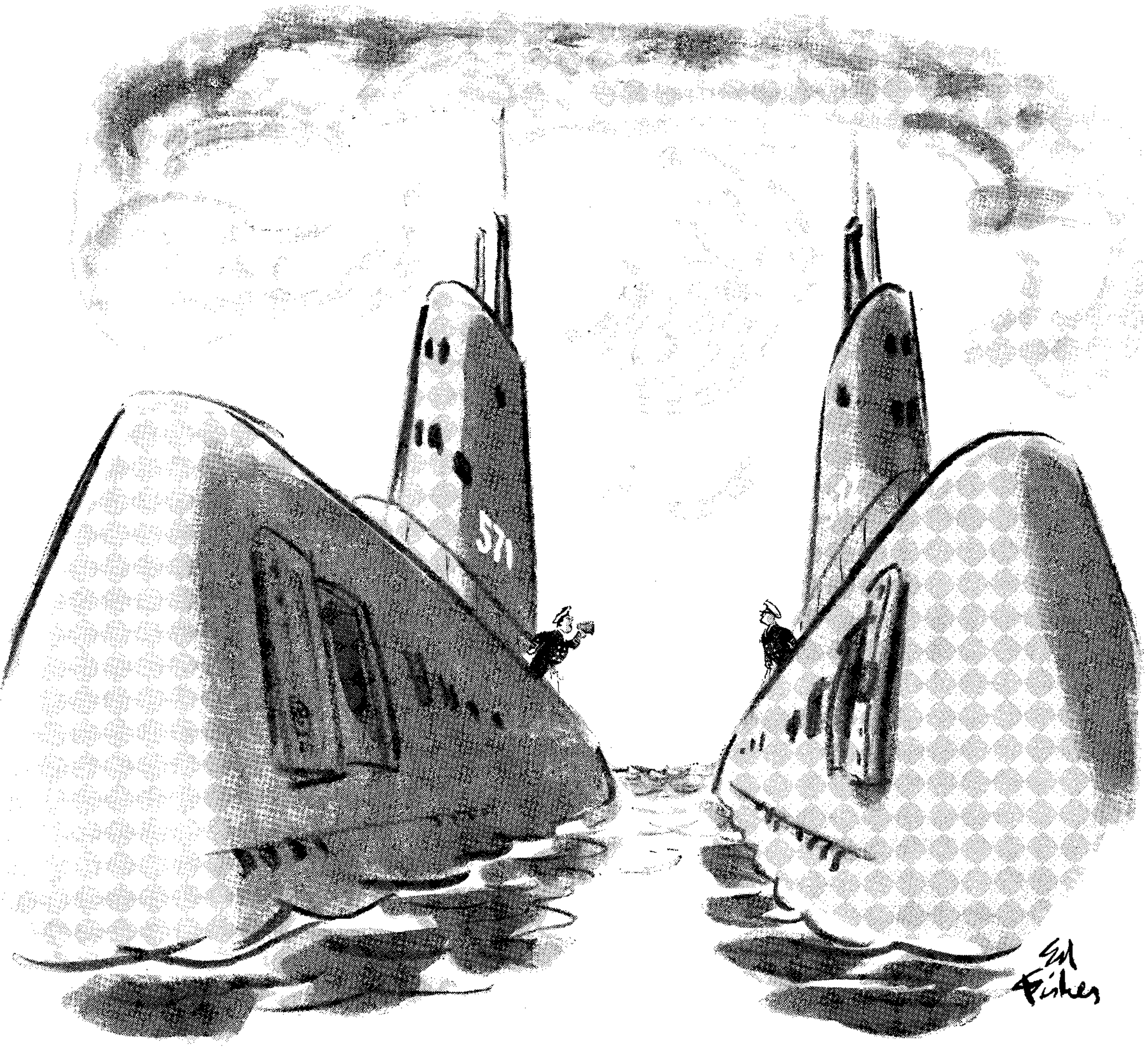
Taxpayers' Money

WE'VE been learning something about the city's financial difficulties from the man closest to them—Eugene Becker, the Director of the Budget, whose formidable task it is to try and make New York's enormous expenses match its enormous but Micawberishly never quite sufficient income, and whom we called on at the Municipal Building on a Sunday afternoon. Mr. Becker, a solid, scholarly-looking man of thirty-five, was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and educated at Colgate and Princeton; learned the banking trade in a bond house in Wall Street; and until his appointment was made permanent, recently, was on loan to the city from the First National City Bank, where he was an assistant vice-president. Like most of Mayor Lindsay's young and hardy band of helpers, he works a twelve-hour day seven days a week and appears to enjoy it, even though the problems he struggles with look, to the eyes of a layman, totally insoluble. During the next fiscal year, New York's total budget will be around five billion dollars, which is a billion dollars more than the whole State of New York requires and a good deal more than the national budgets of all but a handful of the countries in the United Nations. Mayor Lindsay promised in a recent fireside chat to cut expenses by a hundred and fifty million dollars, and Mr. Becker intends to make good on this promise by reducing departmental appropriations, holding fast to the Mayor's previously announced job freeze, and installing a sophisticated new accounting system that is already successfully in use at the Pentagon. Unfortunately, economies of this sort will be of little benefit in the long run unless the Mayor's plans for new taxes get legislative approval in Albany.

Mr. Becker became interested in local municipal finance when, as a banker, he sold New York City bonds in competition with the bonds of other cities. "Last year, Mayor Wagner borrowed money to help pay current operating expenses," Mr. Becker told us. "The city's credit rating went down, the distribution of the city's bonds grew a lot more difficult, and a number of us in the municipal-bond field grew concerned. During the mayoral campaign, I took a leave of absence from my job to prepare a white paper on the terrible state of the city's finances, and so here I am. The long and short of the present crisis is that the city has assumed responsibilities that, with the present tax structure, it can't meet. We've been hoping to solve what are essentially state and national problems on a local level, and it can't be done. Our operating expenses have more than doubled in the past decade while our population has remained stabilized at about eight million. Moreover, a great change has taken place in the nature of our population. As the poor have accumulated in the city, the middle class has moved out. We have an extraordinary demand for services—police, fire, welfare, education, health, and the like—without a tax base capable of financing them. If we had a tax base as big as the economic entity that is the real New York, fanning out many miles beyond our boundaries, we'd be in pretty good shape, but nobody in his right mind would expect New Jersey, Connecticut, and the State of New York to surrender any of *their* precious tax bases to cover *our* deficit."



The city's budget is really two budgets, Mr. Becker said—a capital budget, prepared in January, and an expense budget, prepared in March. The capital budget is concerned with funds to be spent on such long-lasting projects as the construction of schools, sewers, and firehouses. These projects are financed by the sale of municipal bonds throughout the country. The expense budget represents the sum of money needed to keep the city running for a year—the cost of salaries, pensions, office supplies, payments to voluntary hospitals, and so on—and is supposed to be met out of current revenues. "The capital budget, which amounts to something over six hundred and seventy million dollars this year, is in fairly sound shape," Mr. Becker said. "It's the expense budget, which is now estimated at around four and a half billion dollars, that is the source of our huge deficit—over four hundred million for the current fiscal year and over six hundred million for 1966-67. In recent years, these deficits have been made up by a variety of financial gimmicks, like looting the city's reserve funds or borrowing against future tax money. We mustn't go on this way. We simply have to get more revenue. To make matters worse, even if we are able to balance the present expense budget with new taxes, we know that future expense budgets are sure to be much bigger than this one. We face immense mandatory expenses in the way of increased pensions, an increased debt service, an increased welfare-case load, and pay raises already provided for in union contracts. Try as hard as we will to cut expenses, we know that our next year's budget will have to go up by fifteen per cent. We also know that while balancing the budget is imperative, it must be balanced in more than mere bookkeeping terms. A creative mayor uses his budget to implement his vision of a better city. The funds inside a balanced budget must themselves be balanced in respect to an administration's responsibility to the community. This administration is going to spend its money very, very carefully."



"Ahoy! Can you spare us a gram of uranium?"

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IN a bathroom of an apartment hotel on Portman Square, in London, appears a notice reading, "Please do not fill the tub too full. As, if the water comes into the small holes beneath the taps, it overflows on to the pavement in front of the hotel."

Flying to That Resort Hideaway, Mr. Bryant?

IN what we have come to think of as the good old days, television watchers would look away or leave the room during the commercials, but lately, we have noticed, a growing number of people have begun to devote ardent attention to the little dramas enacted on behalf of a product with a brand name. To catch up with this trend, we dropped in the other day at the studio of TV Graphics, at 3 West Sixty-first Street, hoping for a glimpse of what the future might hold. One corner of the studio, an enormous loft, had been built up to represent infinity. White walls and white floor curved into each other with perfect, blinding smoothness, suggesting the inside of a huge eggshell. A perimeter of tall, spindly floodlights enclosed the area like gigantic insects cornering some elusive prey. At the edge of their light stood the camera, on its dolly—the whole mechanism was slightly taller than a man—its barrel aimed at the precise center of the shadowless expanse. Paul Sylbert, one of the Graphics directors, caught our eye and disengaged himself from a group of people. "Here," he said, handing us a manila folder. "So you know what's going on." He turned away and yelled out into the vast room, "All right, kiddies, the time is now!" From all over the studio people began to converge on the lighted corner.

We sat down in a canvas-backed chair and opened the folder. It informed us that we were about to see the filming of a seven-second sequence from a twenty-second commercial for United Air Lines, and that within the sequence there would be eight words spoken by an announcer, some acting by two models, and a single camera movement.

"Who was the Human Torch's sidekick?" we overheard a man with curly blond hair asking several companions as he passed our chair. "Toro!" He put an arm over the shoulders of the man walking beside him. "Where did the Green Hornet keep his car? Remember that? In a seemingly abandoned warehouse." He laughed. "Isn't that beautiful?"

Two models emerged from a labyrinth of collapsed sets at the far end of the studio, walking carefully through half a kitchen, a library, and the other half of the kitchen and out onto the open floor—a man and a woman, both somehow slightly smaller than life size, their faces expressionless under masks of makeup. The girl wore a simple, well-cut suit and high-heeled shoes. The man, in dark blue, had tissue paper tucked around his shirt collar in the manner of a sixteenth-century ruff. They stepped between the lights into the white glare and faced the camera. Almost everyone in the studio was

"As Hubert Humphrey so aptly put it . . ."

• •

standing just behind the lights, forming a second perimeter. Some distance away, two men and a woman were sitting in chairs sipping coffee.

Peter Glushanok, the cameraman, sprang up onto the dolly and, bending slightly, put an eye to the camera. "Mr. Brown!" he called, without moving his head.

A man in khakis stationed himself behind the dolly.

"Take it up," Glushanok said.

Brown turned a knob, and the camera was lifted by hydraulic pressure.

"A little more," said Glushanok, his back straightening. "O.K. Hold it. Now come in a little. Just a hair."

Brown threw a lever to release the brake and pressed his stomach against the steering bar, moving the dolly forward very slowly.

"More. . . . More. . . . A bit more," Glushanok said. "Right there."

"That hair was a foot and a half," Brown said quietly, not looking at anyone.

Another man in khakis knelt and pressed a strip of tape to the floor beside the front wheel. A third stretched a tape measure from the lens of the camera to the nose of the male model, not quite touching him. Glushanok jumped down from the dolly. "Norman!" he called. "The lights are terrible. We have to do something."

The models didn't move.

Glushanok and his assistants began doing something about the lights. They tried to turn one off, up near the ceiling, with a long bamboo pole. Everyone was motionless as the wavering tip kept slipping off the switch. Finally, it was done.

"It's hard to see any difference," we remarked to Sylbert.

"He's trying for a certain effect they use in the fashion magazines these days," Sylbert said. "It'll be half an hour before he's satisfied." He watched the scene for a moment or two, then went on, "Peter is very good, you know. It's important to have a man you can work with. Otherwise, it's trouble all the time, over nothing."

We asked whether we might look through the camera.

"Why not?" Sylbert said.

We stepped up on the dolly and pressed our right eye against the rubber cup of the viewfinder. Perhaps because the camera itself was so big and complex, it was a slight shock to see the blank faces of the two models staring directly at us. We resisted an absurd urge to say hello. As we stared back at them, a hand appeared, holding a light meter over the girl's chin. Her eyes, unwavering, continued to look straight into our own—or so it seemed. We stepped off the dolly and looked around the camera. The girl winked.

Sylbert was on the dolly. "Brown, there's a pullback," he said. "Five or six feet in two seconds."

"Say when." Brown was at his post.

"O.K. Now."

The dolly went back smoothly.

"Too much. Bring it in a foot. . . . Right there. Beautiful. I like it." Straightening up, Sylbert said, "Mark it. And get him something to stand on. He needs an inch or two, so her head will fall right when she nuzzles him." He looked around. "How about it, Peter? Ready?"

"Let me look," Glushanok said, and got on the dolly with Sylbert and bent over the viewfinder. "Norman, shade the Number Four a bit. Take her nose out. . . . That's it. Fine. Now it's a nice nose."

Sylbert went around the camera and stood with the models under the lights, talking softly, his hands waving in the air to emphasize a point. The girl's face began to move in a series of experimental grimaces as she listened, her eyes never leaving Sylbert. He called for a corsage and, while he talked, pinned it rather clumsily to her lapel. The male model reached up and took the tissue paper out of his collar. Glushanok watched through the camera.

"All right," Sylbert said, coming out from under the lights. "We'll go through it without the camera. I want a count and I want the voice."

A script girl sitting in a chair beside the camera took a stopwatch out of her bag and laid it on the pages of an open loose-leaf notebook spread across her knees.

Sylbert stood still for a moment, looking at the models. Then he lifted his arm and called out, "Go!"

" 'Flying to that resort hideaway, Mr. Bryant?' " the script girl read.

The male model looked up at the camera with a bemused expression.

Brown pulled back the dolly.

"'Honeymoon?'" the script girl read.

The model nodded sheepishly while, beside him, the girl lowered her eyes and hid her face in his shoulder.

"Seven," said the script girl, holding her stopwatch in the air.

"Brown, you can start pulling back as soon as he begins to look up," Sylbert said.

"Yeah. It's better that way," Brown said.

"You're a card, Brown," Sylbert said. "You brighten my day." He looked out over the studio. "Harriet! Where's Harriet? Move the corsage to the other side. Makeup!"

"Yes," answered one of the men who were sitting and drinking coffee. "Yes! Yes!" he called, louder, as he got up.

"Her lipstick is coming apart," Sylbert said. "I don't want to wake you or anything."

"Norman, move that spot back a foot or so," Glushanok said, from behind the camera.

"Enough with the lights. Enough," Sylbert said, and turned to the models. "Make it big, now." He waited for Harriet to finish. She stepped back and gave the corsage a final touch with her fingers. Two men took up positions beside the camera, one with his hand on the focussing knob, the other holding a switch that would turn the camera's motor on. Sylbert yelled for quiet. "Here we go," he said. "Camera." The switch was thrown, and we could hear the camera running. "Move!"

"Flying to that resort hideaway, Mr. Bryant?" the script girl said again, substituting for the announcer, whose voice was to be dubbed in later.

The two men in khakis walked along with the camera as it was pulled back, their hands never breaking contact with the controls.

"Honeymoon?" the script girl said.

"O.K. Print it," Sylbert said. "Even bigger this time, kids. Really do it."

We settled back and watched the scene being shot again, and then again and again. As the models relaxed, their acting grew broader—a tendency that Sylbert encouraged, from his position beside the camera. He watched them carefully, leaning forward slightly, his face unconsciously mirroring the expressions of the models, as if, like a man buying hats, he could judge them better by trying them on. At one point, the girl lowered her head and raised a finger to one eye.

"Makeup. Take something out of her eye," Sylbert said.

"Take her eye out," the man with curly blond hair said from the perimeter.

The girl looked up, squinting against the lights, and said, "Ha, ha."

On the twentieth take, out of fatigue, perhaps, or because they had been making the same faces for two hours, the models' acting was broad to the point of grotesqueness.

"Flying to that resort hideaway, Mr. Bryant?"

The young man stared at the camera, his face a caricature of slack-jawed innocence. A bewildered Dagwood, he needed time to understand.

"Honeymoon?"

He nodded, but somehow not like a man—like a trained animal. Bewilderment gave way to a tentative grin, at once shy and lascivious. Beside him, the girl was flustered and embarrassed, ducking her head into his shoulder, peeping out, giggling, ducking in again—a tiny little girl, giggling.

The camera clicked off.

"Terrible!" Sylbert shouted, at the top of his voice. "Horrible! Print it. That's the one."

The girl, emerging from her character, started. "What does he mean?" she asked the male model. "What does he mean?" She craned her neck forward, trying to see through the lights. Her eyes found a hole in the brightness and met ours.

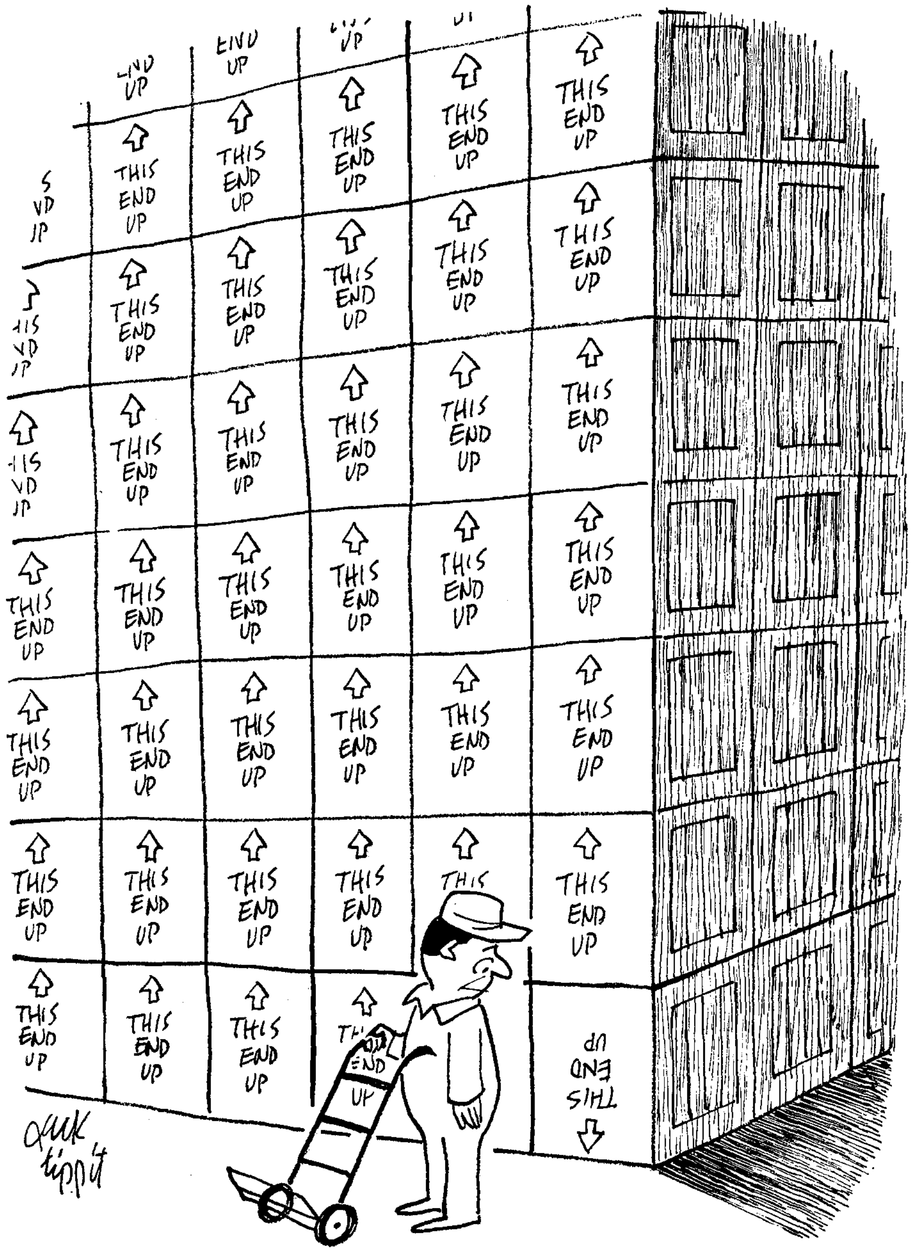
"He means it's good," we found ourself saying. "He likes it."

Verdict

WE were standing on the corner of Fifty-third and Park the other afternoon beside a tall, imperious-looking elderly woman and a middle-aged woman wearing a flowered hat.

"I've enjoyed the sights so much," the woman in the flowered hat was saying. "And is this Park Avenue?"

"It was," replied her companion.



EPITHALAMION

I

MY wife is gone for the day. We've been married three weeks. She has soft blond hair, long, and eyes so blue they are almost purple. She just now flew over the hilltops on green transparent wings to teach her students. She'll teach them about Absolutism, the Sun King, Thomas Paine, and Karma. All on the same day. Those teen-agers' heads will split, and the radiators will hiss. My wife is wise and beautiful. When afternoon comes, she'll ride home triumphant on her silk wings, to *me*. When she folds them, I'll ask her something with my eyes. Her heart will pound. She'll flutter.

II

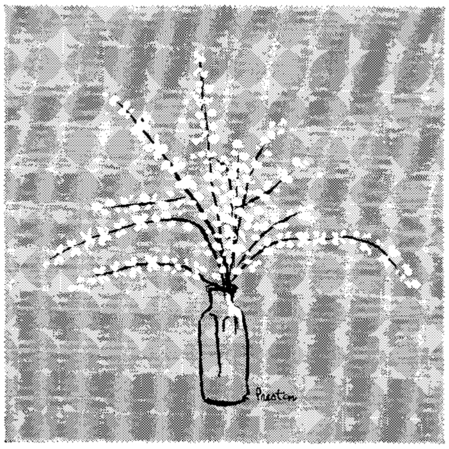
HE sits in the house all day, like a long thin Buddha, and writes poems. I try to teach the children. They don't learn or care to learn. I'm too near them in age. They sit stretched, forever fondling one another in their thoughts. Adolescence, just wait! Men are frogs. We're the bugs they catch. But what am I saying! I *have* learned from him. When he looks at me with his dark eyes. I was always afraid. I cringe from pain. I think he *requires* it. He touched my hair, always gently. He said kind things, pitied me in my fatigue, my work, my new hollow life. He said that he'd take the blame. What blame? I wondered. After all, this was our arrangement, so that he might do his poems. He worships guilt. He eats guilt as if it were ice cream on a blazing summer afternoon. He wears it, darkly, as if it were apparel and becoming. To him, with his dark hair and olive skin, maybe it is. But *I* can't torture him. Last night, he prepared a special fish dish with all this wine and herbs and sauce, and I detested it. The tomatoes looked like clotted blood. What can I do?

III

IN her quiet ways, in her long silences, she's my source of energy—my motor, my wheels, my gasoline. I can't run without her. Because she works so hard on her teaching and has little time to herself, I sometimes cook her various things. I cooked a special fish fillet last night with white wine and basil, olive oil and tomatoes. How carefully, how lovingly I prepared it. Slowly, in silence, she ate every flake. I ate fast and watched her. A compulsion seemed to be telling her, "Eat, eat it all." She filled herself; she ate so much—and she's a thin girl. I became very wise, full of the knowledge of her hating this fish.

IV

HE'S so strange. After dinner, he came and touched me. I told him to go away. He went into the living room. I was preparing my lessons. I had washed the dishes, and the odor of the sad fish was nearly gone. The house was a dynamo of warmth, coziness, clickings. My pen moved. Contented, I chewed the ends of my hair as I sat at the kitchen table and made notes for tomorrow's classes. I wrote important names, dates, concepts. He came in from the living room. He walks as if he ran on wheels. He sighed, took his Loden coat from the back of his chair, and left. Immediately the house became a tinderbox. I couldn't breathe. I turned on the television set and tried to read about Louis XIV: "His height was not commensurate with his dignity, and so he wore red high-heeled shoes." A train went by, rattling the front windows. I could see its single headlight. What if he's on that train, I thought. Leaving me. Deserting a bride. But no. He came in finally, in an hour, locking the door behind him. I didn't speak to him. Why should I forgive? The gloating frog. He turned off the television. He spoke, feigning good nature. (But at least there was no liquor on his breath.) He said, "You weren't watching it anyway." I went to bed. Then I was so sorry. What had he done? Whatever he does is in my interest. I was tired. Maybe I'd been harsh. I left the light on; lying there, holding the covers, I waited, watching a spider as it clung motionless to the ceiling. The curtains were a wilderness of flowers. I felt as if my tears were falling on black tendrils, rose-and-ochre cotton petals. He didn't come. I shut off the light and fell asleep. My dreams were full of trouble—of empty fields, moving tree branches, wildly beating red visceral hearts, doors flapping and banging in the wind.



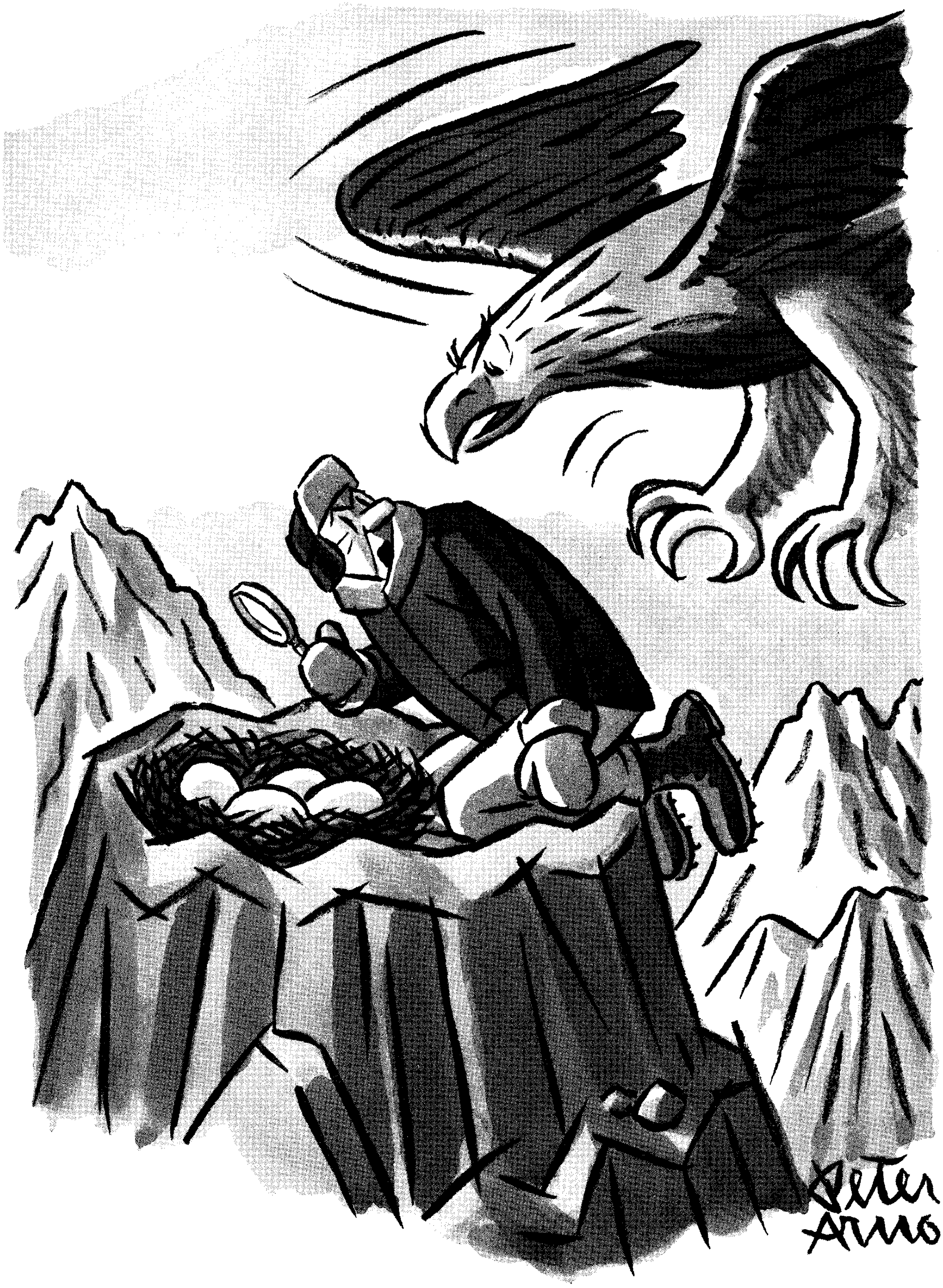
V

WHEN I came home, she looked so goddam smug. She sat there with her book, the television image sliding up and up and up. I turned off the set. She frowned. I said, as nicely as I possibly could, "You weren't watching it anyway." She got up and went to bed. I sat in the oven of a living room and considered suicide. Walks out in the country along the shore at night, moon or no moon, don't solve anything. I could use a razor blade. Or exhaust fumes from the car. Leave a note: "These are the only people I ever loved." Don't put her on the list. I heard the light in our bedroom click off. Ah, so she'd been waiting. To apportion me my permitted dollop of love. The living room was so hot I turned off all the lamps as well as the radiator valve. I dozed. Later, when I woke, I thought, I won't have myself like this. I sat up in the dark room, pulled myself up from the swamp of the studio couch. I thought, rather crookedly, Suicide is wrong. It's selfish—everyone would be vastly upset but me. I would only be dead. I went to bed. I spoke out loud to the dark, the earth, the dirt, the dust, the silence. I said, "I don't know what it was about. Or is, either. I'm sorry." She stirred next to me and drew me to her. There was no light. There was a cocoon. We crawled through, and we found the morning full of frost and sunlight, twitterings. We awoke holding each other. She said, "But now I've got to leave you and teach today. I wish it were Saturday." She put on her green coat and, carrying her black satchel of books, beautiful in the morning sun, she sailed over the housetops.

VI

I WENT around in the empty house kissing things: her books, her coffee cup, her makeup kit, a drinking glass, the front door. I kissed the air. I floated from one greasy dust-smeared ceiling-light globe to the next. I was a long way up. I came down to write poems for the day. There weren't any. No poems. Not one. Not a line, a word, a metaphor. I had shot them all. The clocks ticked wonderfully all over the house. The refrigerator hummed. I sat in shadows in complete silence the whole day, waiting for my green-winged dragonfly.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES



"I'm an American citizen!"

NOTHING IN EXCESS

"THE aim of the Organization," Mr. Bekkus dictated, leaning back in his chair and casting up his eyes to the perforations of the soundproofed ceiling; "The *aim* of the Organization," he repeated with emphasis, as though he were directing a firing squad—and then, "the *long-range* aim," narrowing his eyes to this more distant target, "is to fully utilize the resources of the staff, and hopefully by the end of the fiscal year 1967 to have laid stress—"

Mr. Bekkus frequently misused the word "hopefully." He also made a point of saying "locate" instead of "find," "utilize" instead of "use," and never lost an opportunity to indicate or communicate; and would slip in a "basically" when he felt unsure of his ground.

"—to have laid greater stress upon the capacities of certain members of the staff at present in junior positions. Since this bears heavily"— Mr. Bekkus now leaned forward and rested his elbows firmly on his frayed blue blotter—"on the nature of our future work force, attention is drawn to the Director-General's directive set out in (give the document symbol here, Germaine), asking that Personnel Officers communicate the names of staff members having—what was the wording there?" He reached for a mimeographed paper in his tray.

"Imagination," Germaine supplied.

"—imagination and abilities which could be utilized in more responsible posts." Mr. Bekkus stopped again. "Where's Swoboda?"

"He went to deposit your pay check, Mr. Bekkus."

"Well, when he comes in tell him I need the figures he's been preparing. Better leave a space at the end, then, for numbers of vacant posts. New paragraph. Candidates should be recommended solely on the basis of outstanding personal attributes, bearing in mind the basic qualifications of an international civil servant as set forth in Part II (that's roman, Germaine) of the Staff Regulations with due regard to education, years of service, age, and administrative ability. Read that back. . . . All right. We'll set up the breakdown when Swoboda comes across with the figures. Just bang that out, then—copies all round." Mr. Bekkus was always saying "Bang this out" or "Dash that off" in a way that somehow minimized Germaine's role and suggested that her job was not only unexacting but even jolly.

"Yes, Mr. Bekkus." Germaine had closed her book and was searching for her extra pencil among the papers on the desk.

"You see how it is, Germaine," said Mr. Bekkus, again leaning back in the tiny office as if he owned it all. "The Director-General is loosening things up, wants people who have ideas, individuality, not the run-of-the-mill civil servants we've been getting round here." His gesture was apparently directed toward the outer office, which Germaine shared with Swoboda, the clerk. "Not just people who fit in with the requirements. And he's prepared to *relax* the requirements in order to get them."

Germaine wrinkled her forehead. "But you did say." She turned up her notes again.

"What did I say?" asked Mr. Bekkus, turning faintly hostile.

"Here. Where it says about due regard."

"Ah—the necessary qualifications. My dear girl, we have to talk in terms of suitable candidates. You can't take on just anybody. You wouldn't suggest that we promote people merely to be kind to them?" Since Germaine looked for a moment as if she might conceivably make such a suggestion, he added belligerently, "Would you?"

"Oh—no." And, having found her pencil under the Daily List of Official Documents, she added, "Here it is."

"Why, these are the elementary qualifications in any organization today." Holding up one hand, he enumerated them on his outstretched fingers. "University education"—Mr. Bekkus would have been the last to minimize the importance of this, in view of the years it had taken him to wrest his own degree in business administration from a reluctant provincial college. "Administrative ability. Output. Responsibility. And leadership potential." Having come to the end of his fingers, he appeared to dismiss the possibility of additional requirements; he had in some way contrived to make them all sound like the same thing.

"I'll leave a blank, then," said Germaine. "At the end of the page." She tucked her pencil in the flap of her book and left the room.

Stupid little thing, Mr. Bekkus thought indulgently—even, one might have said, companionably. Germaine at any rate need not disturb herself about the new directive: she was lucky to be in the Organization at all. This was the way Mr. Bekkus felt about any number of his colleagues.

"Yes, come in, Swoboda. Good. Sit down, will you, and we'll go over these. I've drafted a memo for the Section Chief to sign."

Swoboda pulled up a chair to the corner of the desk. Swoboda was in his late thirties, slender, Slavic, with a nervous manner but quiet eyes and still hands. Having emerged from Europe after the war as a displaced person, Swoboda had no national standing and had been hired as a clerk by the Organization in its

Games People Play
by Eric Berne MD
WEBER

"*I'm afraid this isn't Dial-a-Prayer, but bless you anyway.*"

earliest days. As a local recruit he had a lower salary, fewer privileges, and a less interesting occupation than the internationally recruited members of the staff, but in 1947 he had counted himself fortunate to get a job at all. This sense of good fortune had sustained him for some time; it is possible, however, that after almost twenty years at approximately the same rank it was at last beginning to desert him.

Bekkus wanted to be fair. Swoboda made him uneasy, but Bekkus would have admitted that Swoboda could turn in good work under proper supervision. Mr. Bekkus flattered himself (as he correctly expressed it) that he had supervised Swoboda pretty thoroughly during the time he had had him in his office—had organized him, in fact, for the maximum potential. Still, Swoboda made him uneasy, for there was something withdrawn about him, something that could not be brought out under proper supervision or even at the Christmas party. Bekkus would have said that Swoboda, although pleasant with everybody, did not fully communicate.

But Bekkus wanted to be fair. Swoboda was a conscientious staff member, and the calculations he now laid on the corner of the desk represented a great deal of disagreeable work—work which Bekkus honestly, though silently, admitted he would not have cared to do himself.

Bekkus lifted the first page. "All right. And did you breakdown the turnover?"

"Here, sir. The number of posts vacated each year in various grades."

Bekkus glanced down a list headed Resignations and Retirement. "Good God, is that all? Is this the total? How can we fit new people in if hardly anyone leaves?"

"You're looking at the subtotal. If you'll allow me." Swoboda turned the page to another heading: "Deaths and Dismissals."

"That's more like it," said Bekkus with relief. "This means that we can move about fifty people up each year from the Subsidiary into the Specialized grades." (The staff was divided into these two categories, and there had been little advancement from the Subsidiary to the Specialized. Those few who had in fact managed to get promoted from the lower category were viewed by their new colleagues much as an emancipated slave must have been regarded in ancient Rome by those born free.)

"The trouble, of course," went on Bekkus, "is to find capable people on the existing staff. You know what the plan is, Swoboda. The D.-G. wants us to comb the Organization, to comb it thoroughly"—Bekkus made a gesture of grooming some immense shaggy animal—"for staff members of real ability in both categories who've been passed over, keep an eye open for initiative, that kind of thing. These people—these staff members, that is—have resources which have not been fully utilized, and which *can* be utilized, Swoboda. . . ." Mr. Bekkus paused, for Swoboda was looking at him with more interest and feeling than usual, then pulled himself together and added, "within the existing framework." The feeling and interest passed from Swoboda's expression and left no trace.

Bekkus handed back the tables. "If you'll get Germaine to stick this in at the foot of the memo, I think we're all set. And then bring me the file on Wyatt, will you? That's A. Wyatt, in the Translation Section. I have to take it to the Board. It's a case for compulsory retirement."

"GOT one," Algie Wyatt remarked, underlining a phrase on the page before him.

"What?" asked Lidia Korabetski, looking up from the passage she was translating.

"Contradiction in terms." Algie was collecting contradictions in terms: To a nucleus of "military intelligence" and "competent authorities," he had added such discoveries as "the soul of efficiency," "easy virtue," "Bankers Trust," and "Christian Scientist."

"What?" Lidia asked again.

"*Cultural mission,*" replied Algie, turning the page and looking encouraged, as if he studied the document solely for such rewards as this.

Lidia and Algie were translators at the Organization. That is to say that they sat all day—with an hour off for lunch and breaks for tea—at their desks translating Organization documents out of one of the five official languages and into another. Lidia, who had been brought up in France of Russian and English parentage, translated into French from English and Russian; Algie, who was British and had lived much abroad, translated into English from French and Spanish. They made written translations only, the greater drama of the oral interpretation of debates being reserved for the Organization's simultaneous interpreters. The documents Algie and Lidia translated contained the records of meetings, the recommendations of councils, the reports of committees, the minutes of working groups, not all of them noted for economy or felicity of phrase. However, both Algie and Lidia were resourceful with words and sought to convey the purport of these documents in a faithful and unpretentious manner.

In the several years during which Lidia and Algie had shared an office at the Organization, it had often been remarked that they made an odd pair. This is frequently said of two people whose personalities are ideally complementary, as was the case in this instance. It was also commonly agreed that there was no romance between them—as is often said where there is in fact nothing but romance, pure romance, romance only, with no distracting facts of any kind.

When Lidia first came to share his office, Algie was about fifty-five years old. He was an immense man, of great height and bulky body, whose scarlet face and slightly bloodshot blue eyes proclaimed him something of a drinker. His health having suffered in the exercise of a great capacity for life, he shifted himself about with a heaving, shambling walk and was breathless after the least exertion. When he entered the office in the morning he would stand for some seconds over his desk, apparently exhausted by the efforts, physical and mental, involved in his having arrived there. He would then let himself down, first bulging outward like a gutted building, then folding in the middle, before collapsing into his gray Organization chair. For a while he would sit there, speechless and crimson-faced, and heaving like a gong-tormented sea.

Although education and upbringing had prepared Algie for everything except the necessity of earning his own living, this was by no means his first job. During the thirties he had worked for the Foreign Office in the Balkans, but resigned in order to go to Spain as a correspondent during the Civil War. He spent most of the Second World War as an intelligence officer with the British Army in North Africa and during this time produced a creditable study on Roman remains in Libya and a highly useful Arabic phrase book for British soldiers. After the war, his private means having dwindled to almost nothing, he entered the Organization in a dramatic escape from a possible career in the world of commerce.

It was not known how Algie came to apply to the Organization; still less how the Organization came to admit him. (It was said that his dossier had become confused with that of an eligible Malayan named Wai-lat, whose application had been unaccountably rejected.) Once in, Algie did the work required of him, overcoming a natural indolence that would have crushed other men. But he and the Organization were incompatible, and should never have been mated.

The Organization had bred, out of a staff recruited from its hundred member nations, a peculiarly anonymous variety of public official, of recognizable aspect and manner. It is a type to be seen to this very day, anxiously carrying a full briefcase or fumbling for a *laissez-passer* in airports throughout the world. In tribute to the levelling powers of Organization life, it may be said that a staff member wearing a sari or *kente* was as recognizable as one in a dark suit, and that the face below the fez was as nervously, as conscientiously

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PAIN FOR A DAUGHTER

Blind with love, my daughter
has cried nightly for horses,
those long-necked marchers and churners
that she has mastered, any and all,
reigning them in like a circus hand—
the excitable muscles and the ripe neck—
tending, this summer, a pony and a foal.
She who is too squeamish to pull
a thorn from the dog's paw
watched her pony blossom with distemper,
the underside of the jaw swelling
like an enormous grape.
Gritting her teeth with love,
she drained the boil and scoured it
with hydrogen peroxide until pus
ran like milk on the barn floor.

Blind with loss all winter,
in dungarees, a ski jacket, and a hard hat,
she visits the neighbors' stable,
our acreage not zoned for barns,
they who own the flaming horses
and the swan-whipped thoroughbred
that she tugs at and cajoles,
thinking it will burn like a furnace
under her small-hipped English seat.

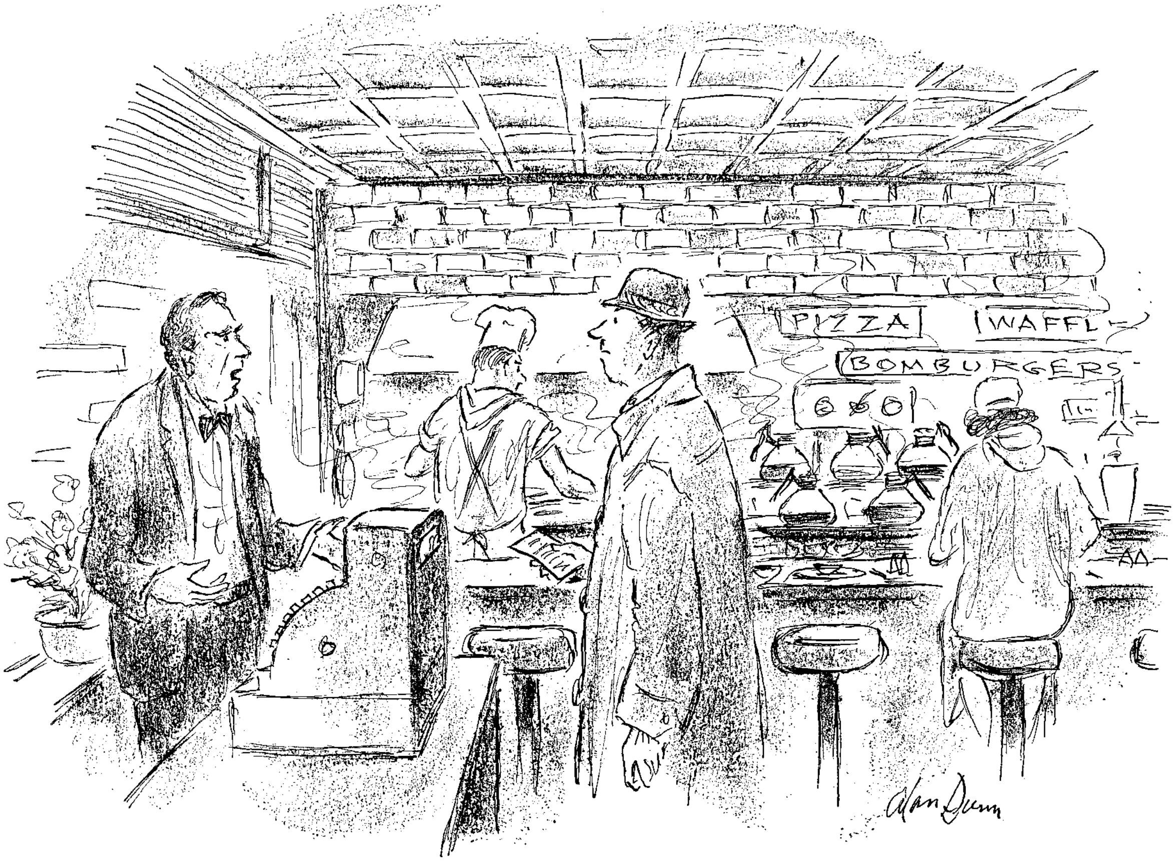
Blind with pain, she limps home.
The thoroughbred has stood on her foot.
He rested there like a building.
He grew into her foot until they were one.
The marks of the horseshoe printed
into her flesh, the tips of her toes
ripped off like pieces of leather,
three toenails swirled like shells
and left to float in blood in her riding boot.

Blind with fear, she sits on the toilet,
her foot balanced over the washbasin,
her father, hydrogen peroxide in hand,
performing the rites of the cleansing.
She bites on a towel, sucked in breath,
sucked in and arched against the pain,
her eyes glancing off me where
I stand at the door, eyes locked
on the ceiling, eyes of a stranger,
and then she cries . . .
Oh, my God, help me!
Where a child would have cried *Mama!*
Where a child would have believed *Mama!*
She bit the towel and called on God,
and I saw her life stretch out . . .
I saw her torn in childbirth,
and I saw her, at that moment,
in her own death, and I knew that she
knew.

—Anne Sexton

• •

Organizational as that beneath the Borsalino. The nature—what Mr. Bekkus would have called the "aim"—of the Organization was such as to attract people of character; having attracted them, it found it could not afford them, that there was no room for personalities, and that its hope for survival lay, like that of all organizations, in the subordination of individual gifts to general procedures. No new country, no new language or way of life, no marriage or involvement in war could have so effectively altered and unified the way in which these people presented themselves to the world. It was this process of subordination that was to be seen going on beneath the homburg or turban. And it was Algie's inability to submit to this process that had delivered his dossier into the hands of Mr. Bekkus at the Terminations Board.



"Look here! Holding the line on prices for structural steel isn't the same thing as twenty cents for cup custard."

• •

To Algie it seemed that he was constantly being asked to take leave of those senses of humor, proportion, and the ridiculous that he had carefully nurtured and refined throughout his life. He could not get used to giving, with a straight face, a continual account of himself; nor could he regard as valid a system of judging a person's usefulness by the extent of his passion and memory for detail. He found himself in a world that required laborious explanation of matters whose very meaning, in his view, depended on their being tacitly understood. His idiosyncrasies, his unpunctuality, his persistence in crediting his superiors with precisely that intuition they lacked and envied, were almost as unwelcome in the Organization as they would have been in the commercial world. He was, in short, an exception: that very thing for which organizations make so little allowance.

Sometimes as Algie sat there in the mornings getting back his breath, Lidia would tell him where she had been the previous evening, what she had been reading or listening to, some detail that would fill the gap since they had left the office the night before. When she did not provide these clues, it usually meant that she had been seeing a lover. She would never have mentioned such a thing to Algie, because of the romance between them.

Like many of the women who worked at the Organization, Lidia was unmarried. Unlike them, she remained so by her own choice. Years before, she had been married to an official of the Organization who had died on his way to a regional meeting of the Global Health Commission in La Paz. (His car overturned on a mountain road, and it was thought that he, like many of the delegates to the Commission, had been affected by the altitude.) Lidia had loved this husband. For some time after his death she kept to herself, and, even when this ceased to be the case, showed no inclination to remarry. She was admired by her male colleagues and much in demand as a companion, being fair-haired, slender, and not given to discussing her work out of office hours.

"Mustn't forget," Algie now said. "Got an appointment at two-thirty. Chap called Bekkus in Personnel."

Lidia gave an absent-minded groan. "Bekkus. Dreary man."

"A bit boring." This was the strongest criticism Algie had ever been known to make of any of his colleagues.

"Boring isn't the word," said Lidia, although it was. She became more attentive. "Isn't he on the Appointments and Terminations Board?"

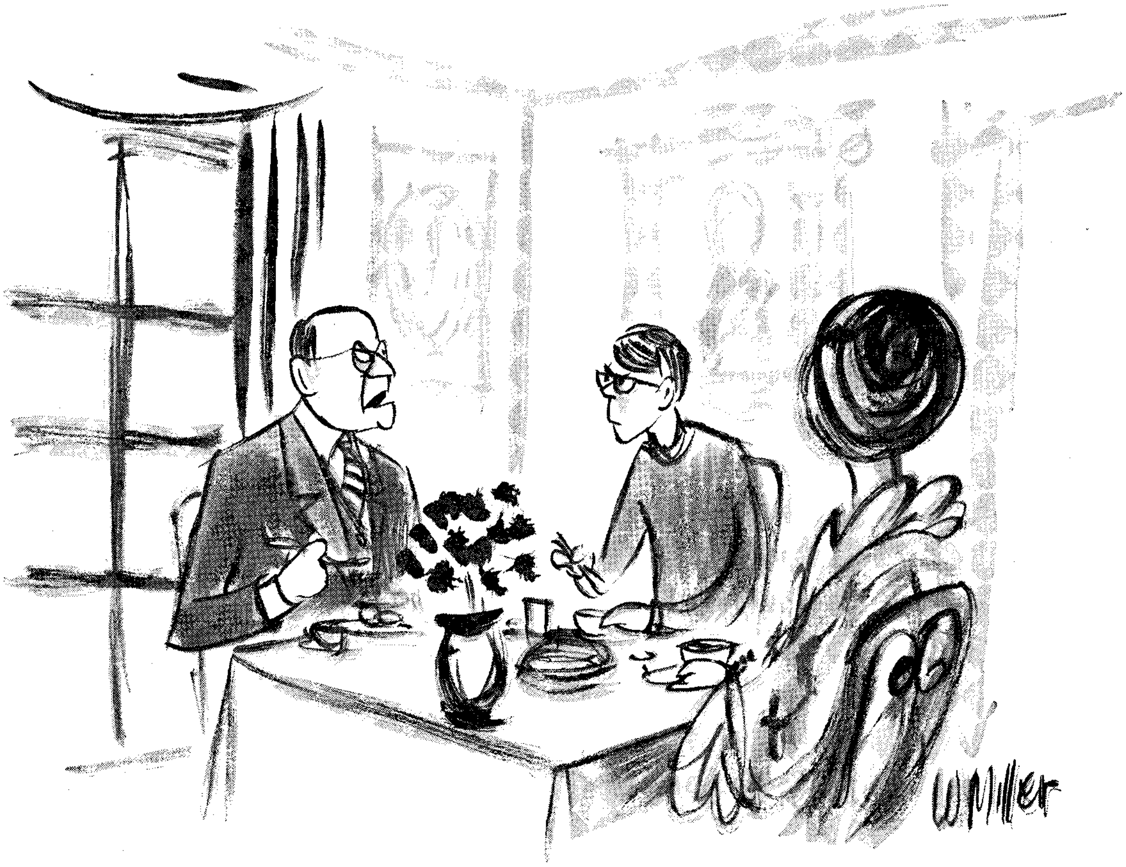
"What's that?"

"Committee for improving our calibre."

Algie quoted:

> "Improvement too, the idol of the age,
> Is fed with many a victim."

There was nothing Algie enjoyed more than the apt quotation, whether delivered by himself or another. It gave him a momentary sensation that the world had come right; that some instant of perfect harmony had been achieved by two minds meeting, possibly across centuries. His own sources, fed by fifty years of wide and joyous reading, were in this respect inexhaustible. He had a special affection for those poets whom he regarded as his contemporaries—Belloc, Chesterton, de la Mare—and would occasionally look up from his work (the reader will have gathered that looking up from his work was one of Algie's most pronounced mannerisms) to announce that " 'Don



"Must you quote Mao Tse-tung at the breakfast table?"

• •

John of Austria is gone by Alcalar,' " or to ask, " 'Do you remember an Inn, Miranda?' "

From all of which it will readily be seen why Algie's file was in the hands of Mr. Bekkus and why Algie was not considered suitable for continued employment at the Organization. It may also be seen, however, that Algie's resources were of the kind never yet fully utilized by organization or mankind.

"Yes, here it is." Lidia had unearthed a printed list from a yellowing stack of papers on the heating equipment beside her. "R. Bekkus. Appointments and Terminations Board."

"Well, I've *been* appointed," remarked Algie, pushing his work away completely and preparing to rise to his feet, "so perhaps it's the other thing." He pressed his hands on the desk and murmured, " 'Unhousel'd, dis-appointed, unaneled.' " He heaved himself up and presently shambled off into the corridor.

Lidia went on with her work, and for fifteen minutes there was silence in the office she shared with Algie. It was a room typical of offices throughout the Organization—gray-walled, like that of Mr. Bekkus, and floored with rubber tiles of a darker gray. Panels of fluorescent lighting were let into the white soundproofing that covered the ceiling. A wide low window sill was formed by the metal covers of the radiators, and along this ledge at various intervals were stacked small sheaves of papers—the lower ones yellowing, the upper ones filmed with the grit that found its way through the aluminum window frames. (In each office the heating could be adjusted to some extent, so that in all the rooms of the Organization its international character was manifest in temperatures that ranged from nostalgic approximations of the North Sea to torrid renderings of conditions along the Zambesi.) Algie's and Lidia's desks were pushed together, facing one another, and each had a gray Organization chair upholstered in dark blue. Blue blotters were centered on the desks and surrounded by trays of papers, Organization desk sets, stapling machines, and dishes of paper clips—and, in Lidia's case, a philodendron in a cracked ceramic *cache-pot*. On each desk there was also a telephone and a small engagement pad on a metal fixture. There was a typewriter on a stand in one corner of the room, and a bookcase—into whose upper shelves bound documents and dictionaries had been crammed—stood stiffly with its back to the wall. On the lowest shelf of this bookcase were a pair of galoshes, a watering can, an unwashed glass vase, a Wedgwood cup and saucer, three cafeteria spoons, and a single black glove.

On one wall, a calendar—the gift of a Japanese travel concern—was turned to the appropriate month (this was not always the case in Organization offices), displaying a colorful plate which bore, to Algie's delight, the legend "Gorgeous bunch of blooming peonies."

From the windows, which were vast and clean, one looked onto a wide river and to its industrial banks beyond. The presence of the river was refreshing, although it bore almost continuously the water traffic—coal and railway barges, tugs, tankers, and cargo vessels—of the great city in which the Organization was laid. Oceans and rivers, with their simple and traditional associations of purification and continuity, are excellent things to have outside office windows, and in this case helped in some measure to express that much misrepresented, highly commendable, and largely unachieved thing—the aim of the Organization.

"Some bad news, I'm afraid." Mr. Tong put his head round Lidia Korabetski's door—this was literally true, since Tong's small neat head and long neck were all of him that showed. Tong was beaming. "Some bad news, yes." Not naturally malicious, he had developed rapidly since entering bureaucracy.

Lidia, lifting her head, could not help asking, "What is it?"

"Wyatt at lunch?" Tong nodded toward Algie's empty desk.

"He's been back from lunch for ages," said Lidia defensively. Lunch at the Organization was officially one hour, and Algie was often overdue.

"They're not renewing his contract."

"What contract?"

"His Permanent Contract, of course." Permanence, at the Organization, was viewed in blocks of five years, and a Permanent Contract was subject to quinquennial review. "The Terminations Board decided not to renew it. They're going to let him retire early instead."

"But he doesn't want to retire early. How unfair."

"Another sort of place would have fired him."

"And *another* sort of place would have promoted him."

"Look—I like him too—everyone likes him—but there's a limit."

"There are too many limits if you ask me." Lidia took up her pencil again. "He's a good translator."

"Well—that's an opinion I never went along with. When we worked together—on the Preliminary Survey of Intolerance, you remember—I had to correct him repeatedly."

Lidia raised her eyebrows, but merely asked, "Do you get full pension if you're retired before time?"

"Wouldn't be a bit surprised if he ends up better off than we do."

"Oh come."

"Well, at least they're not firing him. They're being decent. That's one thing you can say for the Organization. They're decent about this sort of thing. They wouldn't fire him."

"He'd get more money if they did." Lidia put her head back down to her work. "I've got to get on with this."

Tong, passing Algie coming from the elevators, raised his hand in cordial greeting. "All O.K. with you, I hope, Wyatt?" (Tong was a man who could reverse himself in this way.)

"Splendid," grunted Algie. (Algie was a man who could grunt such a word.) He went slowly along the corridor to the office he shared with Lidia.

An odd pair, Tong thought. He still had not told the news about Algie to his friend Pike in Inland Waterways, on the floor below. Rather than wait for the elevator, he opened a dangerously heavy door marked "*Sortie de Secours*" and ran down the emergency stairs.

"Tong was here," Lidia said.

"Saw him in the corridor." Algie let himself into his chair. "Tong," he mused. "The very word is like a bell."

Lidia had no way of telling whether Algie had been informed that he was to be retired early. She would have liked to make him some show of solidarity but could only offer him a peppermint, which he refused.

"You free for lunch tomorrow?" she asked—Algie's telegraphic manner of communication having rubbed off on her to some extent.

"Tomorrow—what's tomorrow?" Algie turned several pages of his desk calendar. "Sorry, no. Lunching with Jaspersen. Could change it, perhaps?"

"No, no," said Lidia hastily, for Jaspersen was the one friend of Algie's who held an influential position in the Organization. "Some other day."

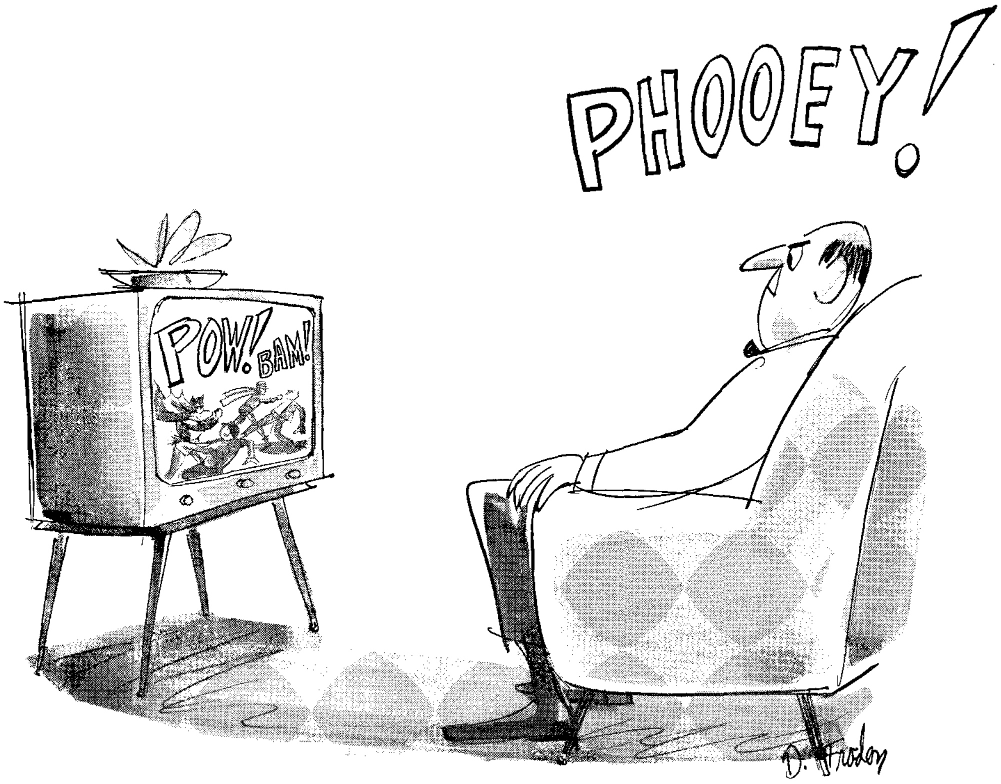
"Better make it soon," remarked Algie—from which Lidia realized that he knew his fate.

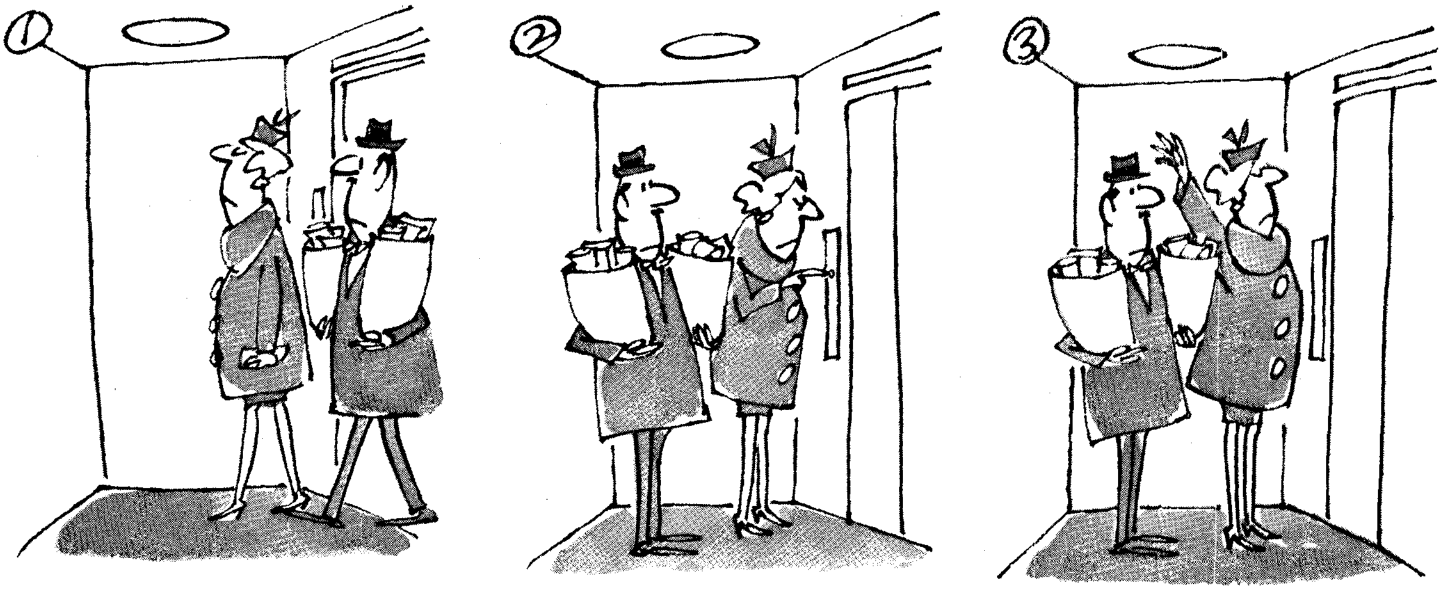
They went on with their work in silence for some moments. Then Algie let out a snort of laughter. "Listen to this. Chap here got it in a nutshell: '*In the year under review, assistance was rendered to sixty differing countries.*' "

Olaf Jaspersen was a year younger than Algie Wyatt and had been at Cambridge with him. People found this hard to believe, for Jaspersen was lean and fleet, his eye was clear, his features youthful. He wore dark, well-cut clothes during the week, and tweeds on Saturday mornings—which he invariably spent at the office. He had joined the Organization shortly after Algie. From the first he had been given important responsibilities, which he handled with efficiency and charm. He now held one of the most senior posts in the Organization and had established a reputation for common sense, justice, and rather more style than was usual. Things seemed to go right with Jaspersen. His career was prospering, his wife was beautiful, his children intelligent; he had even inherited some small private means. He was known as someone of extensive knowledge and sound judgment.

But something had happened to Olaf Jaspersen in recent years. He had fallen in love.

He had fallen in love with the Organization. Like someone who for a long time enjoys the friendship of a beautiful woman but boasts that he would not dream of having an affair with her, he had been conquered all the more completely in the end. During his early years on the staff, he had maintained his outside interests, his social pleasures—the books he read for nothing but enjoyment, the conversations he had that bore no apparent relation to his Organization duties. This state of affairs had flagged, diminished, then altogether ceased to be the case. He was still an able man, but his concept of ability had been colored by Organization requirements; he found it harder to believe in the existence of abilities that did not directly contribute to the aim of the Organization. He was still, on occasion, gay—but his wit now sprang exclusively from Organization sources and could only be enjoyed by those in the Organizational know (of whom, fortunately for this purpose, his acquaintances had come to be principally composed). He had joined the staff because he believed sincerely, even passionately, in the importance of the Organization; that importance had latterly become indistinguishable from his own. He held, no doubt correctly, that


PHOOEY!
POW!
BAM!



the dissolution of the Organization would be calamitous for the human race; but one felt that the survival of the human race, should the Organization fail, would be regarded by him as a piece of downright impertinence.

Algie liked Olaf Jaspersen. He admired his many good qualities, including those gifts of energy and application which had not been bestowed upon himself. Algie's youthful memories of a lighter, livelier Jaspersen contributed to the place of the present Jaspersen in his affections. Jaspersen, in turn, had recollections of an Algie full of fun and promise, and regretted that the fun had increased in inverse ratio to the promise. If his loyalty to Algie was in part due to Algie's never having rivalled him professionally, this was a common human weakness and need not be held against him. Jaspersen was genuinely grieved when he learned that Algie was to be retired before time, and genuinely wished to assist him. He therefore came to their lunch appointment prepared to give good advice.

The staff of the Organization took their meals in either of two places: a large and noisy cafeteria where they stood in line, or a large and noisy dining room where they could—at additional cost—be served. The food, which was plain and good, was substantially the same in both places, although it may be said that in the dining room the plates were slightly lighter and the forks slightly heavier. It was to the dining room that Olaf Jaspersen took Algie for lunch this day.

Jaspersen was a man of too much taste to adopt the line of "Well now, what's this I hear?," and he found it difficult to raise with Algie the delicate question of enforced resignation. In Jaspersen's view, expulsion from the Organization was a very serious matter—more serious, one might even have said, than it was to Algie himself. When Algie and he were settled with their Scotches and had ordered their respective portions of codfish cakes and chicken à la king, he bent toward Algie. "A bad development," he said. "Can't tell you how sorry."

"Ah, well," said Algie, "not to worry." He gave Jaspersen an appreciative nod, and went on with his drink, which he had already gone on with quite a bit.

"Rolls?" asked the waitress, wheeling up a portable oven.

"Er—one of those," said Jaspersen.

Putting it on his plate, she identified it with the words, "Corn muffin."

"Mistake," said Algie. "Nothing but crumbs."

"Look here, Algie, I know these fellows—on the Board, I mean. Not bad chaps—not villainous, nothing like that—but slow. Not overloaded with ideas. Only understand what's put in front of 'em. Got to be played their way or they can't grasp, you know."

"Ah well," said Algie again, briskly setting down his glass as if to herald a change of subject.

"Let me get you another one of those. My point is—in order to handle these chaps, you've got to get inside their minds. Talk their language." He fished a pamphlet out of his pocket. "I brought this for you. It's the Procedure of Appeal." He began to hand it across the table, but at that moment the waitress came up with their lunch.

"Codfish cakes?"

"Here," said Algie, making room. He took the pamphlet from Jaspersen and laid it on the table beside his plate. His second drink arrived, and Jaspersen ordered half a bottle of white wine.

"The Board," Jaspersen went on, spearing a cube of chicken, "is not the ultimate authority. That Bekkus is just a glorified clerk."

"Point is," Algie observed, "he *has* been glorified."

"I've been thinking about your case," said Jaspersen, "and I don't see how you could lose an appeal. I honestly don't. But get moving on it right away—you don't have any time to waste."

"What year is this?" inquired Algie, turning the bottle round. "Not at all bad." When he had demolished the first codfish cake, he said, "It's good of you, Olaf. But I'm not going to appeal."

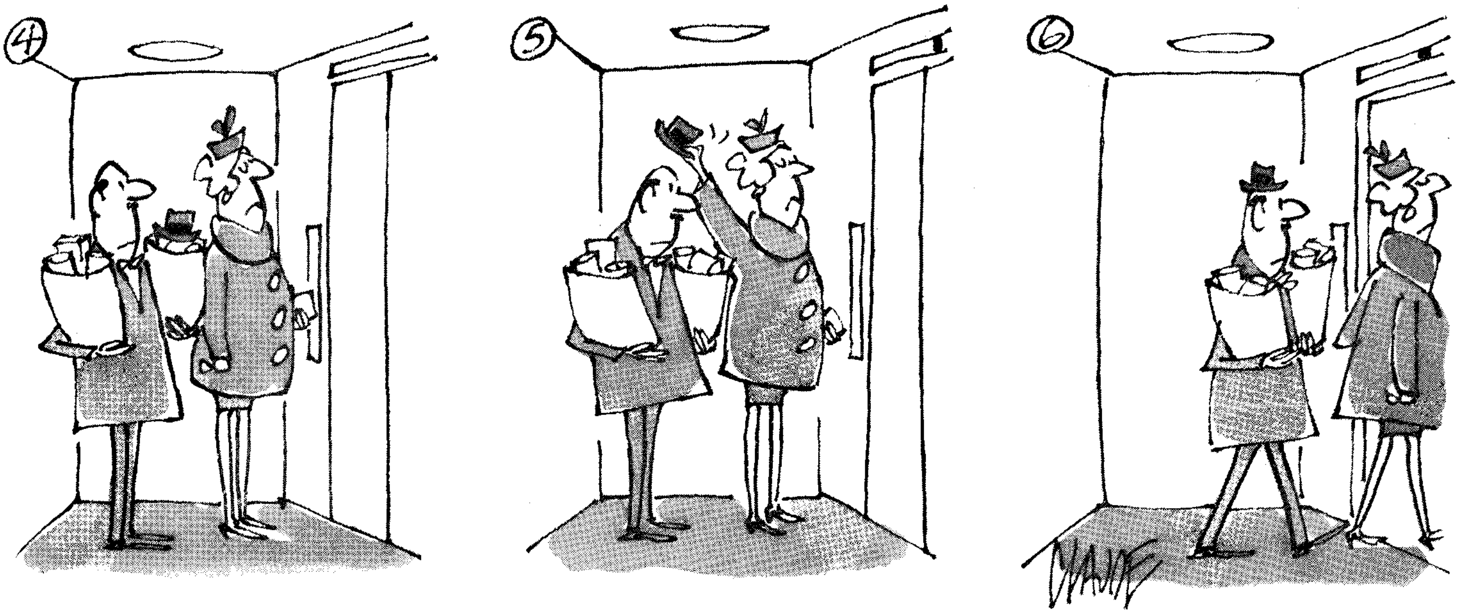
Jaspersen looked less surprised than might have been expected. "Think it over" was all he said.

"No," Algie said. "Really. Better this way."

After a pause, Jaspersen went on kindly. "You have, of course, exactly the sort of qualities the Organization can't cope with. With the Organization, it has to be—moderation in all things. I sometimes think we should put up in the main lobby that inscription the Greeks used in their temple: 'Nothing in Excess.' " Jaspersen was pleased to have hit on this reconciliation of Algie's virtues with those of the Organization, for Algie was generally a pushover for the Greeks.

Algie finished another codfish cake and took a sip of his wine, but when he replied Jaspersen was startled by the energy in his voice.

"Nothing in excess," Algie repeated. "But one has to understand the meaning of excess. Why should it be taken, as it seems to be these days, to refer simply to self-indulgence, or violence—or enjoyment? Wasn't it intended,



don't you think, to refer to all excesses—excess of pettiness, of timorousness, of officiousness, of sententiousness, of censoriousness? Excess of stinginess or rancor? Excess of bores?" Algie went on with his vegetables for a while, and Jaspersen was again taken aback when he continued. "At the other end of that temple, there was a second inscription—'Know Thyself.' Didn't mean—surely—that we should be mesmerized by every pettifogging detail of our composition. Meant we should understand ourselves in order to be free to develop our capacities." Algie laid down his knife and fork and pushed away his plate. He handed back to Jaspersen the Procedure of Appeal. "No thanks, old boy, really. Fact is, I'm not suited to it here, and from that point of view these chaps are right. You tell me to get inside their minds—but if I did that I might never find my way out again."

"But Algie, what about your pension? Think of the risk, at your age."

"I do get something, you know—a reduced pension, or a lump sum. And then—for someone like me, the real risk is to stay."

After that, they talked of other things. But Jaspersen felt disturbed and sad, and his sadness was greater than he could reasonably account for.

LIDIA was coming down in the elevator when Millicent Bass got in. Lidia, on her way to the cafeteria, was pressed between a saintly Indian from Political Settlements (this department was high on Algie's list of contradictions in terms) and Swoboda from Personnel, who greeted her in Russian. Behind her were two young Africans, speaking French and dressed in Italian suits, a genial roly-poly Iranian, and a Paraguayan called Martinez-MacIntosh with a ginger mustache. In front of her was a young girl from the Filing Room who stood in silence with her head bowed. Her pale hair, inefficiently swept upward, was secured by a plastic clip, so that Lidia had a close view of her slender, somewhat pathetic neck and the topmost ridges of her spinal column. The zipper of her orange wool-jersey dress had been incompletely closed, and the single hook above it was undone. Lidia was toying with the idea of drawing this to the girl's attention when the elevator doors opened at the sixteenth floor to admit Millicent Bass.

Miss Bass was a large lady with a certain presence. One felt that she was about to say, "This way please"—an impression that was enhanced, when the elevator doors disclosed her, by the fact that she was standing, upright and expectant, with a document in her hand. She got in, raking the car as she did so with a hostile stare. Her mouth was firmly set, as if to keep back warmer words than the ones she habitually spoke, and her protuberant eyes were slightly belligerent, as if repressing tears.

Lidia knew her well—having once worked on a report for which Miss Bass was responsible. This was a Report on the Horizontal Coördination of Community Programs, for Miss Bass was a member of the Social and Anthropological Division.

"Hello, Millicent."

"Haven't seen you for a while, Lidia." Miss Bass squeezed in next to the girl in orange and, as far as she was able to do so, looked Lidia up and down. "You're far too thin," she announced. (She had the unreflective drawl of her profession—a voice that suggests all things considered and all passion spent.)

When the elevator disgorged them at the cafeteria, Miss Bass completed her scrutiny of Lidia. "You spend too much money on clothes," she remarked.

Lidia was pondering the interesting fact that these two remarks, when reversed ("You are far too fat" and "You should spend more money on clothes"), are socially impermissible, when Millicent took her off guard by suggesting they lunch together. Rather than betray herself by that fractional hesitation which bespeaks dismay, she accepted heartily. Oh God, how ghastly, she said to herself, dropping a selection of forks, knives, and spoons loudly onto a tray.

As they pushed their trays along, Millicent Bass inquired, "How much does a dress like that cost?" When Lidia was silent, she went on handsomely, "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

I know that, thought Lidia. It's being *asked* that annoys me.

"This all right for you?" Millicent asked her as they seated themselves near the windows. Lidia nodded, looking around and seeing Bekkus deep in conversation with a colleague at the adjacent table. They transferred their dishes from the tray and placed their handbags on a spare chair. Millicent also had with her the thin document, which she pushed to the vacant side of the table. "I was going to run through that," she said regretfully, as if Lidia had prevented her. She unfolded a paper napkin in her lap and passed Lidia the salt. "Those codfish cakes look good."

Lidia began her lunch, and they exchanged casual remarks in high voices across the cafeteria din. (While talking with Miss Bass of things one did not particularly care about, one had the sensation of constantly attempting to allay her suspicions of one's true ideas and quite different interests.) Miss Bass then spoke in some detail of a new report she was working on, a survey of drainage in Polynesia. Conditions were distressing. There was much to be done. She gave examples.

"Poor things," Lidia murmured, stoically finishing her meal.

"It's no use saying 'poor things,' Lidia," said Millicent—who often took it on herself to dictate the responses of others. "Sentiment doesn't help. What's needed is know-how."

Lidia was silent, believing that sentiment does help, and that even drains cannot supplant human feeling.

"The trouble with you," began Millicent kindly, "is that you don't think of people like these as your *brothers*." Miss Bass was one of those who find it easy and even gratifying to direct fraternal feelings toward large numbers of people living at great distances. Her own brother, who was shiftless and sometimes tried to borrow money from her, she had not seen for two years. "That you don't relate to them as individuals." In Miss Bass's mouth the very word "individuals" denoted legions.

Lidia, casting about for a diversion, was softened to see that Mr. Bekkus had brought out photographs of what appeared to be a small child and was showing them to his companion.

"Who *is* that man?" asked Millicent. "I've seen him around for years."

"Bekkus, from Personnel." Lidia lowered her voice. "He's on the Appointments and Terminations Board."

"My baby verbalizes," Bekkus was saying to his colleague. "Just learning to verbalize."

"Speaking of which," Millicent went on, "I hear you're losing your friend."

Lidia hesitated, then dug her spoon into her *crème caramel* and said, "You mean Algie."

"Well, there's a limit, after all," said Miss Bass, sensing resistance.

"I'll miss him," Lidia said.

Miss Bass was not to be repulsed. "He is impossible," she said.

Lidia laughed. "When people say that about Algie," she said, "it always reminds me of Bakunin."

"One of the new translators?" asked Miss Bass, running through the names of the Russian Section in her mind.

"No, no. I mean the Russian revolutionary."

"He a friend of Algie's?" Millicent inquired—sharply, for politics were forbidden to the Organization staff, and a direct affiliation with them was one of the few infallible means of obtaining summary dismissal.

"He died a century ago."

"What's he got to do with Algie?" Miss Bass was still suspicious.

"Oh—he was a big untidy man, and he once said—when someone told him he was impossible—'I shall continue to be impossible so long as those who are now possible remain possible.' "

Millicent was not amused. "The Organization cannot afford Algie Wyatt."

"He's a luxury," Lidia admitted.

"Pleasure-loving," said Miss Bass—as if this were something unnatural.

"Yes," Lidia agreed.

"And always trying to be clever"—as if attempts at cleverness were by nature reprehensible.

"He's delightful company," Lidia protested.

"I'd prefer a more serious attitude," said Miss Bass. And it was true; she actually would.

Lidia held her spoon poised for a moment and said seriously, "Millicent, please don't go on about Algie. I don't like it."

Millicent's only idea of dignity was standing on it, and she did this for some minutes. Soon, however, she forgot what had been said and inquired about the terms of Algie's retirement.

"I really don't know anything about it." Lidia dropped her crumpled napkin on her plate.

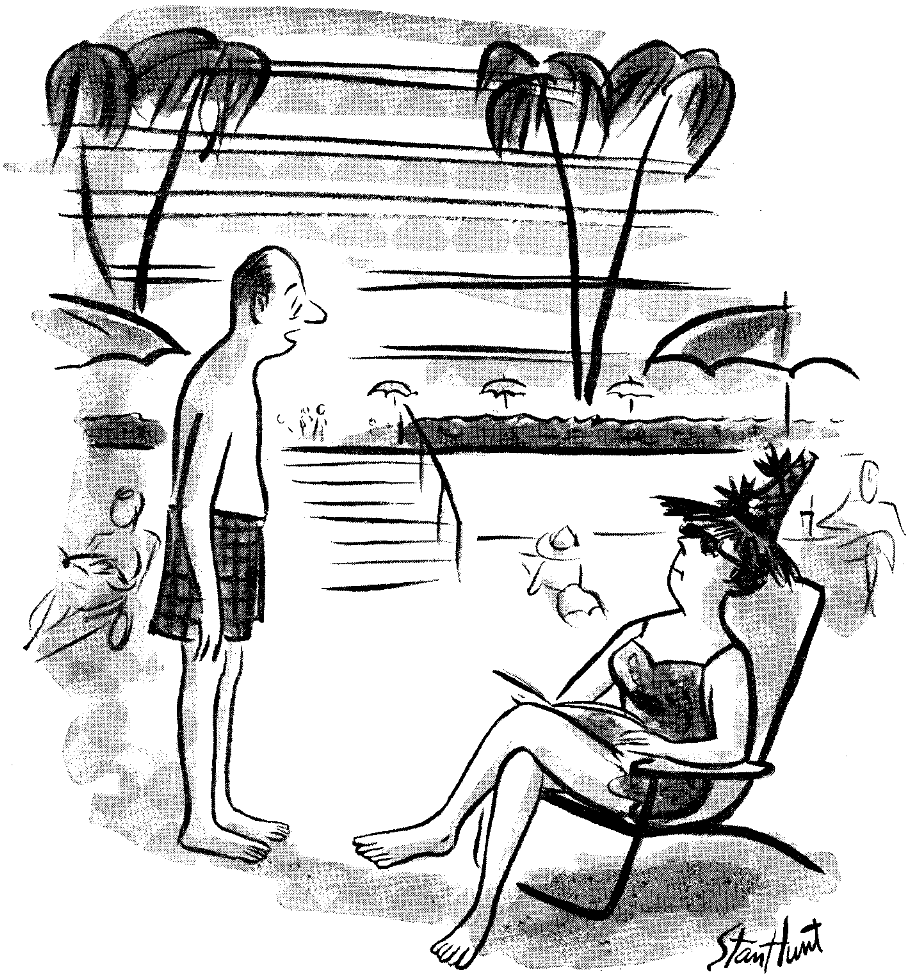
"He has a choice, I believe—a reduced pension or a lump sum. That's the arrangement for enforced resignation."

"I don't *know*," said Lidia. "Shall we go?"

When they left the cafeteria, they walked along together to the elevators.

"Now I hope you won't think me hard," Miss Bass was beginning, when the elevator arrived—fortunately, perhaps, for her aspiration.

ALGIE was sitting at his desk when Lidia entered the office. They smiled at each other and, when she was settled at her desk, Lidia asked, "Did



"I just heard it on the radio. Winter's back is definitely broken up North."

"What the economy needs is a depression. Just a small one, and present company excepted, of course."

you have a nice time with Jaspersen?"

"Splendid," grunted Algie, going on with his work. He added, for once without looking up, "Wanted me to appeal my case. Shan't do it, though."

"Perhaps you ought to think about it?"

Algie shook his head, still writing. A little later he murmured aloud, "Never more, Miranda. Never more."

"Algie," Lidia said, putting down her pencil. "What do you think you'll do, then? Take a reduced pension?"

Now Algie did look up, but kept his pencil in his hand. "No," he said. "No. Take my lump sum and look for a small house somewhere along the Mediterranean. In the south of Spain, perhaps. Málaga, or Torremolinos. Good climate, some things still fairly cheap."

"Do you know anyone there?"

"Someone sure to turn up." He went on with his work for a moment. "Only thing is—it's very dangerous to die in Spain."

"How do you mean?"

"Law insists you be buried within twenty-four hours. Doctors not allowed to open your veins. If you should happen still to be alive, you wake up and find yourself in your coffin. When my time comes, I'm going down to Gibraltar and die in safety. Very dangerous to die in Spain."

"But what if one's really dead?"

Algie looked solemn. "That's a risk you have to take."

ALGIE died the following year at Torremolinos. He died very suddenly, of a stroke, and had no time to reach safety in Gibraltar. An obituary paragraph of some length appeared in the London *Times*, and a brief notice in the Organization's staff gazette, which misspelled his name. For so large a man, he left few material traces in the world. The slim remnants of his lump sum went to a sixteen-year-old nephew. His book on Roman remains in Libya is being reissued by an English publisher with private means.

Just about the time of Algie's death, Lidia became engaged to a handsome Swiss in the Political Settlements Department. Although they have since been married, Lidia has kept her job and now shares her office with an Icelander who seldom looks up from his work and confesses to having no memory for verse. No one mourned the death of Algie more than Olaf Jaspersen, who remarked that he felt as if he had lost a part of himself. Jaspersen has recently attended important conferences abroad, and has taken to coming into the office on Sundays. Millicent Bass is being sent to Africa for two years, and regards this as a challenge; her arrival there is being accepted in the same spirit.

Swoboda has been put forward for a promotion, but has been warned that there may be some delay. Mr. Bekkus has received *his* promotion, though over some objections. He is still combing the Organization, with little success, for unutilized sources of ability and imagination. He continues to dictate letters in his characteristic style, and his baby is now verbalizing fluently along much the same lines.

Algie's last letter to Lidia was written only a few days before he died, but reached her some weeks later, as he had neglected to mark it "*Correo Aéreo*." In this letter he reported the discovery of several new contradictions in terms and mentioned, among other things, that Piero della Francesca died on the same day that Columbus discovered America, and that there is in Mexico a rat poison called The Last Supper. Such information is hard to come by these days; now that Algie was gone, Lidia could not readily think of another source.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

• •

PAPHOS

The sea limps up here twice a day,
And, sigh by leaden sigh, deposes
Crude granite hefts and sponges
Sucked smooth as foreheads or as noses;
No footprints dove the laboring sand,
For terrene clays bake smooth
But coarse as a gypsy's hand.

A rose in an abandoned well,
The sexless babble of a spring,
A carob's torn and rosy flesh,
A vulture sprawling on a cliff
Will tell the traveller nothing.

The double axe, the double sex,
The noble mystery of the doves
Before men sorted out their loves
By race or gender chose
One from these dying groves.

This much the sea limps in to touch
With old confiding foam-born hand,
While lovers seeking nothing much
Or hunting the many through the one
May taste in its reproachful roar
The ancient relish of her sun.

—LAWRENCE DURRELL

ANNALS OF ESPIONAGE

AN AGENT IN PLACE—I

OF all the spy cases that have been brought to public attention in recent years, few have appeared to possess such a thoroughly international character as that of Colonel Stig Erik Constans Wennerström, a Swedish Air Force officer who was arrested by his country's security police on June 20, 1963, and charged with "gross espionage." At first, Wennerström, a man of coolly elegant demeanor, denied the charges against him, but after a couple of days he announced that he had decided to tell the truth. He thereupon started talking, and went on talking for months—the Swedish authorities have made public only censored transcripts of his pre-trial interrogation, yet even these cover more than three thousand typewritten pages—giving an account of fifteen years of espionage activities that extended far beyond Swedish affairs and, according to him, embraced some of the broadest strategic matters in the Cold War.

Colonel Wennerström, who at the time of his arrest was serving as an adviser on disarmament questions at the Swedish Foreign Office, had served as Swedish air attaché both in Moscow and in Washington. He had had a reputation among American diplomats who came in contact with him for being one of the more pro-American Swedish officers, and a man not averse to giving out useful information on Soviet military affairs. Yet from 1948 until 1963, he told his interrogators, he had been a member of the Soviet Intelligence service, in which he secretly held the rank of major general. For a time, in Moscow, he had also acted, he said, in a dual capacity, spying for the Americans against the Soviet Union and simultaneously giving Soviet Intelligence an intimate view of the strategic planning of the Americans and of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. He said that in the United States he had spied extensively for the Soviets under cover of his official job, bribing people in defense plants throughout this country in order to further his purpose, and turning vast quantities of microfilmed information on our military aviation projects over to a Soviet diplomat in Washington. He told of passing microfilmed material to his Soviet contact in the Pentagon itself, and of handing over information that covered the most detailed secret characteristics of American guided missiles. He said that, exploiting his good standing with high American military and diplomatic personnel in Washington, Stockholm, and West Germany, he had been able to supply the Russians with reports on American intentions during a number of international crises, from the recurrent ones in Berlin to that over Soviet missiles in Cuba in 1962—reports that he said Soviet Intelligence regarded as important contributions toward the adoption of a realistic Soviet policy on those occasions. And, finally, Wennerström's interrogators, though they were naturally skeptical about taking at face value the accounts of a man who claimed to have spied for both East and West, discovered it to be indubitably true that, in his last period of espionage activity, in his own country, he had given the Soviets so much secret information about Sweden's defenses that the country's entire system of protection against aerial attack had been seriously compromised.

After this long confession came an elaborate investigation, and then Wennerström was tried in secret before a Stockholm magistrate's court in 1964, was found guilty, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. His arrest and conviction were a severe blow to the Swedes, who found it almost inconceivable that a man in Wennerström's highly responsible position—and a man, moreover, who was the son of a regular officer in the coast artillery and was himself a well-trusted member of the exceptionally honor-conscious Swedish officer corps—could have betrayed his own ultra-democratic country and the cause of all the Western democracies, and could have done so undetected for all those years and in such a systematic and apparently vastly successful fashion. Why, and just how, such a man could have committed such acts still puzzles a great many people, not only in Sweden but in the entire West.

WENNERSTRÖM'S family background was a bourgeois one. At the time of his birth, in 1906, his father was a captain assigned to the Vaxholm Fortress, at the entrance to Stockholm Harbor. According to Wennerström's own account, he grew up "in an ordinary officer's home, where there were no excessive or remarkable habits of any sort." Boyhood friends remember him as neat, well behaved ("correct" was the more usual term), physically unadventurous, and distinctly ambitious in his schoolwork. When Wennerström was in his twenties, he decided on a career as a military flier—a decision that, in spite of the family tradition of military service, surprised some of his acquaintances when they heard about it. One of them, a woman now in her late sixties, has recalled feeling that Wennerström was much too "overcautious" for such a career. Wennerström entered the Navy as a cadet in 1929, and a year later he applied for pilot training with the Air Force. His application was approved, and, pending his transfer, he was assigned to duty during the winter of 1930-31 at the naval base at Karlskrona. As things turned out, these months played an important part in the shaping of his career. He and his fellow-officers had a fair amount of free time on their hands, and to fill some of it usefully the Navy offered them a chance to enroll in various foreign-language courses. Wennerström signed up for one, and the language he chose to learn was Russian. He already spoke German quite fluently, because he had spent a number of his vacations in Germany, and what mainly prompted him to try his hand at Russian, he later said, was the fact that an uncle who knew Russian had advised him that it probably would be useful in his military career. Wennerström went at his Russian studies diligently and finished with good marks. Then he went to flying school, according to plan, and for the next three years he served as a pilot with the Air Force, although he was still a naval officer. His instructor in flying school, Lage Thunberg, who is now Chief of the Swedish Air Force, has recalled that Wennerström did not seem to have the makings of a particularly able pilot and, in addition, was rather pedantic and hard to get to know.

During this period, Wennerström seems to have kept up his Russian, at least to some extent, and he took it up again in earnest toward the end of 1933, upon learning that the Swedish Department of Defense was making available to interested officers a limited number of scholarships for language study abroad. One of these was for the study of Russian in the Baltic states, and when Wennerström applied for it, he was sent to Riga, Latvia, and spent the winter there with a succession of Russian-speaking families. Wennerström's sojourn in Riga had an important bearing on his future for reasons other than the increased knowledge it gave him of Russian. For one thing, because he was formally attached to the military staff at the Swedish Legation, he was eligible to be invited to large diplomatic receptions, and at these and similar social affairs he struck up a number of acquaintanceships, and he found himself highly attracted to what he saw of diplomatic life. For another thing, he came into contact with the Swedish military attachés, who gave him interesting insights into the legitimate intelligence work that they carried on. Finally, according to what he told his pre-trial interrogators, his stay in Riga enabled him to get a glimpse of covert international intelligence activity. In Riga, he said, he became acquainted with a young American officer who was ostensibly studying Russian, pretty much as Wennerström himself was. But the American, according to Wennerström, revealed himself to be in fact an agent of the British Intelligence service, who for the previous two years had been instructed about Soviet conditions at a secret spot on the French Riviera and who was now assigned to keep track of conditions on the Latvian-Soviet border. In the course of his work, it seemed, this agent occasionally ventured into Soviet territory wearing a Latvian military uniform and, with the connivance of Latvian officers, passing as a member of a Latvian military delegation on an official mission across the border. "It was the first time that I got the least idea that such things as this really existed," Wennerström later recalled. After he had been in Riga awhile, he, too, developed close relations with members of the Latvian military, he said, and they offered him a similar opportunity to make an excursion with them, in Latvian uniform, into Soviet territory. Wennerström did not accept the offer, but, according to what he later told his interrogators, it had an "adventurously seductive" effect on his attitude toward intelligence work.

"All that stuff about the population explosion—that's us!"

• •

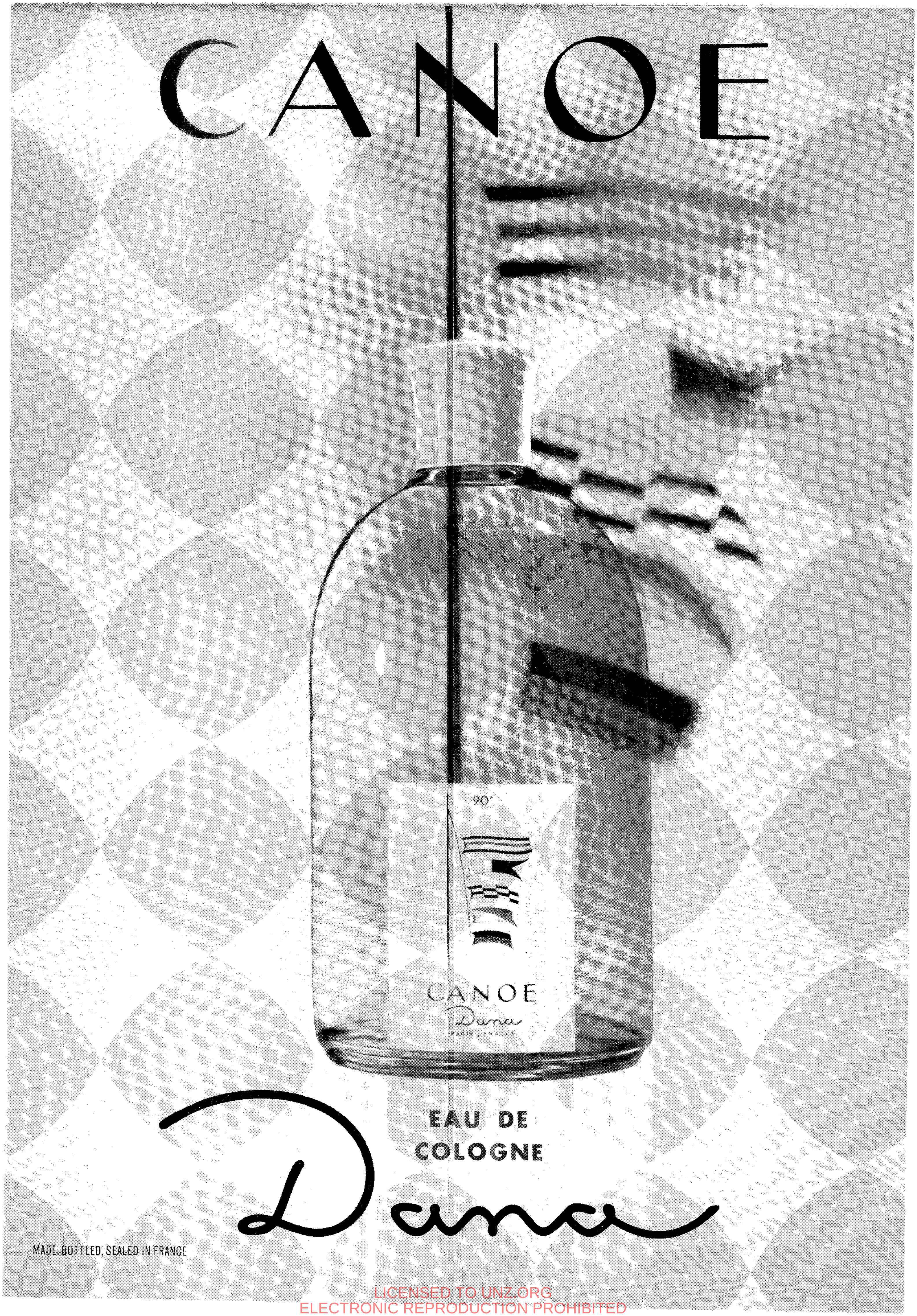
Back in Sweden after his stay in Riga, Wennerström was formally transferred from the Navy to the Air Force, and after a period of higher staff training he was assigned to service on the Air Staff. By 1939, when the Second World War broke out, he was a captain, and in 1940, when the Swedish government decided to assign an air attaché, for the first time, to its embassy in Moscow, Wennerström's general ability as a staff officer, his inclination toward the diplomatic life, and his knowledge of Russian qualified him, in the opinion of his superiors, for the job.

That December, Wennerström, accompanied by his wife, the former Ulla Margareta Carlsson, whom he had married about a year earlier, arrived in Moscow to take up his new post. The prevailing mood in Moscow was extremely tense and grim. The first Russian-Finnish war was over, and the Nazi-Soviet non-aggression pact was still in effect, but, with France having fallen and England's cities under dreadful aerial bombardment, most people in Moscow believed, in spite of the insistent Russian propaganda line that the conflict in the West merely represented an intramural capitalistic quarrel and was no business of the Soviet Union, that war with Germany was ominously close. In this on-the-eve atmosphere, the Moscow diplomatic corps was in a turbulent state, for it consisted of all sorts of fiercely contending elements: the representatives of the European warring powers, Germany, Italy, France, and Britain; those of China and Japan, then fighting each other in Asia; and those of the currently non-belligerent powers, including the United States and the Soviet Union itself. Perhaps half the diplomatic corps consisted of people who were politically ranged against one another as deadly enemies, and every component of the corps was feverishly at work negotiating, scheming, and observing in furtherance of its own national policies and those of its actual or potential allies. The situation probably appeared at its most tangled when the Russians, adhering to the diplomatic practices of a country at peace, simultaneously invited members of both the Allied and the Axis blocs, along with the neutrals, to large diplomatic receptions. At these affairs, many of the groups of guests did not recognize each other's presence and stayed off in corners of their own, only the neutrals being able to move freely from group to group. Because of this mobility and the amount of information they were able to pick up in their official and social rounds, the neutrals were much sought after as intelligence sources.

The new Swedish air attaché was no exception. "One might say that everybody asked us all about everything," Wennerström told his interrogators. Among the neutrals, it appears, there was a good deal of competition over who could latch on to available scraps of information first and thereby acquire the reputation of being a good source; some of the attachés would discreetly trade a piece of information they had picked up from one diplomat for a scrap from another diplomat. Wennerström, as he came to know more people, grew particularly active in this field, and he found that, with his fluent command of German, he was particularly successful in dealing with the German military mission. For their part, the Germans in Moscow certainly had good reason to maintain friendly contact with any neutral who would talk to them; the movements of the German diplomats within Russia were paralyzed by Russian restrictions, and the German Embassy was under the strictest Russian security surveillance. Consequently, the Germans were only too ready to help Wennerström out by giving him military information about the Soviet Union in exchange for anything he was able to give them.

Wennerström's own

"How I deplore this senseless destruction of our historic landmarks!"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official concerns centered on the obtaining of information about the size and the organization of the Soviet Air Force. In particular, his superiors had instructed him to collect whatever maps and reference books he could that had to do with the border region between the Soviet Union and Finland, where the Russians were known to have built a number of new military airfields. In order to obtain some of this material, which was extremely scarce, Wennerström undertook a scouting trip on the Leningrad-Murmansk railroad, having gained permission for the journey from the Soviet authorities by telling them that he needed to visit a Swedish ship docked at Murmansk. On the journey, he obtained some map data useful to the Swedes, but before sending this off to Stockholm by diplomatic pouch he surreptitiously turned it over to the Germans, who, he recalled more than twenty years later, found it of great intelligence value and promptly photographed it for transmission to Berlin.

Then, during another trip Wennerström made outside Moscow on official Swedish business, this time to Kiev, he picked up information identifying a high Russian military staff group that had moved into a hotel there, and as soon as he returned to Moscow he passed this information along to the Germans, who were eagerly seeking details on troop concentrations in the Ukraine. According to Wennerström, this intelligence was immediately relayed to Berlin, and, in view of the slaughter that took place in the Ukraine after the German invasion of Russia, Wennerström was sure that the information he handed over was of the first importance. In return for such intelligence data, he says, he obtained from the Germans information on the Soviet Navy in the Baltic, which he passed on to Stockholm; also, in recognition of his services in allowing them to photograph the Soviet maps he collected on his Murmansk trip, the Germans gave him an opportunity to buy rubles from them at an exceptionally low rate.

Wennerström's superiors in Moscow seem to have been quite unaware of the extent of his involvement with the Germans. Colonel Engelbrekt Flodström, the Swedish military attaché in Moscow in those days, has recalled that Wennerström was altogether secretive with his colleagues about the persons he met on his rounds of diplomatic duty; Flodström assumed at the time, he has said, that Wennerström, in careerist fashion, was trying to keep whatever information he gathered close to his chest so as to claim the maxi-

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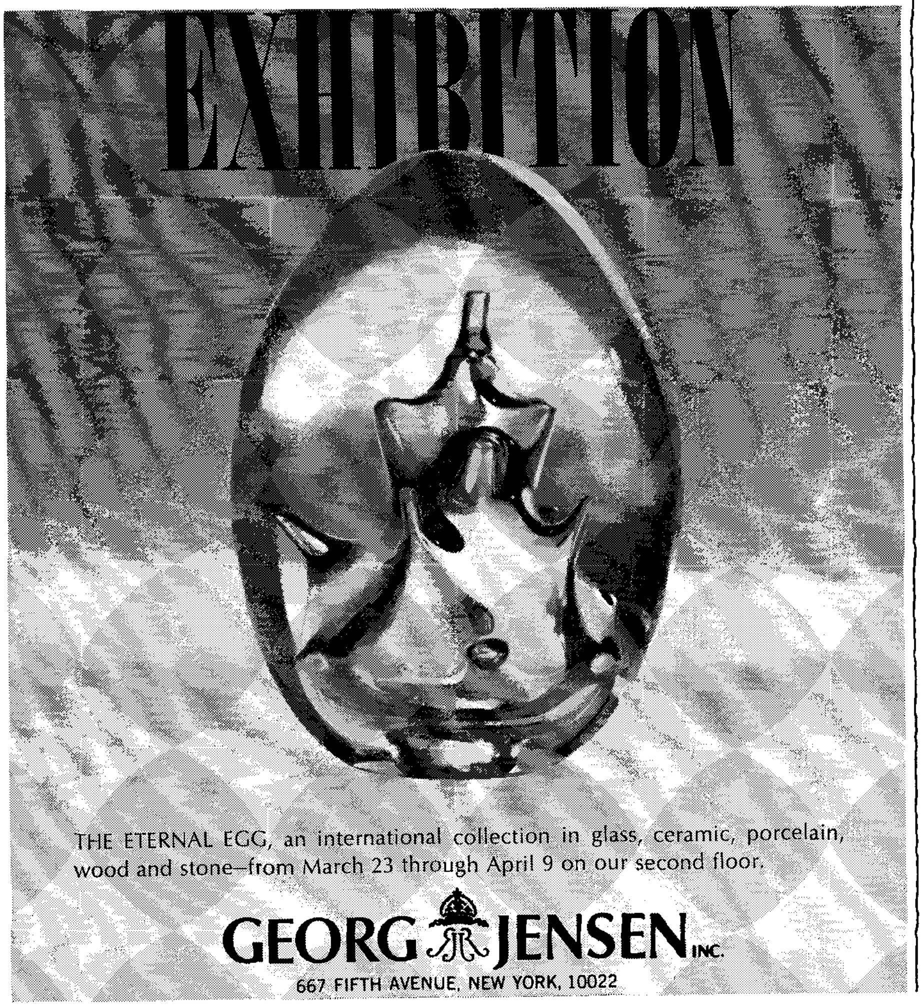
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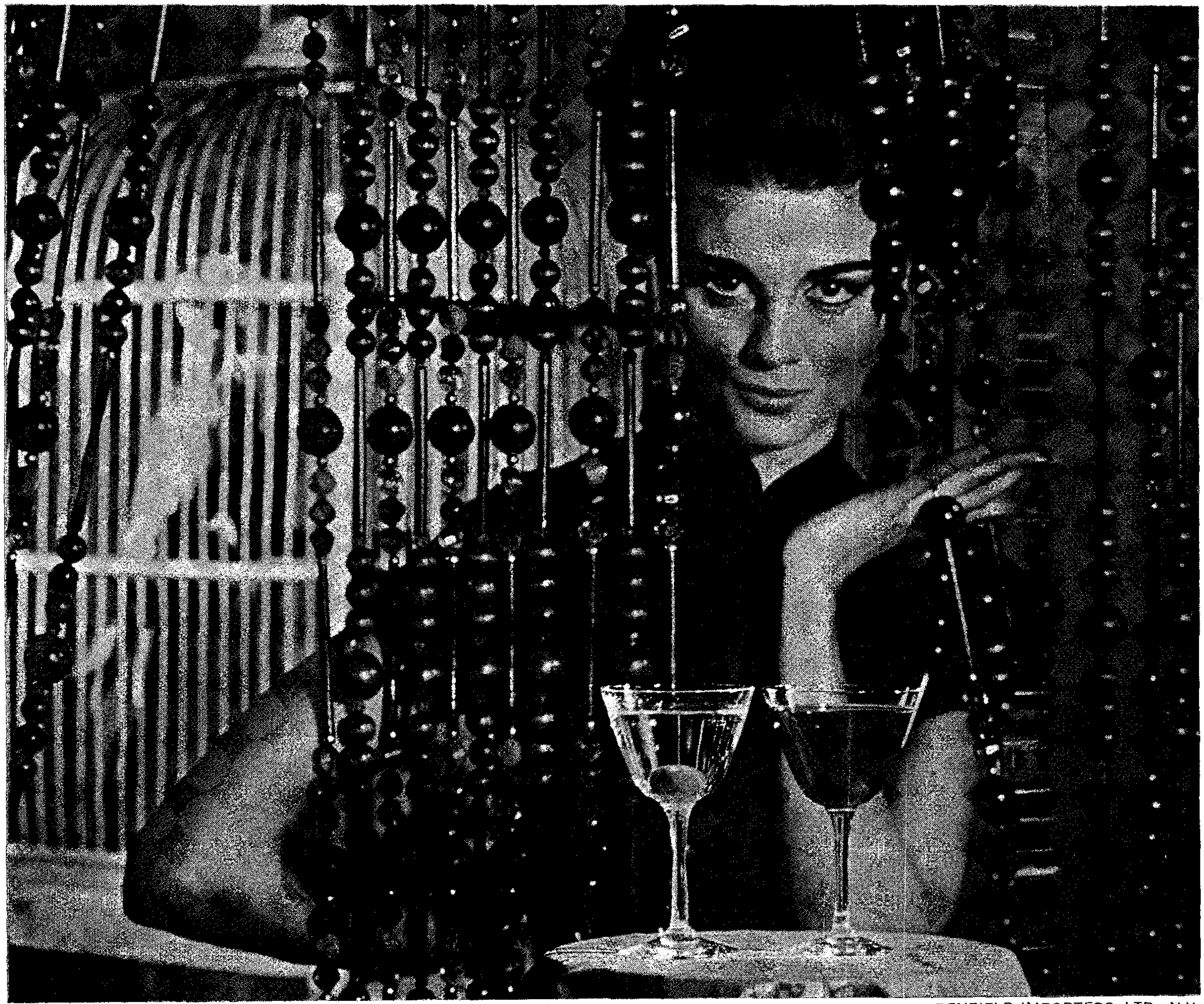

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OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH mum personal credit when he reported to his superiors in Stockholm. Wennerström has denied that in this period he considered himself an agent of a foreign power, saying, "I carried on my contacts within my profession to the extent that seemed suitable, even though it is easy to see that [between permissible and impermissible activities] there was no sharp borderline."

Wennerström stayed in Moscow until March, 1941, when the Swedish military mission there was temporarily reduced to one officer. Returning to Stockholm, he was assigned to the Defense Staff as an Air Intelligence officer. His superiors expected to reassign him to Moscow after a time, but when war broke out between Germany and the Soviet Union, this plan was abandoned. However, Wennerström continued to be formally accredited to the Soviet government, and because of this accreditation his name was put on the diplomatic invitation list of the Soviet Embassy in Stockholm, with the result that he was soon attending social affairs at that embassy and various others. The more prominent of his diplomatic contacts included members of the German military mission in Stockholm, who, having evidently been apprised by Berlin of Wennerström's usefulness in Moscow, eagerly cultivated his acquaintance, so that what he called "a lively association" arose between them. In the course of this association, he passed on to the Germans various items of information that were of importance to them—for example, a report on a Soviet airfield in the Murmansk region—that had their primary origin in current reports by the Swedish military attaché in Moscow. These pieces of intelligence, Wennerström was told, were immediately cabled to Berlin.

While this association with the Germans continued, Wennerström was also developing his connections with members of the Russian Legation in Stockholm, and, in particular, with the Soviet Minister there, Mme. Alexandra Kollantai. After the Soviet Union entered the war, a number of Soviet sailors and airmen who had been shipwrecked or shot down in Sweden were interned in various camps there. From time to time, Mme. Kollantai made a tour of the camps, and on some of these occasions Wennerström, because of his knowledge of Russian and his acquaintance with the Minister, was chosen as the escorting officer. After a while, he says, he got to know her "extremely well." He also became well

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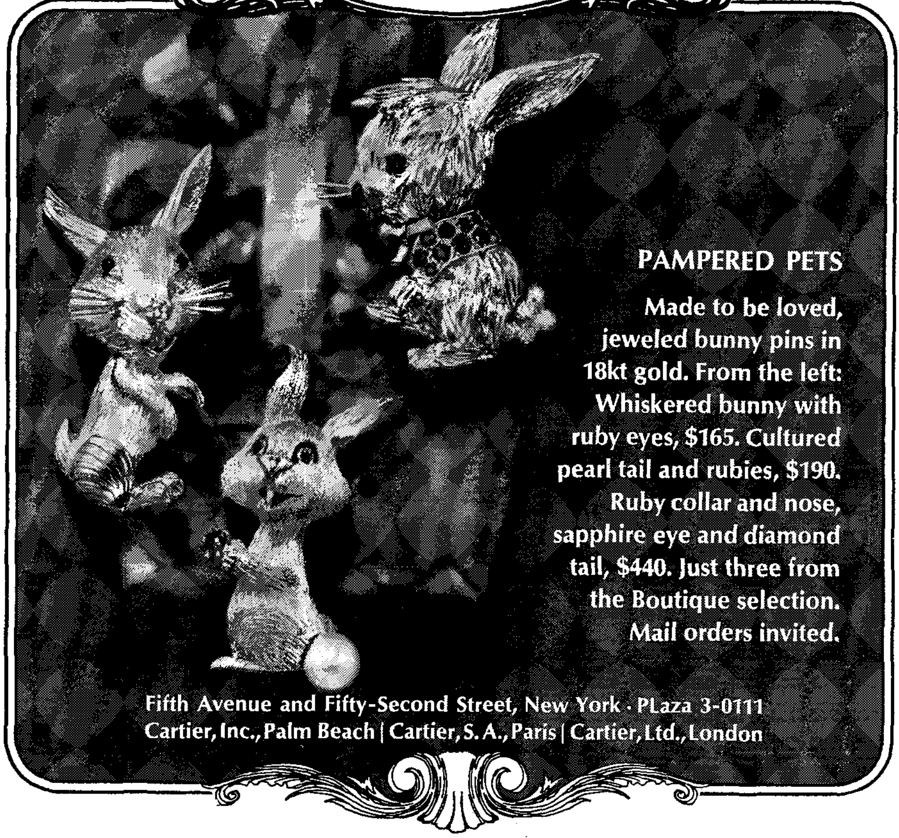
acquainted with Colonel Nikolai Nikitushev, the Soviet air attaché.

Wennerström's contacts with the Germans and the Russians ceased temporarily in the fall of 1943, when he was transferred to Såtenäs, in the south of Sweden, for flight duty, but this assignment brought him into close contact with military people of yet another nationality—Americans. Såtenäs was then an assembly point for American bombers that had made forced landings in Swedish territory after bombing runs over Germany, and as Wennerström carried out his duties at Såtenäs he came to know a number of American Air Force officers.

After two years, Wennerström was reassigned to Stockholm, with the rank of major, but since this was the fall of 1945, his old friends from the German Embassy were no longer around. He quickly reëstablished himself in Stockholm diplomatic life, however, and this time, through his friendship with American officers he had met at Såtenäs, he became a frequent guest at United States Embassy receptions. At the same time, he was receiving invitations to social affairs at the Soviet Embassy, just as before, and he often acted as an escorting officer for Russian defense attachés at air shows and the like in Sweden. In 1946, after the Swedes had shown the Russian air attaché and others some of the first Swedish jet planes, the Russians reciprocated by agreeing to invite a Swedish officer to attend a Soviet air show outside Moscow at which the Russians would display some of *their* first jets. Wennerström received the assignment.

Wennerström told his interrogators after his arrest in 1963 that shortly before he left for the Soviet Union he was approached in Stockholm by a man dressed in civilian clothes, whom he took to be a member of American Intelligence, and who told him that his name had been turned up by the Americans in captured German Intelligence files, in which he was listed as a "valuable contact." The man added that the matter was known to all the principal American officials in Stockholm with whom Wennerström had come into contact. "Naturally, it was decidedly uncomfortable to learn in this way that one's name had been rambling around and had wandered into Germany, and then drifted across the Atlantic, and then strayed back into Europe and . . . to Stockholm," Wennerström has said. According to Wennerström, the agent, having confronted him with this information, went on to say that since in the past Wennerström had, in effect,



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worked against the Soviet Union by working in favor of Germany, and since he had in recent times developed such friendly relations with the Americans, it would now seem reasonable for him to agree to be of help to the United States. Next, the agent, by Wennerström's account obviously aware of his coming trip to the Soviet Union, remarked on the opportunity he would have, as a neutral, to move about there with comparative freedom, and proposed that he agree to mail a certain parcel in Leningrad on his way to Moscow. Wennerström told his interrogators that he accepted the assignment and mailed the parcel—which he understood to contain radio tubes, or some sort of equipment that might be used in a clandestine radio transmitter—without difficulty. On his return to Stockholm, he said, he had no further contact with the presumed American agent, and his close relations with both the American and the Soviet Embassies continued pretty much as before.

At the beginning of 1948, the head of the Swedish Air Force, General Bengt Nordenskiöld, told Wennerström, who had recently been promoted to lieutenant colonel, that he thought the time had come to assign an air attaché to the Swedish Embassy in Moscow once more, and that Wennerström still seemed the logical man for the job, especially since he had established such good relations with Colonel Ivan Petrovich Rybachenko, who in 1943 had succeeded Nikitushev as Soviet air attaché in Stockholm. And the General had additional reasons for proposing the assignment, he told Wennerström. The fact seems to have been that Wennerström's future as a flying officer did not look very good. General Nordenskiöld wanted all his senior officers to be enthusiastic and skillful pilots, and Wennerström had been involved in a couple of flying accidents. His next promotion would logically have been to the position of wing commander, but now, the General let him know, the outlook for his getting it was very uncertain, and the Moscow post seemed the best alternative. Wennerström, very much disappointed to hear that his promotion was unlikely, accepted the proposed assignment. In the following weeks, he busied himself with preliminary technical studies at the headquarters of the Swedish Air Force, and in doing so, he has said, he became involved in long talks with an Intelligence officer about espionage. They discussed various kinds, including what Wennerström was to characterize as

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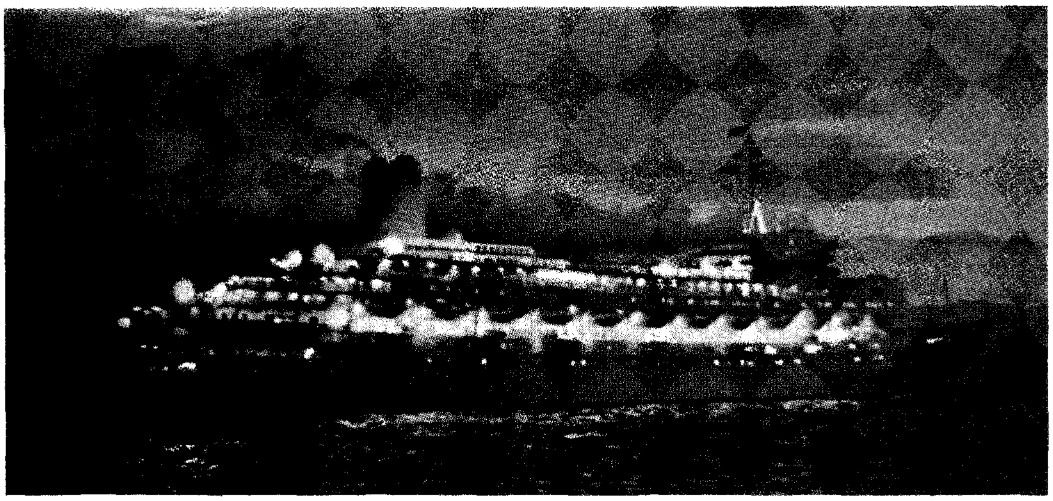

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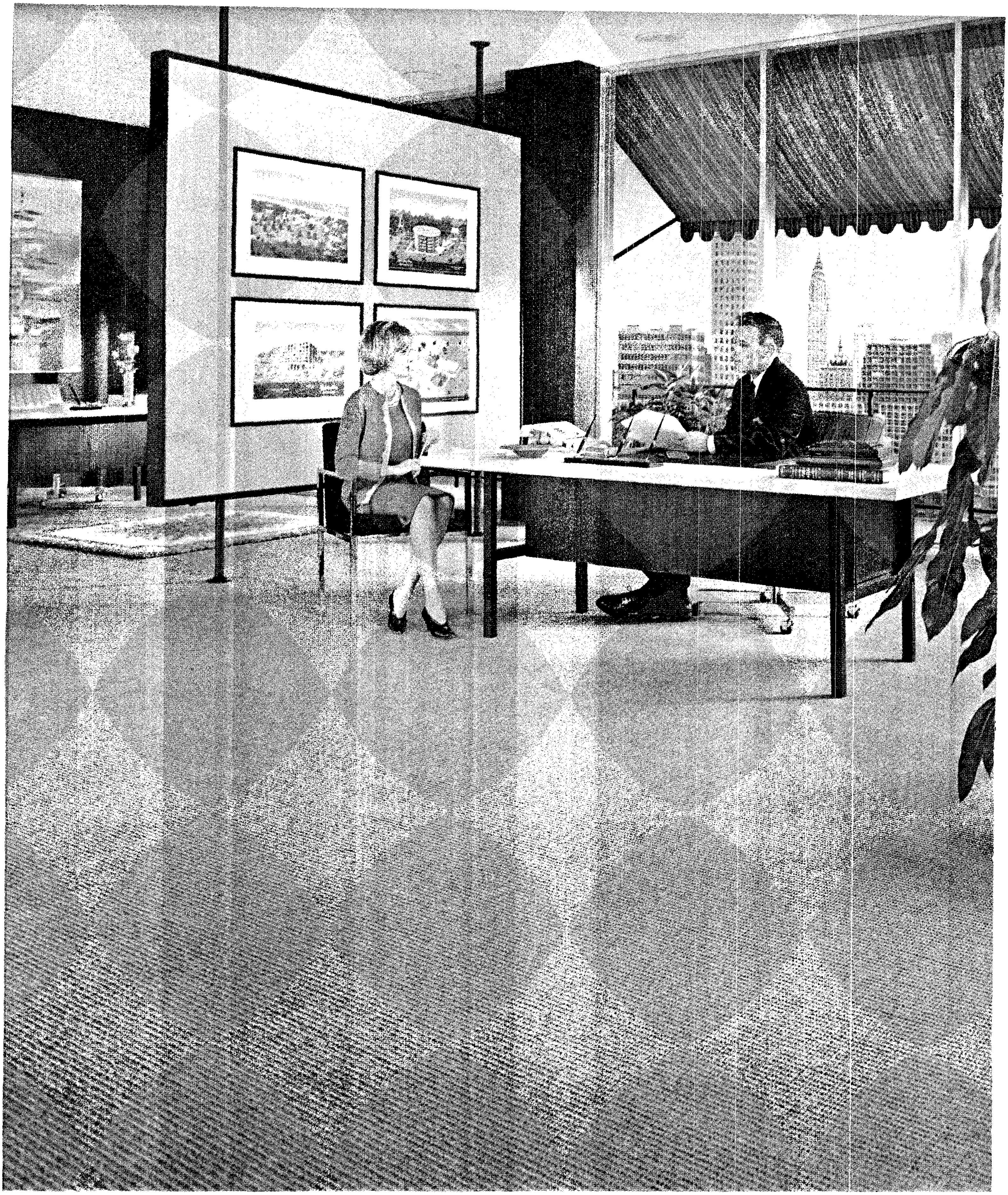

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"the most advanced and most dangerous form of agent work"—that done by the kind of *provocateur* who is planted by one power in the espionage service of another. This kind of activity is especially dangerous for the power that initiates it, inasmuch as the agent may be secretly enlisted by the other power, and "doubled" back upon his original employer—hence the term "double agent." The talks also involved a detailed discussion of the Russian methods of recruiting agents and of Western counter-espionage techniques. Wennerström appears to have been highly impressed by his colleague's revelations of the extent and complexity of postwar espionage. As a result of this, he later said, "there was awakened in me the idea of trying something of this sort myself. . . . I realized that I stood very well with the Russians." Specifically, he has said, he started to wonder whether he might not have an opportunity to penetrate the Soviet Intelligence service on behalf of Sweden.

WHATEVER it was that had been awakened in Wennerström's mind soon assumed the shape of action—action in regard to his relations with the Russians. With the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in process of formation, the Russians were concerning themselves energetically with the system of Allied bases that was being built along the perimeter of the Soviet Union, and even though Sweden was not to become a member of NATO, the fact that Sweden was also building new military airfields and expanding existing ones was of great interest to the Soviets. In October of 1948, according to Wennerström's recollection, he became aware that Colonel Rybachenko, the Soviet air attaché, was expressing particular interest in a certain secret Swedish military airfield then under construction. Wennerström said that, having become aware of Rybachenko's interest during a conversation with the Russian, he gradually brought the talk around to such installations, and Rybachenko asked him for details. "I had determined to give him an answer which would appear to be a jesting shrugging off of the question, but which might also be regarded as an invitation," Wennerström has recalled. "I answered, 'Well, if this information about that airfield is so important, I will tell you what I know for five thousand kronor.' " (The sum is the equivalent of about a thousand dollars.) According to Wennerström, Rybachenko looked at him and, after a pause, said

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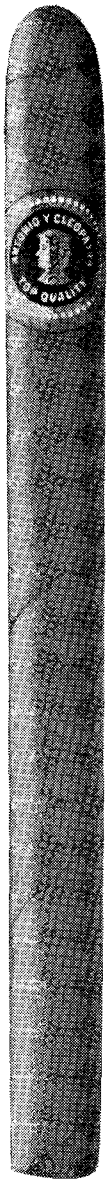

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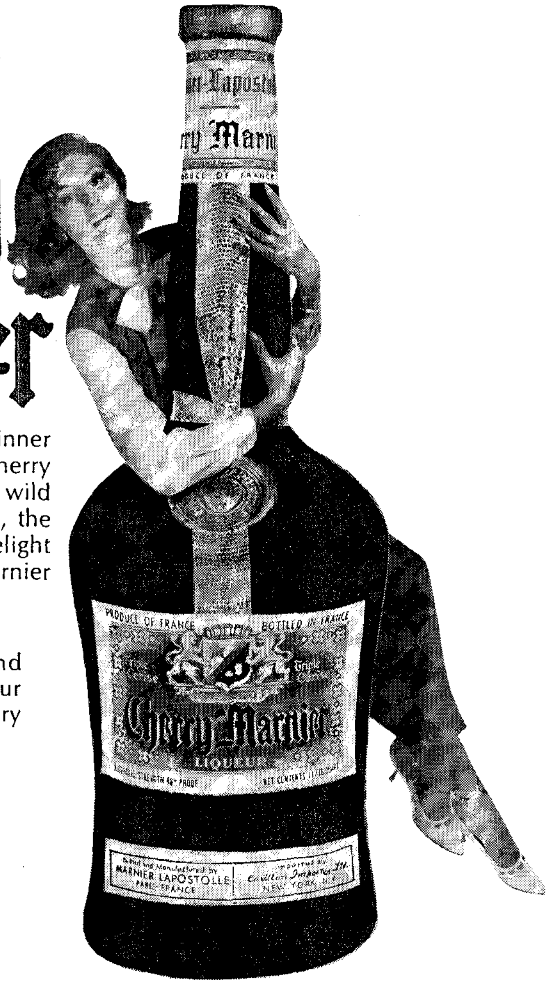

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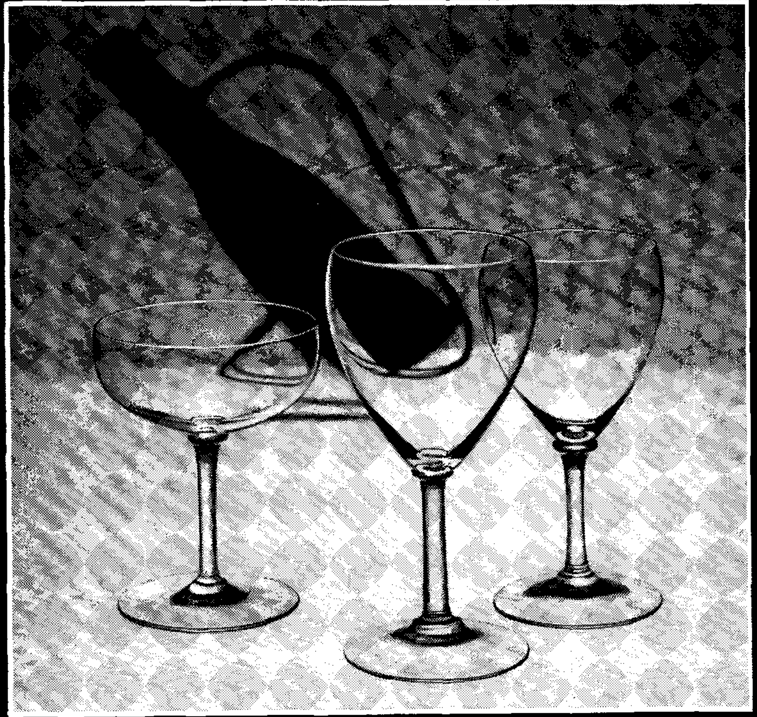

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something like "Well, I'll find out about it."

Soon after the conversation, Rybachenko left Stockholm for Moscow. He was absent for some weeks. By the time he returned, Wennerström, by his own account, had "almost forgotten" about their talk, but when next he saw Rybachenko, at a cocktail party, the Russian came up to him and remarked, "The thing is O.K." A few days later, Wennerström encountered Rybachenko at a luncheon, and afterward the Russian offered to drive him home. Wennerström accepted, and when he got out of the car in front of his apartment house, Rybachenko thrust out a hand, gave him a small package, and sped off without a word. The package contained five thousand kronor in bills. During his interrogation, Wennerström described his reaction in this way: "I recall that when I came up into my apartment and then checked the contents of the packet, highly conflicting feelings arose within me. In a fashion, it was satisfying that I had succeeded in my purpose and got at least a foot, so to speak, into the [Soviet Intelligence] organization. But on the other hand it was entirely clear that I was setting out on the most dangerous thing that one could possibly imagine within [the field of] Intelligence service." He went on to say that he nevertheless decided, after some thought, to continue following the course he had embarked on. As a consequence, he delivered to Rybachenko a map on which he had put a dot to indicate the site of the airfield in question. After this, Rybachenko asked him if, when he got to Moscow, Wennerström would like to see one of his Russian "old acquaintances." Wennerström said he would, and arrangements for the meeting, which was clearly to be a surreptitious one, were thereupon made.

WENNERSTRÖM arrived in Moscow in January, 1949, and since the routine of his official work was familiar to him, he settled in quickly. One of the assignments the Swedes had given him before he left Stockholm was to find out what he could about heat-resistant alloys that the Russians might be using in their jet engines, and he appears to have gained the impression that this information, if he got it, would ultimately be relayed to United States Intelligence. Whatever the facts may have been, Wennerström approached the assignment in secretive fashion. He has said that after searching through the technical literature and visiting various bookstores and libraries he found that

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THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

the only place he could get the needed data without arousing suspicion was at a specialized library in Leningrad. He arranged a trip to that city, ostensibly for sightseeing purposes, and took along a miniature camera he had bought in Moscow. The library was on a street off the Nevsky Prospekt, and Wennerström, a tall, aquiline-featured man in well-tailored Western clothes, was able to enter it without arousing any particular interest—probably, he explained to his interrogators, because Scandinavian-looking people from an area called Ingermanland, to the west of Leningrad, are a common sight in the city. He has said that in the library he eventually found what he wanted—a technical pamphlet with a number on it indicating that its distribution was restricted—and that, taking this pamphlet to a small unoccupied room he had also found, he photographed the document's pages. Then, he said, he returned the pamphlet, without incurring the suspicion of any of the librarians, and went back to Moscow, where he sent off his films to Stockholm by diplomatic courier. Wennerström gave his Swedish colleagues in Moscow some general information about the metallurgical data he had obtained, but while he indicated to them that he had pulled off a coup, he said nothing about how he had obtained the information.

According to the arrangements that Wennerström had made with Rybachenko, he was supposed to meet his "old acquaintance" on a certain Sunday near a statue of Pushkin on Gorky Street. The meeting was set for 2 P.M. For some reason, Wennerström was unable to keep the rendezvous. However, Rybachenko's arrangement with him provided for just this contingency, stipulating that there should be another attempt to meet exactly a week later if either party should fail to make the first date. Wennerström kept the second rendezvous, and there by the statue he found waiting for him—in civilian clothes, as he was—Colonel Nikitushev, the former Soviet air *attaché* in Stockholm. They shook hands and chatted, in the normal fashion of two old acquaintances out on a stroll. Then, in Wennerström's words, they "walked about in the pleasant neighborhood with flower plots and wide streets," and at one point stopped to reminisce about life in Stockholm. They paused. "Suddenly," according to Wennerström, "a big black car appeared. It was about 2:30 P.M. Nikitushev said, 'Now it is time for a cup of tea. Come, let us go.' The car left at high speed for the outskirts of the

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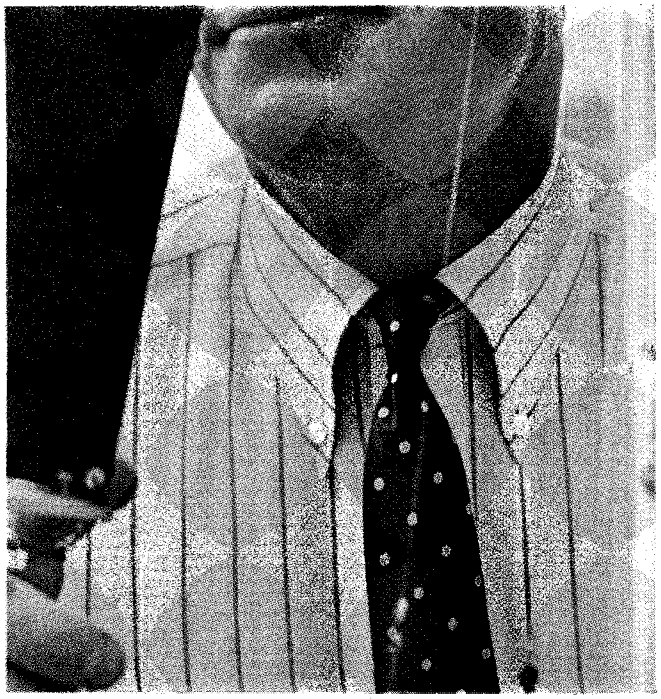

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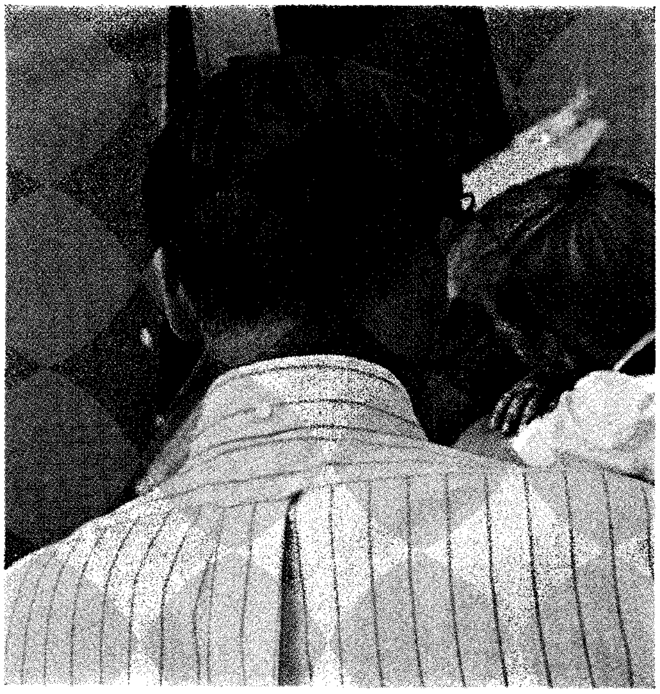

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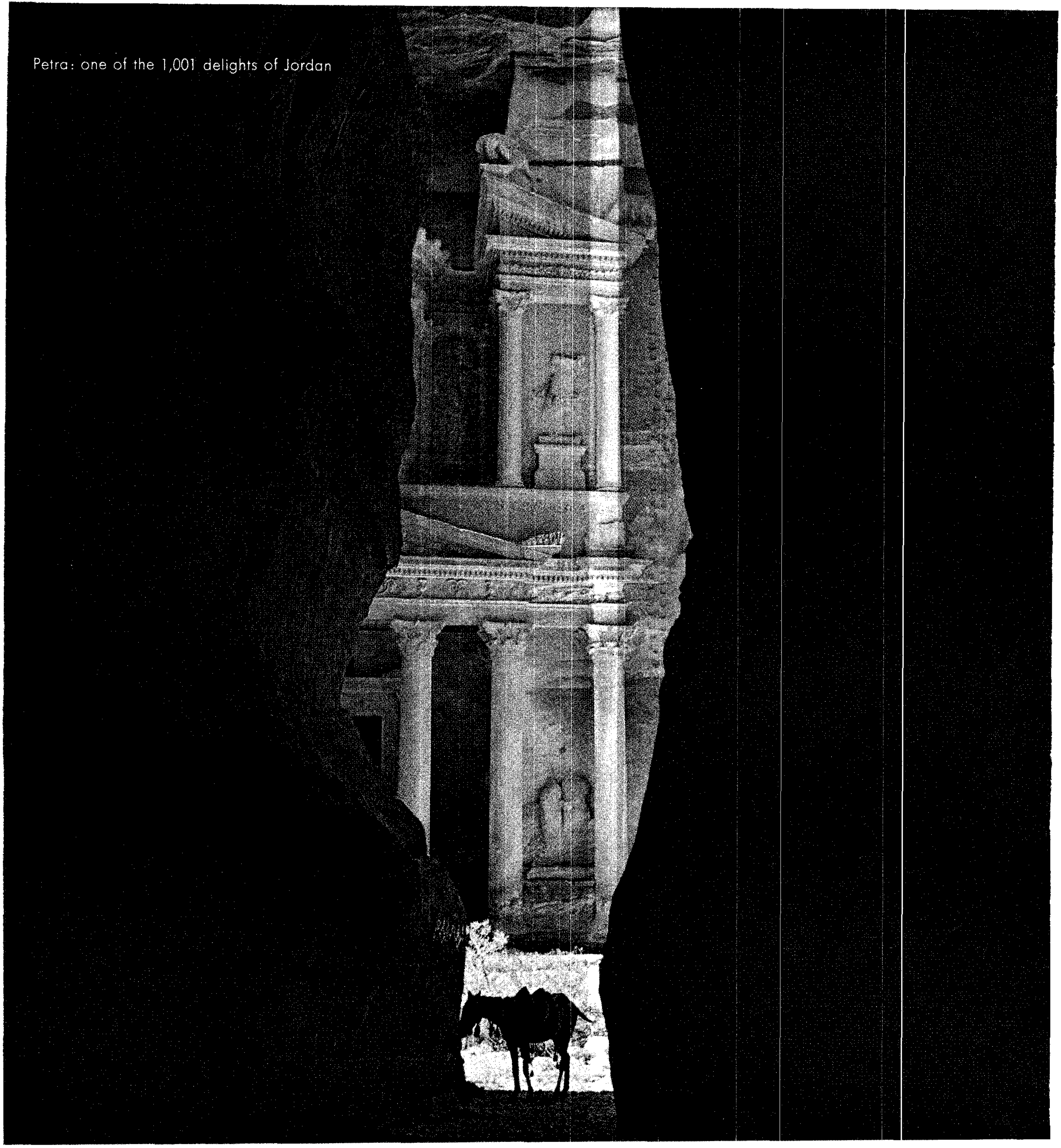

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HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

city. It was driven this way and that until I was completely confused. Finally, we stopped at a house quite some distance from Moscow. . . . A fine tea table was set in the house. We drank tea alone—alone except for a waiter—and got the usual Russian caviar and vodka besides. After some time, we were rather easy and relaxed."

Next, Wennerström said, they retired to another room to talk. There Nikitushev explained that he had attained a relatively important post in the Soviet Intelligence service, and knew that Wennerström had delivered valuable information to the service through Rybachenko in Stockholm. After that, he got down to business. He began with an exposition of the formation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and the strategic problems that it posed for the Soviet Union. What was particularly uncomfortable from the Soviet point of view, he said, was that "hostile-minded" states were to be seen everywhere, most of them backed by the great power of the United States and its allies. One of the basic problems that the Soviets were confronted with as a consequence of this situation, he explained, was that of determining which of these unfriendly fronts presented serious military dangers. While the Russians, he said, were inclined to believe that for present purposes they did not have to reckon with any threat from the Baltic Sea area—or, at any rate, from the direction of Sweden—they were aware that military discussions had taken place between high military representatives of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and Soviet military people were wondering whether a secret agreement might not exist that, in the event of war, would bring Sweden into the hostilities on the side of NATO. Wennerström assured Nikitushev that no such secret agreement existed, and that Sweden fully intended to adhere to its neutral policy. Nikitushev then shifted back to the relationship that had been established between Wennerström and Rybachenko in Stockholm, and said that his chief in the Soviet Intelligence service had asked to meet Wennerström. "It was, of course, not too late to say 'No, thanks' to such a meeting," Wennerström later reported. But he felt that he had burned his bridges, he said, and the notion "that I was going to continue my march behind the curtain of the Soviet Intelligence service" won out. So he consented to meet Nikitushev's chief, and another rendezvous was agreed upon.

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was waiting at a new meeting place with the same car and chauffeur. The chauffeur shared the front seat with another man, and when the car drove off, it was followed by a second car. Nikitushev and Wennerström were driven to an apartment on a side street in the center of Moscow, and there Wennerström was asked to remove his hat and overcoat, which, being of foreign cut, would have been noticeable among Muscovites, and he was given Russian replacements. Then the two men again got back into the car, the side and back windows of which were now covered by drawn shades, and were driven to a large apartment building, where two other men were waiting for them. One of them was introduced as Nikitushev's chief. Wennerström testified that he was a general, and that "he served in the headquarters in Moscow that was the directing and coördinating organ for the various sectors within the Intelligence service." The chief's companion, Wennerström has said, was the head of the security service that was responsible for the surveillance of foreign diplomats in Moscow.

Vodka was served, accompanied by caviar and other appetizers, and over the refreshments the officer who had been identified as Nikitushev's chief told Wennerström he was well aware of the fact that many members of the foreign diplomatic corps in Moscow felt isolated from the Russians, and of their complaints that they found it all but impossible to make arrangements to attend such events as lectures on subjects of professional interest to them. He promised to make such contacts easier for Wennerström. Then he took Wennerström into an adjoining room for a private talk. He began by referring to Nikitushev's conversation with Wennerström about Sweden and NATO, and he, too, stressed the advantage that accrued to the Soviet Union from the fact that, with Sweden's continued neutrality, no front in the Baltic Sea area had to be reckoned with. He thanked Wennerström for his collaboration with Rybachenko in Stockholm, and pulled from his pocket the map for which Rybachenko had paid Wennerström five thousand kronor. On it Wennerström could see the little dot that indicated the position of the Swedish airfield. Then Nikitushev's chief, Wennerström said, "with a roguish glint in his eyes, tore the map up and threw the pieces into the wastepaper basket," explaining that although intelligence from all quarters of the globe was ordinarily of interest to the Soviets, under the existing circumstances Wen-

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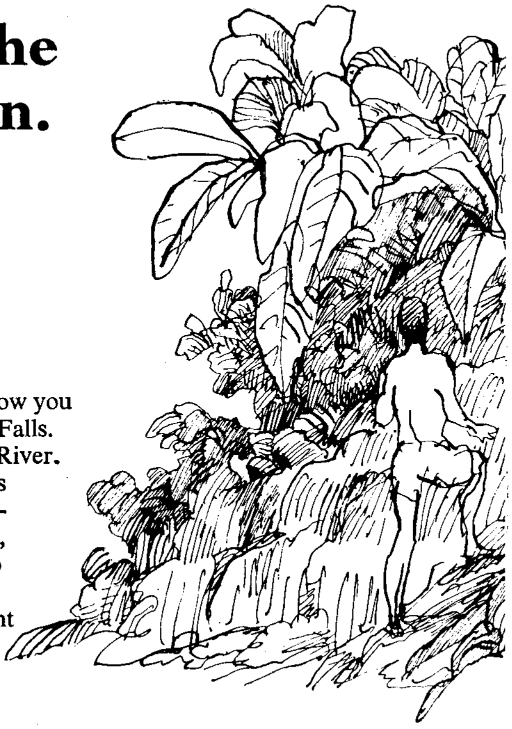

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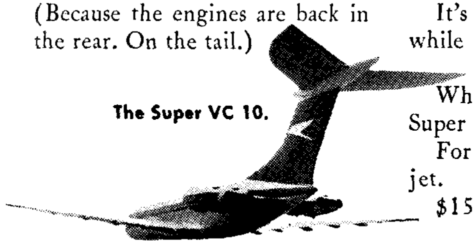

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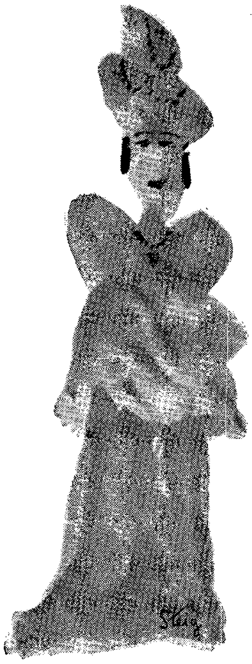
nerström should understand that Sweden could not be of major interest, so Wennerström need not worry about having to give information on Swedish affairs; the Soviet Union was interested in entirely different matters. It was the United States, the chief said, against which every resource of the Soviet Union had to be deployed. To this end, the Soviet Union needed to know all about the principles of the war planning being undertaken by the United States. Right in Moscow, the chief continued, members of Western missions were carrying on intelligence work against the Soviet Union under the direction of the American Embassy, and it was of crucial importance to obtain the fullest possible information about the exact purposes of this activity. At last, he asked Wennerström whether he wished to enter the Soviet Intelligence service, with the mission of finding out what he could about NATO's war planning against the Soviet Union. He said that he didn't expect Wennerström to answer offhand—that he could give an answer any time he wished, and, indeed, if he didn't want to answer at all, he would never be bothered again. Now, the general said, it was high time for lunch. During lunch, Wennerström has said, he decided to accept the offer, and he made his decision known to Nikitushev's chief at the end of the meal, when tea and coffee were being served.

Then all four men retired to the adjoining room for a business talk. The chief announced to the two other men that Wennerström was joining the Soviet Intelligence service and would be assigned to its American sector. Losing no time, he designated Nikitushev then and there as Wennerström's regular contact man. Next, he turned to the other man and told him that Wennerström was to be protected against harm from either Western or Soviet security people, and was not to be shadowed by any Soviet security organization other than the one he was working for. Then, addressing Wennerström and Nikitushev, the chief stressed the need for Wennerström to concentrate on the principal task of obtaining information on NATO's war planning from the embassies of the NATO countries and to avoid "scattered effort." He once more assured Wennerström that the affairs of the Swedish Embassy were of no interest to the Soviet Union, and that, in any case, Soviet Intelligence possessed means of obtaining Swedish information on what he called "a higher level." The chief added that while Wennerström was busy working on behalf of Soviet Intelligence, he would naturally be short of time for his legitimate Swedish duties, and he again promised to see to it that Wennerström was given easier access to Soviet sources of information to obviate this difficulty. Finally, saying that he would leave it to Nikitushev and Wennerström to work out the details, the chief took his leave. Wennerström never saw him again.

Wennerström and Nikitushev soon left, too, and were returned by car to the apartment they had previously stopped at. There Nikitushev gave Wennerström ten thousand rubles as an advance payment for his work, pointed out on a map nine different spots in Moscow where he and Wennerström could meet, instructed Wennerström in the procedure for arranging their meetings, and gave him back his own hat and overcoat. Formally as well as practically, Wennerström was now a Soviet agent.



To carry out the assignments given him by the Soviets, Wennerström needed to establish a great many contacts within the various Western embassies in Moscow, and, he told his interrogators, the Russians expected this process to take a long time. However, he got off to a quick start. One of the military attachés in the American Embassy had been an acquaintance of his in Stockholm, and through this man he quickly "got in," as he put it, at the United States Embassy. And because of the importance of the Americans within the diplomatic corps in Moscow, he has said, his entrée into other diplomatic missions "came almost by itself." As Wennerström built up his acquaintance within the diplomatic corps, he reported regularly to his Soviet contact man on what he had observed. According to the prearranged system, their meetings sometimes took place on small back streets and sometimes in inner courts. Nikitushev would be waiting, the car and chauffeur would

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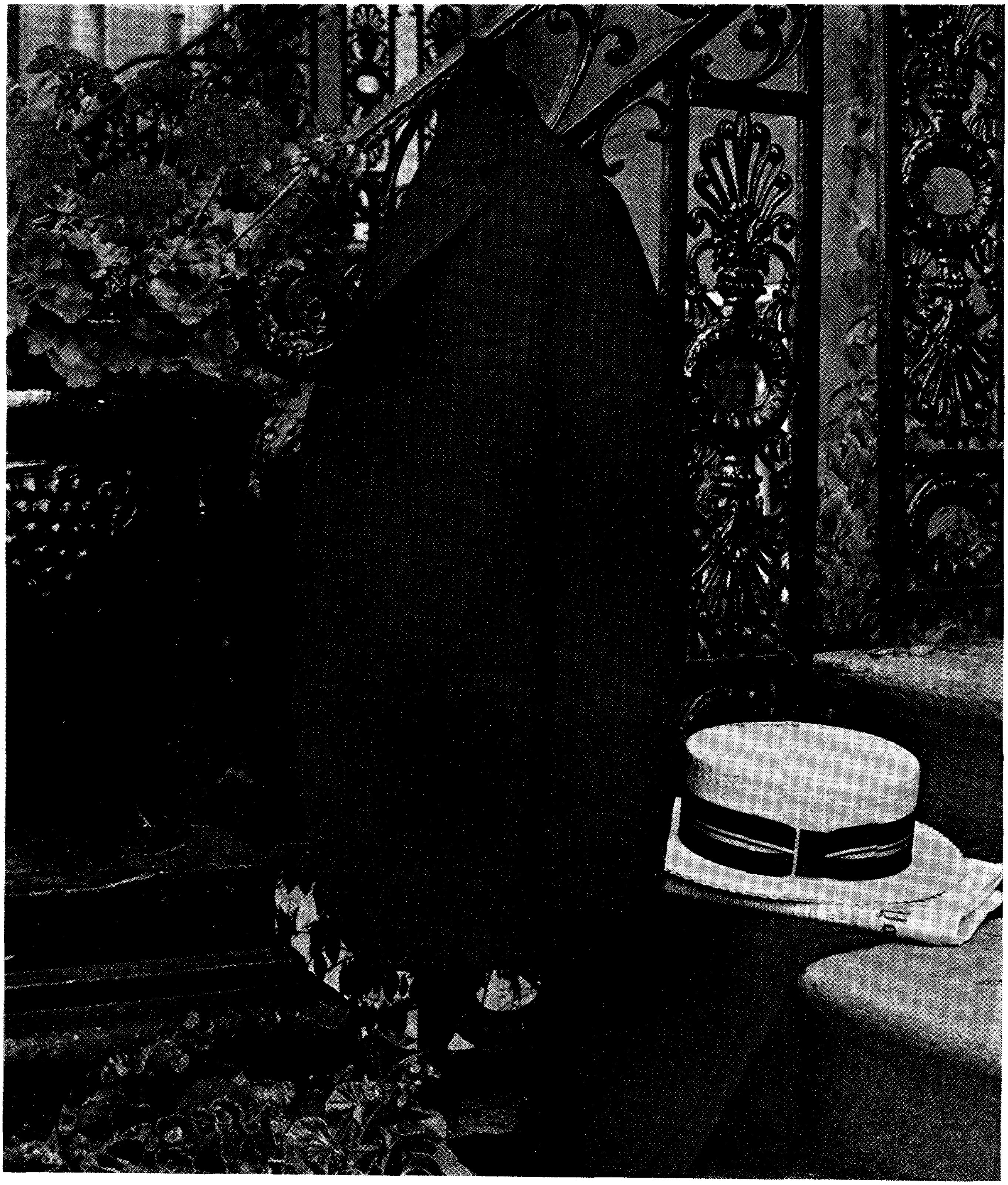

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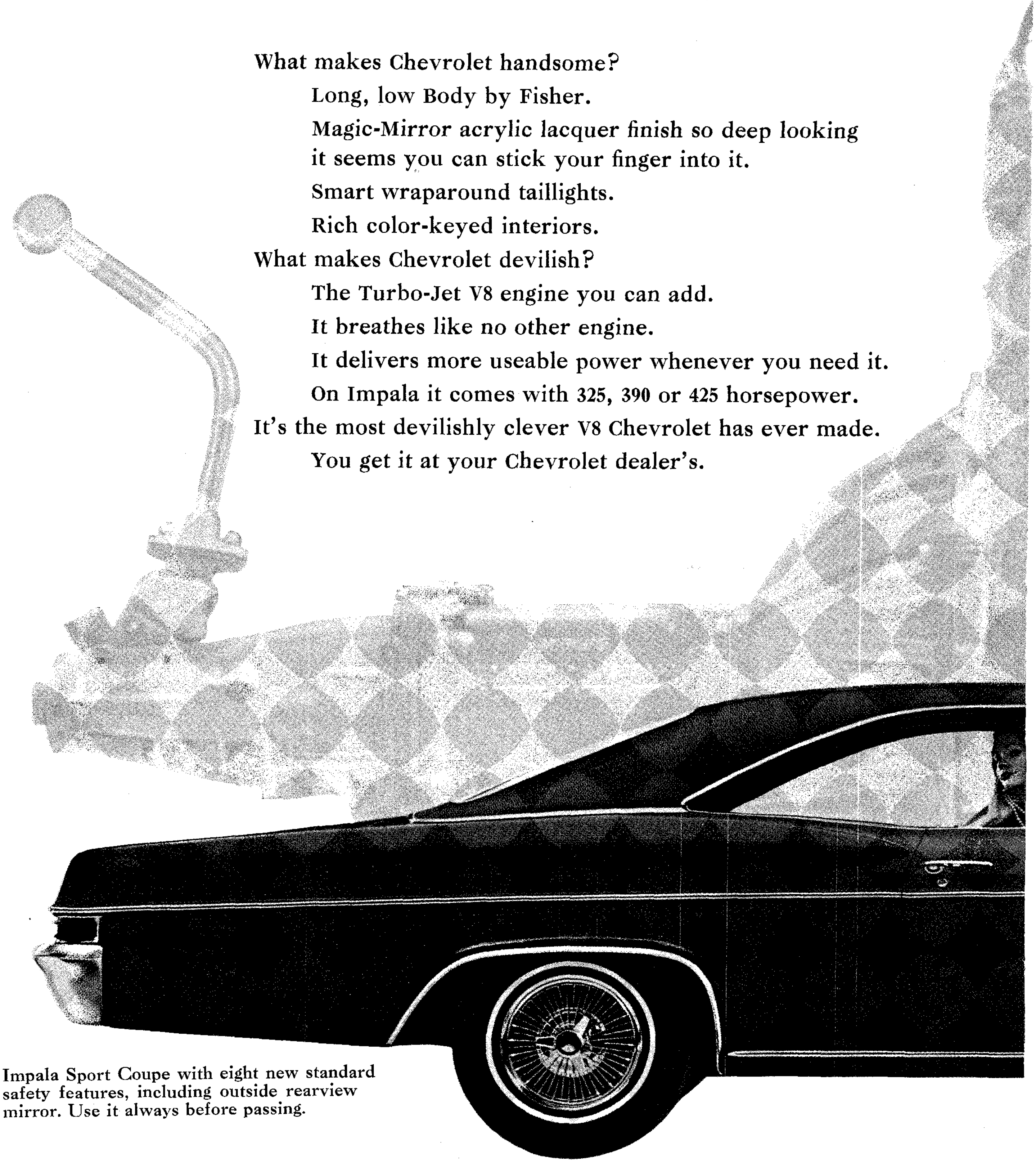

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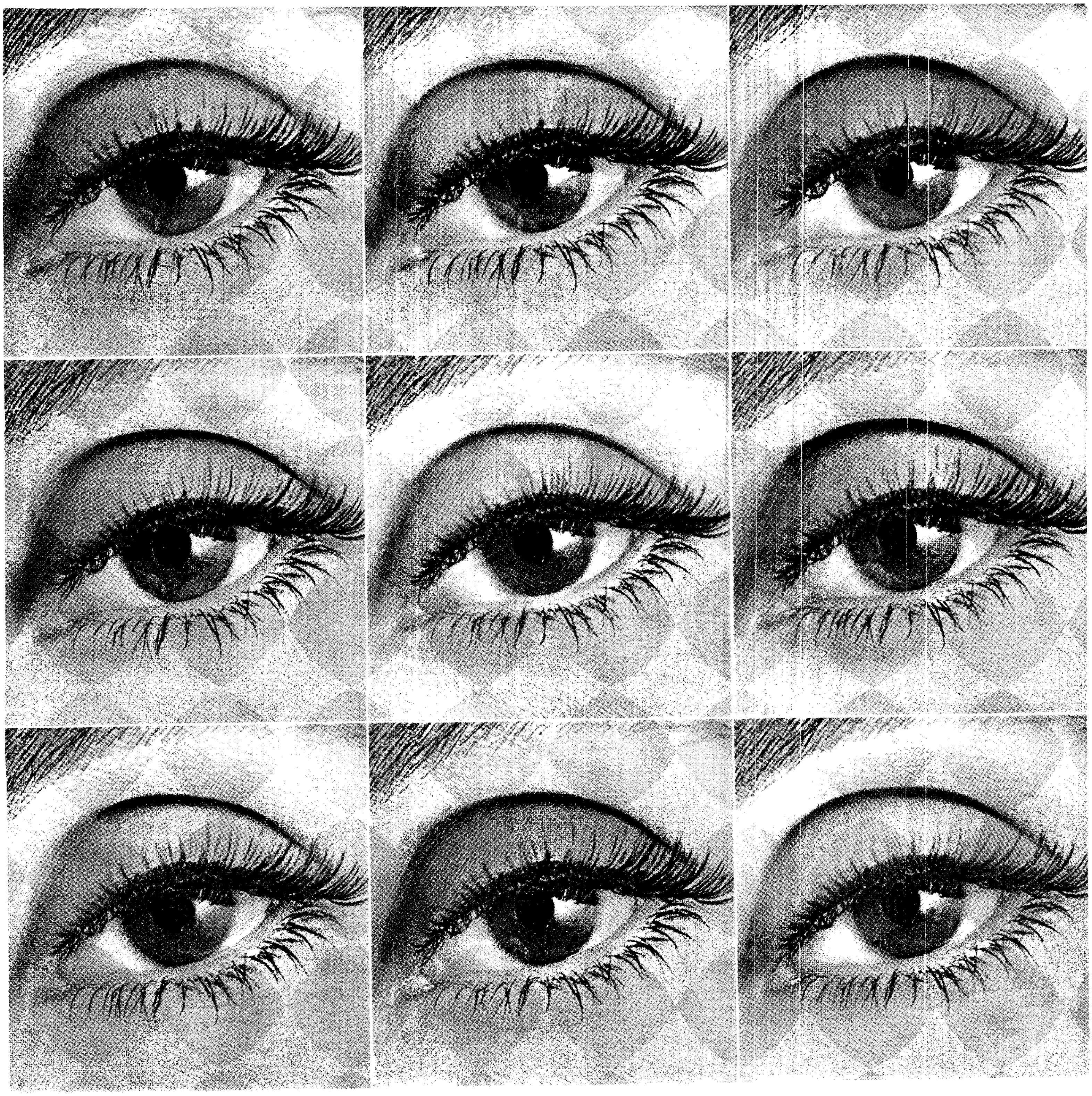

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be nearby, and the two men would get into the car and be driven off. If Wennerström had only a short report to make, the pair would be driven out to the suburbs of Moscow and back; if he had quite a long report to make, they would be taken either to the apartment where he had been paid or to the house that he had visited the first time he met Nikitushev. At first, Wennerström recalled, he had the impression that he had been immediately accepted by the Soviet Intelligence service, but soon he realized that he was very much on trial. His Soviet contacts seemed to feel that things were going almost too fast, he thought, and they kept cross-checking details of his reports. "For example, I might say that I had been to dinner with a certain person, and that I . . . considered I had established a good contact either with the person or with someone that I met there," Wennerström has said. "Then they checked this by asking, as though in passing, about this person's clothing, or how I or some other person had got there, or who the other guests were, and they might ask about some point in time. Subsequently they could check these data through information they got from other sources."

Wennerström has said he came to feel that it would take him a long time to get through his test period, and, as a result, "I had various thoughts about whether it would be a good thing if I could pull off more or less a sort of coup, which would at once make me accepted." An opportunity for such a coup soon arose. In the spring of 1949, Wennerström was due to return to Stockholm for a few weeks, on official Swedish business, and before he left Moscow he had a meeting with Nikitushev, who told him that an important Soviet conference on strategy was to take place shortly, and that the Intelligence service would be required to present position papers on the Baltic Sea front. He asked Wennerström to seek information that might verify or correct the estimate that this front presented no military threat to the Soviet Union. He said that if Wennerström did obtain such information, he should give it to Rybachenko, who was still the Soviet air attaché in Stockholm, and that if in Wennerström's estimation the information should have high priority for transmission to Moscow he should give Rybachenko the password "Lightning."

Among the people Wennerström talked with on his return to Stockholm was an officer who, to judge from Wennerström's account of the conver-

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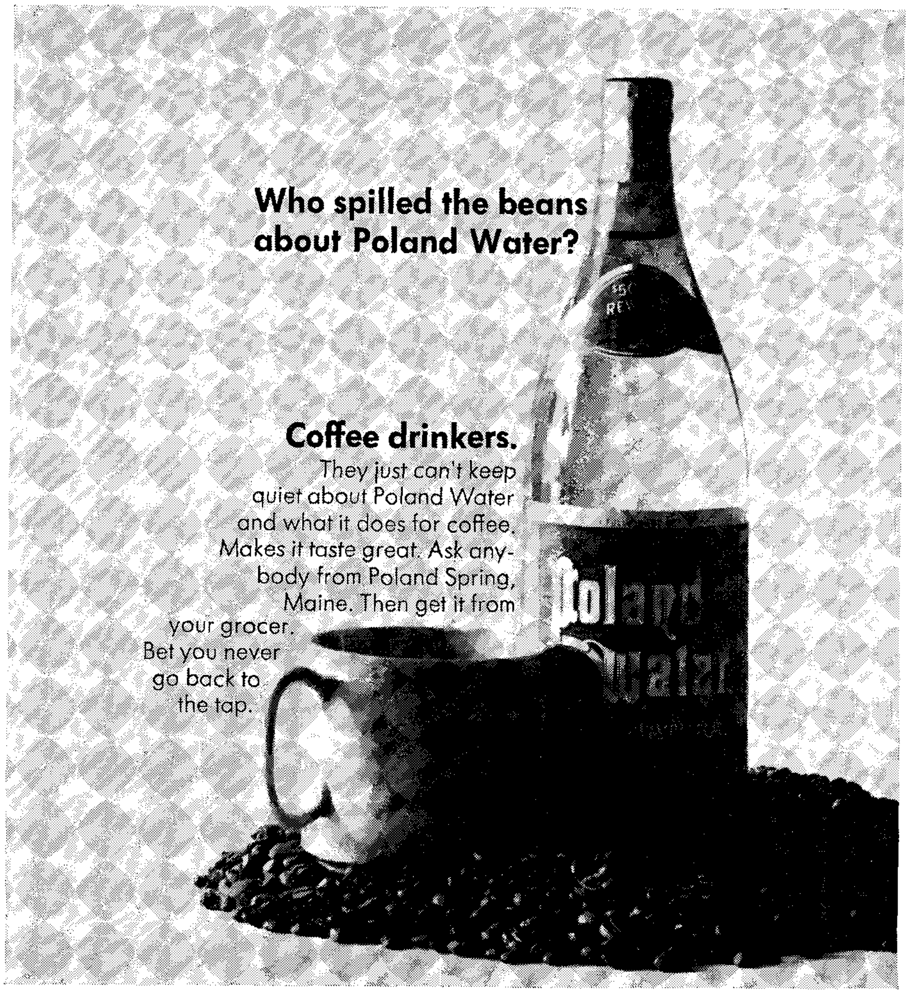
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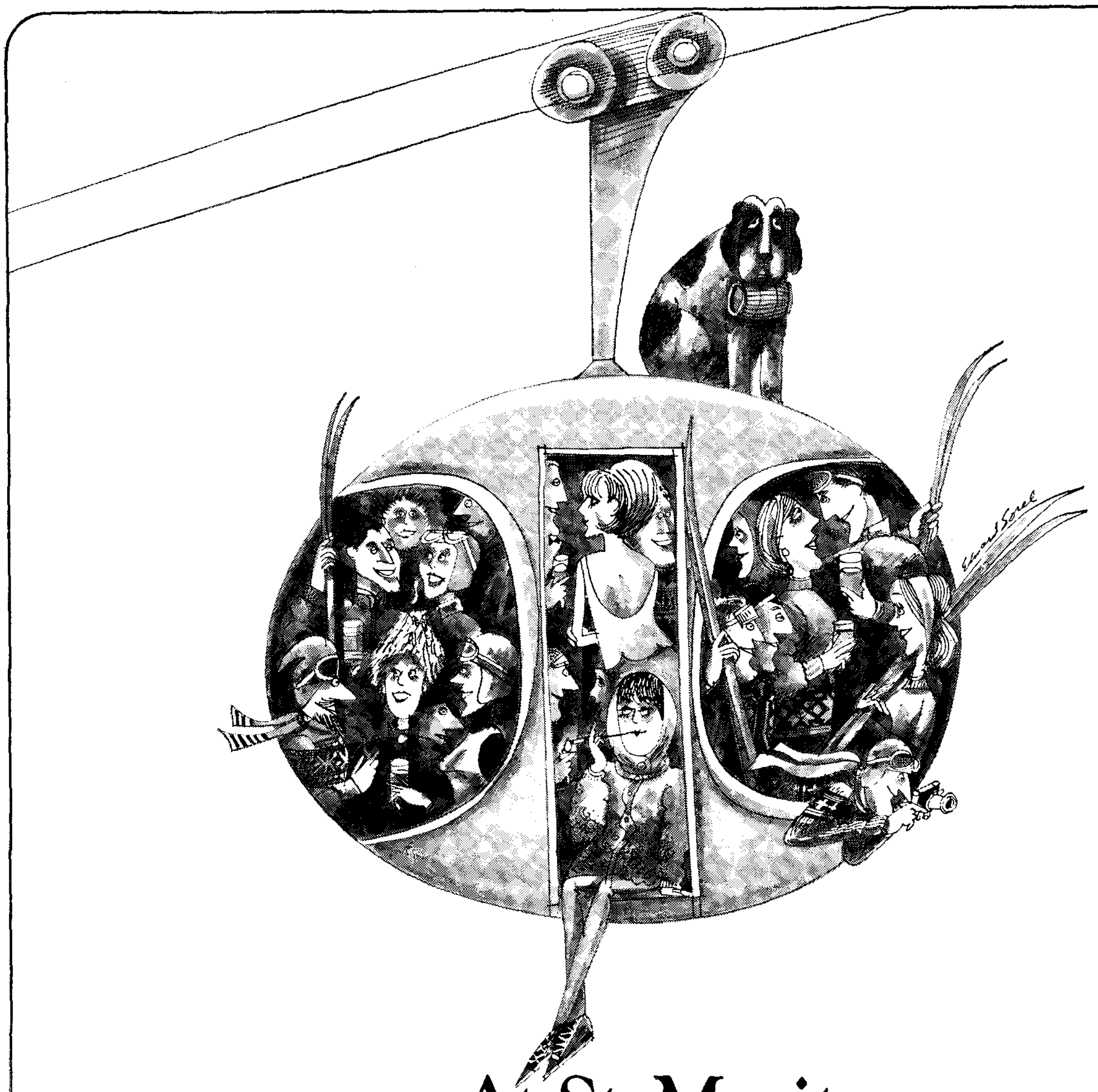
sation, may have been that same Swedish officer with whom he had originally discussed the structure of the Soviet Intelligence service. Wennerström told his interrogators that when he approached this man once more, he "continued to have normal feelings of loyalty" to Sweden, and that he thought of resuming their earlier conversation about the structure and recruiting methods of Soviet Intelligence and the role of foreign agents who might penetrate that service. "I had thought I would say that I had absorbed what he had spoken of . . . and that I myself had had a try at [being recruited by the Russians] in Moscow, and that it had been successful," Wennerström testified. However, after the conversation had been under way for a while "there came into play psychological . . . factors which upset my original ideas."

The censored report of Wennerström's pre-trial interrogation indicates that he believed his fellow-officer to be acting, officially or unofficially, as a contact with American Military Intelligence. And it seems that after the two had been talking for a time the other man asked Wennerström where he had obtained the data on Russian jet-plane alloys, and that Wennerström stubbornly declined to give any information about his source, on the ground that if he did so, "others"—presumably including the Americans—would probably make a beeline for that source and thus compromise it. "When [the other officer] realized that he would not be able to tell his contact man in the United States about the source of my information, he became extraordinarily annoyed," Wennerström said in recalling the scene. "One may say that his attitude was that of a dissatisfied superior toward an erring subordinate. . . . I was the sub-agent and he was the agent." Wennerström said that as this impression sank into his mind, "this relationship caused me to rage inwardly in a pronounced fashion." And in his interrogation he recalled some of the factors that contributed to this seething reaction: "At the moment, I was in a touchy state. . . . I had been passed over in the appointments to wing chief. Unfortunately, [in such a] situation one soon feels distinctly that one has been slighted. One feels that one is out of the game and made an exception of. One no longer has any influence, and hardly anyone pays attention to the views one expresses, et cetera." As for his impression that he was being made to play the part of a sub-agent for the Americans, he said



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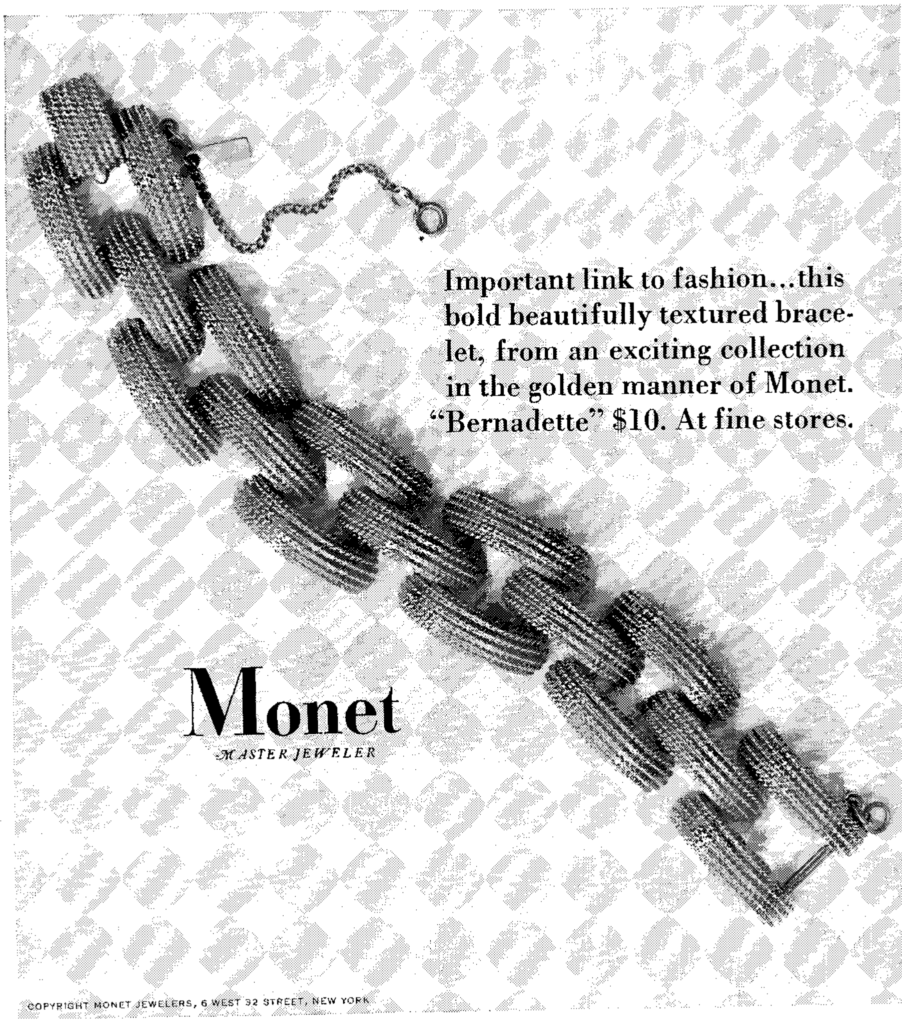

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it occurred to him right away that he had no need for a line of contact with the Americans that went via the other officer—and, in fact, that "there was no reason why I should not get myself a direct [American contact] and be my own master." He explained, "I was tired of playing a subordinate part and I wanted to make an end to this as quickly as possible. Therefore I made a right-about-turn in the course of my thoughts. . . . I said nothing about my contacts with the Soviet Intelligence service."

Strong as his feelings were, Wennerström remained outwardly calm, and soon, he testified, the talk veered from his refusal to reveal his source of information to the subject of the technical material that his Swedish superiors wanted him to obtain when he returned to the Soviet Union, and from there it turned to the subject of Swedish strategy and the sort of information that the Swedish military required from attachés abroad. At this point, the other officer told Wennerström about a top-secret outline of the Swedish Defense Staff's strategic plans in the event of war. Wennerström has said that "a spark lighted up within" him when he heard of this. "Why," he later explained, "here was a splendid opportunity to carry off something that would be of special value for the Soviet Intelligence service to study before [the Soviet conference on strategy]. And here, unquestionably, was something calculated to increase my prestige all of a sudden." In consequence, he said, he worked the conversation around in such a way that the Swedish officer agreed when he suggested that the strategic analysis be placed on the list of military documents he was to study during his weeks in Stockholm.

A few days later, Wennerström obtained a copy of this document, and one evening not long afterward he passed it to Rybachenko for photographing, and gave him the password "Lightning." The original was returned to Wennerström the next day. It must have consisted of a huge bundle of material, for Wennerström testified that upon his return to Moscow he learned that a whole planeload of Swedish-language translators had been flown from Leningrad to Moscow when it was received. How the Russians evaluated its importance Wennerström was able to judge very quickly. No sooner had he returned to Moscow and made contact with Nikitushev again than he realized that he had achieved his goal of "getting out of the backwater that the test period in the Soviet Intelligence

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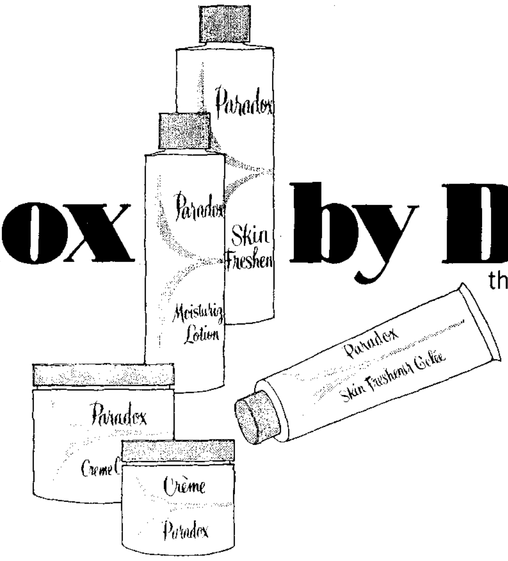
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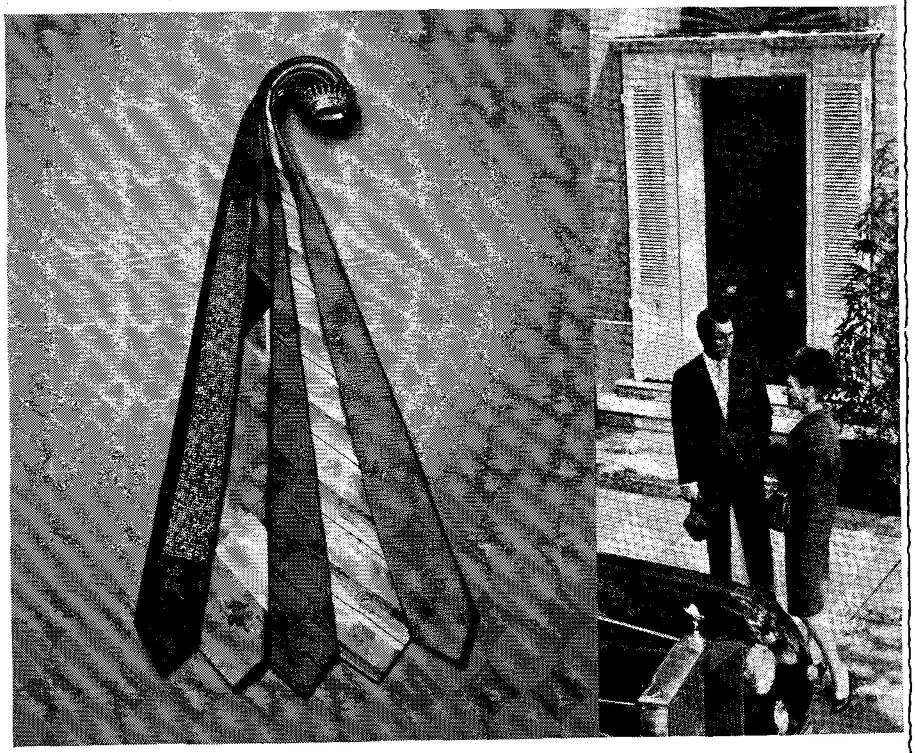

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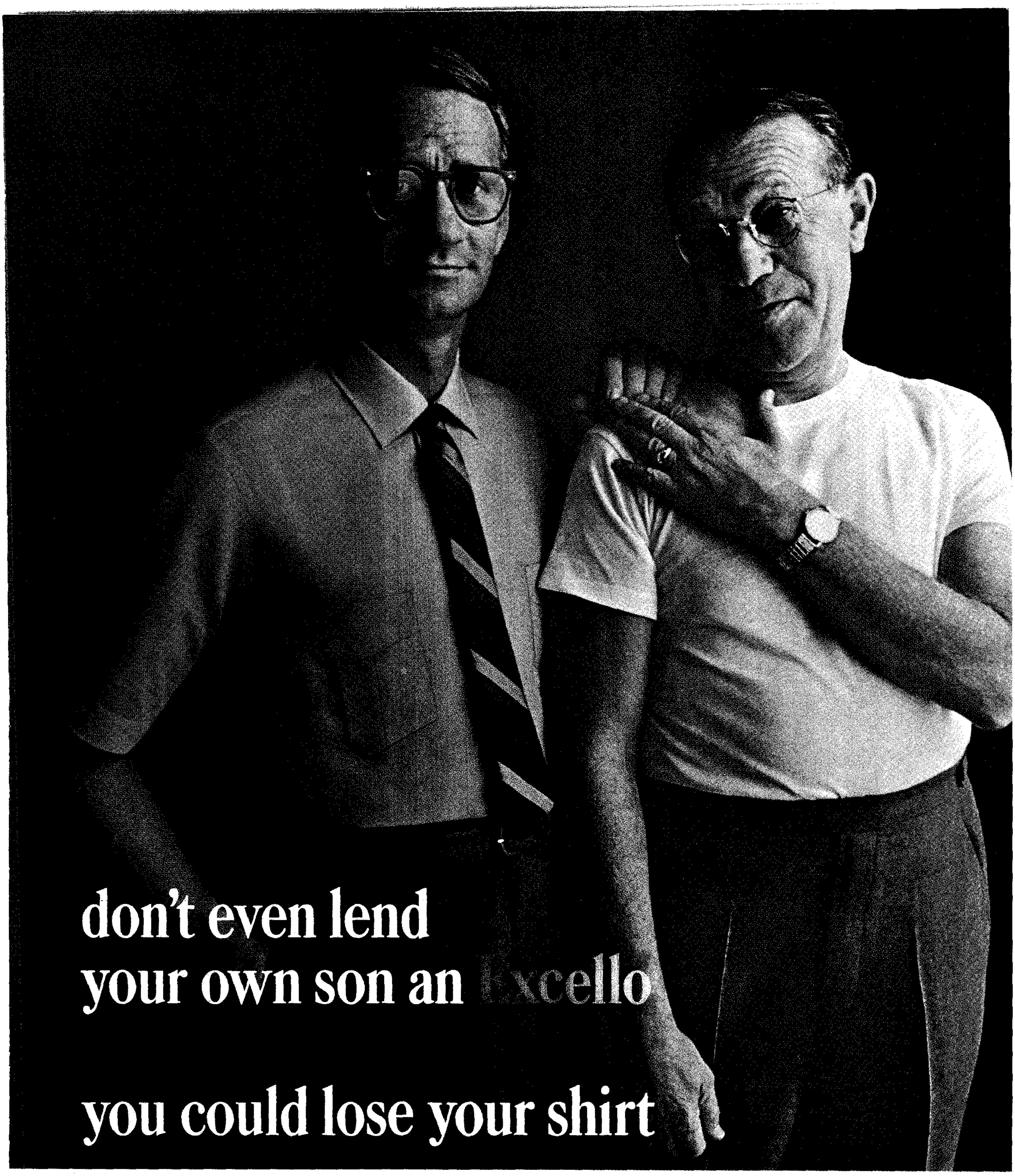
service constituted." Nikitushev told him, he has said, that his transmission of the Swedish document was regarded in the highest ranks of Soviet Intelligence as a great coup. As an indication of the importance of that information, Nikitushev said, Wennerström had been given a code name—a distinction that was accorded only the more prominent Soviet agents. The code name was Eagle.

WITHIN a short time, Wennerström received further signs of Soviet appreciation. He was told that henceforth his dealings with the Soviet Intelligence service would be on a higher level, and that, although he and Nikitushev might still communicate on certain matters, the latter was to be replaced as his Soviet contact man by an officer who was identified to him as a general from the American sector of Soviet Intelligence. Wennerström was also made the beneficiary of what he has described as "certain more expensive steps" in security. For example, a special telephone line was established to facilitate his reaching his new contact man. "It was very ingeniously arranged," Wennerström has said. "I was the only person who knew the number. There was someone on the other end twenty-four hours a day. So they knew that only I could ring them. In order to protect themselves against a wrong number, they had decided that I should first ring and let three buzzes pass by and hang up the receiver, then ring again and pass my message. I needed never say who I was. Furthermore, I was to call only from booths in the city, the purpose being to prevent tapping." Also, he was told, two cars would now be constantly available to his new contact man. In case Wennerström had to be reached in a hurry, one of the cars would park outside his house or outside his office, and whenever Wennerström saw the car in one of these places (he had memorized the license numbers, and he knew the drivers by sight), he was to telephone his contact man immediately. If Wennerström was on the move when a contact had to be made, one of the cars would overtake him and stop at the curb, and this, too, meant that Wennerström was to phone—unless his contact man was sitting in the car, in which case Wennerström would join him for a conference.

Wennerström's new contact man appears to have been a remarkable person in many ways. There is no doubt that he exerted a strong influence on Wennerström, who came to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regard him as one of his closest friends. The name by which Wennerström knew him, and heard him addressed in the company of others, was Lemenov, and he used the given name and patronymic of Pyotr Pavlovich, but, Wennerström testified, he never knew whether or not this was the man's real name, and in the record of Wennerström's pre-trial interrogation in Stockholm his contact is usually referred to merely as "the General." Wennerström said of him, "He was undoubtedly a considerable personality. He was calm and serious and talked in a strikingly deep voice. He had an altogether unique ability of arousing those around him to enthusiasm, and of sweeping those around him along with him. . . . I [occasionally] saw him amid a fairly large company, and the same thing was true there. At times one had the impression that he had an almost hypnotic ability to carry people along."

Under the General's orders, Wennerström set about cultivating his acquaintances at the American Embassy so as to obtain information there that he could pass on. His respect for the General notwithstanding, it appears from his own testimony that he did not tell his Soviet contact man as much about his relations with the Americans as he might have. According to what he told his Swedish interrogators after his arrest, he began—at the very time he was pushing ahead with his work on behalf of Soviet Intelligence—to do what he could to fulfill the urge that had seized him in Stockholm, to "get myself a direct contact" with American Military Intelligence and "become my own master." Shortly after he returned to Moscow, he said, he was approached by an American air attaché, who said he had learned from Washington that Wennerström had managed to acquire valuable information in the Soviet Union from an unknown source, and that Washington was eager to know what that source was. Wennerström testified that while he still declined to reveal the source, he did establish further contacts with United States Air Force Intelligence. As a result, he has said, he obtained an agreement whereby he would supply the United States with additional military information about the Soviet Union through an American contact man in Moscow, in return for a certain sum of money, which he asked the Americans to pay him in Italian lire. According to Wennerström, "So far as I personally was concerned this meant that I had achieved my aim; namely, that of being an independent agent." By

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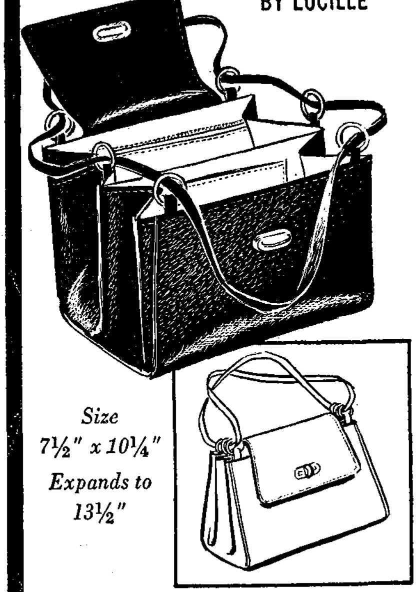

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his account, the tasks that he carried out on behalf of the Americans were supposed to fit into the framework of a vastly expanded intelligence network that the United States was building up around the Soviet Union. He has said that this network employed, among other things, United States aircraft equipped with special radio transmitters, which patrolled as close as possible to the borders of the Soviet Union in order to communicate with resident agents, some of whom had previously been parachuted into the country; illegal high-altitude reconnaissance flights by the RB-36, a predecessor of the U-2; camera-equipped balloons that were released in Western Europe to drift eastward with the prevailing winds, automatically taking high-altitude photographs until they came down in the Pacific, where many of them were picked up; and, finally, and most important, the collection of a great mass of information from miscellaneous sources inside and outside the Soviet Union. Wennerström says that his own efforts on behalf of American Intelligence were devoted to seeking out information about suitable bombing targets within the U.S.S.R., and that he was assigned this task because, as a neutral, he would presumably find it relatively easy to move about the country.

Moving about the Soviet Union was indeed relatively easy for Wennerström, for when he wanted to go somewhere, he had only to apply to Nikitushev, his former contact man, who was under orders to help him as much as possible in connection with his official Swedish work, so that he could get on all the faster with his spying for the Soviets. Ostensibly on Swedish business, Wennerström made trips to various parts of the Soviet Union, including Siberia, the Caucasus, and the Ukraine, and in these places, he claimed, he obtained military information for the Americans. Thus, he has said, on a trip to Novosibirsk, in Siberia, the plane in which he was travelling did not land, as he had expected, at a commercial airfield in the town of Kazan, but instead made an unscheduled stop at a military airbase east of there. The Americans, he continued, had been highly interested in this particular military field, because they suspected that it was a base for strategic bombers intended for use against American installations along the perimeter of the Soviet Union. When he landed, he said, he observed that the airplanes on the field were the latest type of Soviet strategic bomber. "I took photographs with a telescopic

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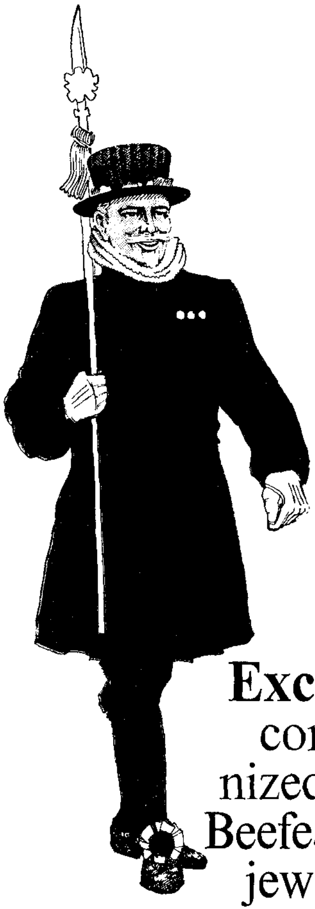
lens from a toilet window at the airport building," he testified. "I turned the film over later to my American contact man. Thanks to the telescopic lens, it was possible to discern all the details of the planes within its range." At the same time, he went on, he was able to pick up another piece of military information that the Americans did not possess. Inside the airport building, he glimpsed on a bulletin board a notice that jobs were available for meteorologists at an airbase at Varlamovo Bay, near Murmansk, on the Arctic Ocean. The notice was marked as having emanated from the staff headquarters of the Soviet Strategic Air Command in Moscow, and Wennerström has said that by putting these facts together he gave the Americans their first intimation of the existence of a Soviet strategic airbase at Varlamovo Bay—a point from which Russian bombers could take off on flights over the North Pole to Canada and the United States.

Just as Wennerström did not inform the Soviet Intelligence service of whatever tasks he may have been carrying out for the Americans, he did not tell the Americans about the spying he was doing on behalf of the Soviets. And, of course, he told his Swedish superiors about neither of his extracurricular activities; in fact, it seems that he hardly let his Swedish colleagues in Moscow know what he was doing on behalf of Sweden. He later indicated that in no time he found that his surreptitious activities on behalf of Soviet Intelligence could be made to dovetail nicely with his activities on behalf of United States Intelligence. As an agent of the Soviets, he has said, his initial task, once he had passed through his probationary period, was to obtain information on American military planning against Russia. His new Soviet contact, the General, began briefing him on this assignment by saying that he was highly pleased with Wennerström for establishing such good contacts within the embassies of the NATO powers in such short order. The General then mentioned that the Russians had been able to discover a great deal about the intelligence work that was being carried on in the Moscow embassies of the NATO powers under the guidance of the Americans, and he went on to say that the important thing was to obtain an evaluation of the aim of such intelligence work, because, together with other similar activities, it could probably provide an indication of NATO's basic war planning against the Soviet Union, and, in particular, could clarify the question of whether the United States



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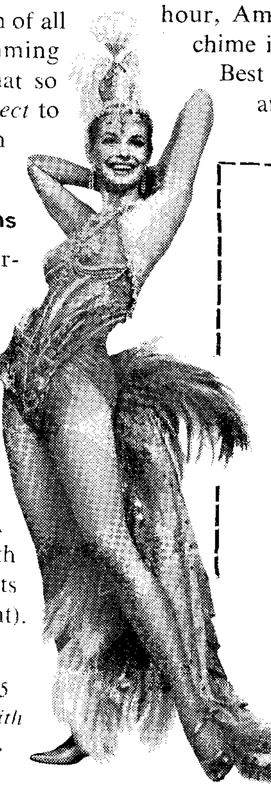
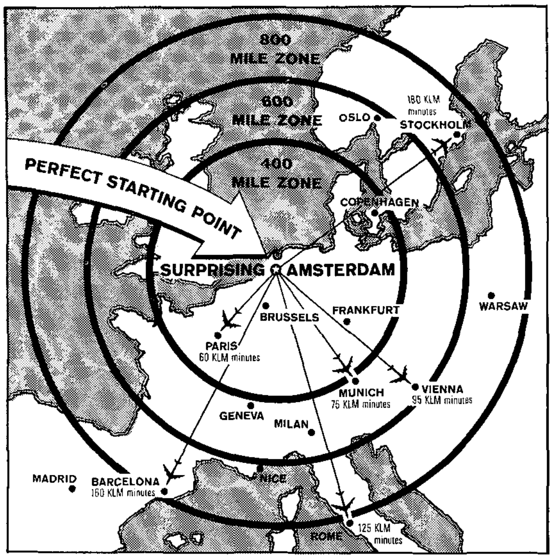


Surprising Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs—many of them with surprising ecdysiasts (above).



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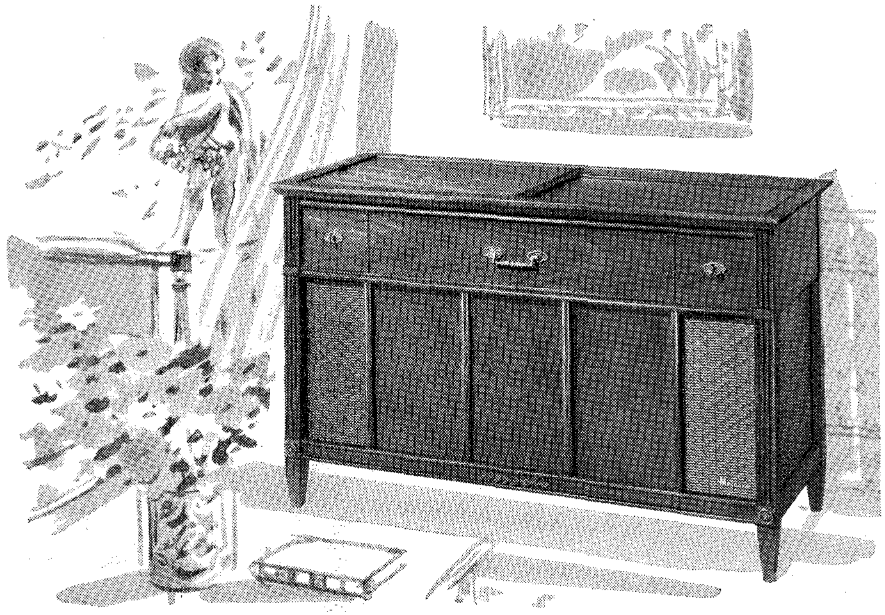

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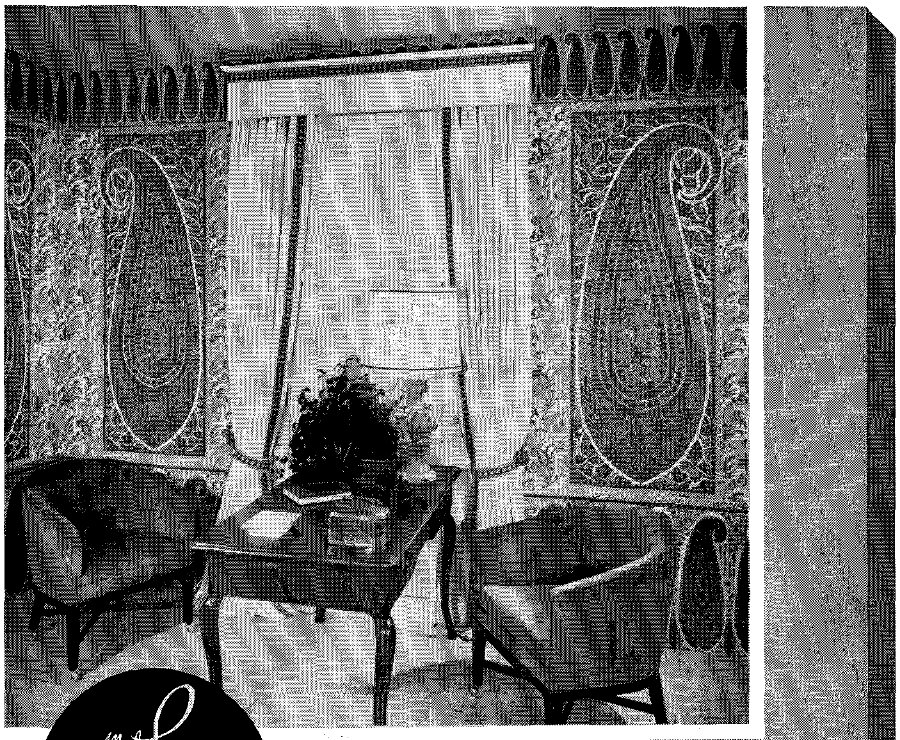

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planned to use only its air power and nuclear bombs against specific targets or was planning on a land invasion as well. He told Wennerström that, in view of the contacts he had made among the Americans, he seemed to be the person within the Allied camp in Moscow most competent to obtain such information. The General needed a brief prepared in time for another Soviet conference on strategy, he said, and he urged Wennerström to concentrate on this task to the exclusion of everything else.

"The task was easier for me than [the General] could ever have thought," Wennerström recalled after his arrest. "Thanks to my role as an agent for both sides . . . it was almost comical. I would get a query from my Soviet contact man that, from his point of view, was fairly hard to answer. When, later on, I would meet my American contact man, I would get a direct reply to the question . . . as well as a task from him." Thus, Wennerström has remarked, while he was busy gathering information for the Americans on potential bombing targets within the Soviet Union, he was also able at the same time to carry out instructions from Soviet Intelligence to find out what those targets were. He has said that as he came to the Americans with what he called "bits of the jigsaw puzzle" concerning targets, he learned that this information was collated with other data and plotted on a situation map in the American Embassy—a map that he was not allowed to see. However, he told his interrogators, as he turned over to the Soviet Intelligence service whatever he could about the Americans' interest in particular targets, the General set up a target map of his own, on which all the information that Wennerström brought in was marked, along with information from other sources. According to Wennerström, some of the information relating to presumed targets was for a while quite puzzling to the Soviets. By way of illustration, he described a trip he made to Odessa with the ostensible purpose of visiting a scientific institute there but with the actual purpose of carrying out an American Intelligence assignment. "The task given me by the Americans seemed almost laughable at first glance," he said. "They wanted to know whether the roofs in a certain village were of thatch or of sheet metal." However, he said, he later learned that the assignment had to do with a particular type of American radar bombsight, in which a village with tin roofs would show up in a

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characteristic fashion. Wennerström has said that after carrying out this task he informed the General that the Americans were displaying curiosity about tin roofs, obviously as navigational aids. The General was deeply interested, and, having ordered his people to collect data on the incidence of sheet-metal roofs in the Ukraine, he began to plot them on his map in an attempt to determine just which targets the Americans might have in mind. Wennerström has said that, after studying the pattern of metal roofs, the General concluded that because they did not tend to lead to such things as factory sites, whatever targets the Americans were aiming at must be spread over the entire Ukraine and Kuban areas, so what the Americans had in mind was probably the chances of waging aerial biological warfare against the harvests in the breadbasket area of the Soviet Union, using the roofs as navigational markers.

"Taken together, everything began to show . . . that the essence of NATO's planning consisted of air strikes against the Soviet Union, but no invasion," Wennerström testified. The General suggested to him that the Soviet leaders might find it difficult to accept this conclusion, because they themselves had a natural leaning toward land-based strategy. As a result, the General told him, particularly clear proofs of the Americans' intentions would have to be provided at the forthcoming conference. As things turned out, Wennerström was instrumental in producing just such proofs. Soon after he had learned of the existence of the target map at the United States Embassy, he said, he had told the General about it, and also about his inability to get a look at it. But one day later on, he said, he happened to overhear a conversation in which it was revealed that a copy of this map was to be sent by courier to American Air Force Headquarters at Wiesbaden, Germany, and he so informed the General. The General displayed intense interest, asking for all sorts of details—who the courier would be, how he proposed to travel, the time of his departure, and so on. Wennerström has said that he was able to give the General all this information. One day about a week later, according to Wennerström, he was walking to the Swedish Embassy from his home when he saw the Soviet contact car pass him and draw up to the curb a short distance ahead. In accordance with the prescribed procedure in such circumstances, Wennerström ignored the car and walked on to the nearest

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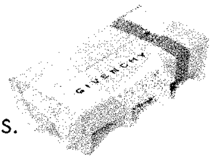

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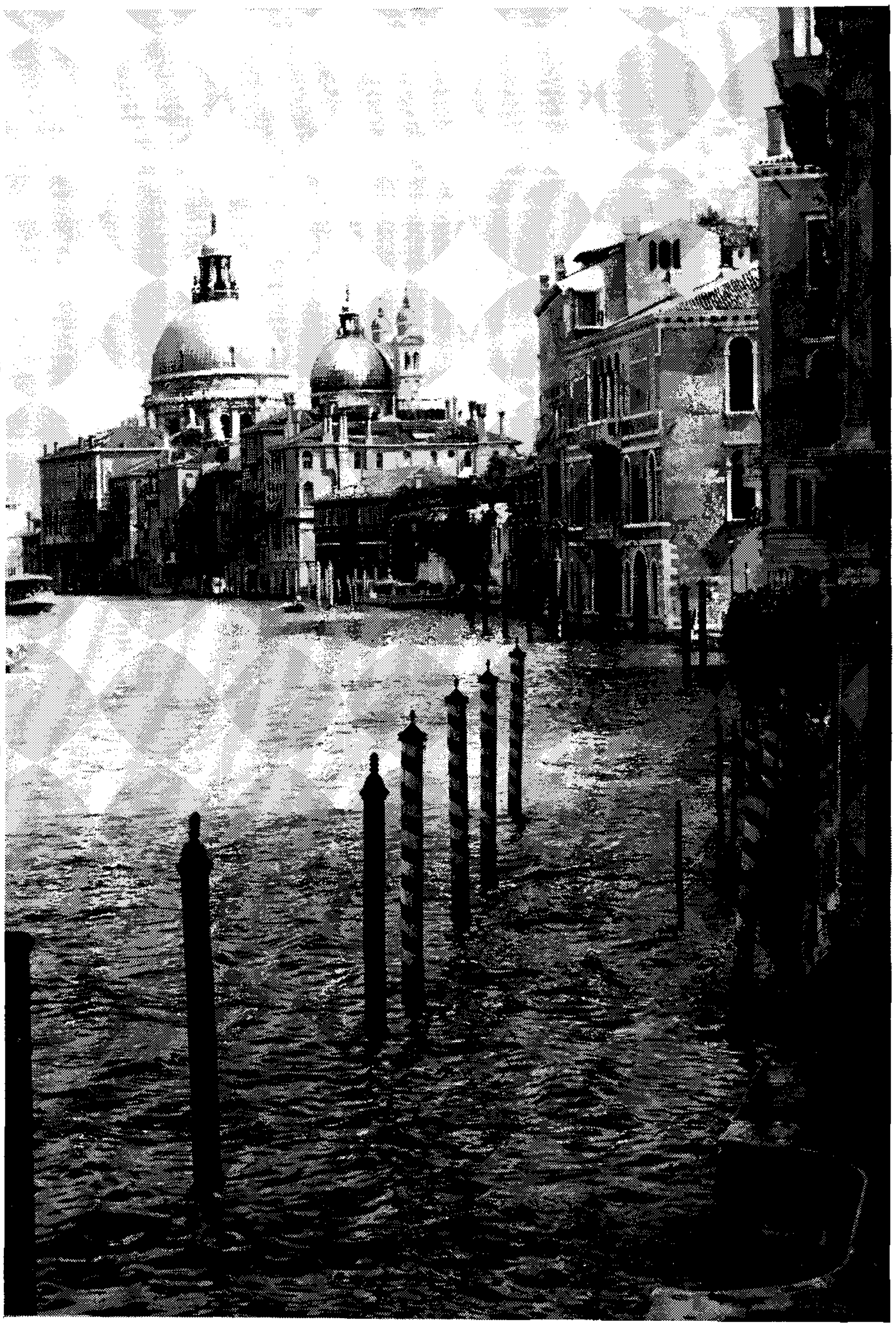
telephone booth, from which he dialled the secret number. The voice at the other end told him that arrangements had been made for him to be taken to the headquarters villa outside Moscow. When Wennerström arrived there, he found the General, who produced a map and asked him if he believed it to be identical with the one at the American Embassy. Wennerström said, in the light of the target information he had collected, he thought it was, and when he asked the General how on earth he had managed to obtain it, the General told him that, thanks to his information about the dispatch of the map to Wiesbaden, Soviet agents had been able to track the courier and at some point along the route managed to obtain access to it long enough to photograph it.

Subsequently, Wennerström told his Swedish interrogators, the General "pointed out to the head of the Soviet Intelligence service that it was thanks to me that they had been so fortunate," and as a result the head of the Soviet Intelligence service ordered that Wennerström be given what the Soviets called "a top agent's authority," along with the rank of major general in the Soviet Intelligence service. "The title of top agent means, first of all, that the agent will be given independent assignments, which he will carry through to the best of his ability," Wennerström explained after his arrest. "He will be given no detail work. Secondly, it means that the agent has full control of funds; thus it is never necessary to request authority for expenses—for example, if bribes are to be paid to a certain person, if a trip is to be made, and so on."

Up to the time of the target-map episode, according to Wennerström, he had received from the Russians, in addition to the ten thousand rubles turned over to him by Nikitushev when he was recruited, regular payment of five thousand rubles a month. Now that he had acquired the authority to draw funds as he saw fit, regular payments ceased. Ordinarily, he has said, he drew sums only as specific needs arose, and the General made arrangements to deposit regular payments for his espionage activities in an account at the main headquarters of Soviet Intelligence, where, presumably, Wennerström could come and collect a tidy amount at some later date. Such escrow arrangements are common in intelligence work. Wennerström has said it was understood between him and the General that "whenever it became necessary in the future I could reckon on very



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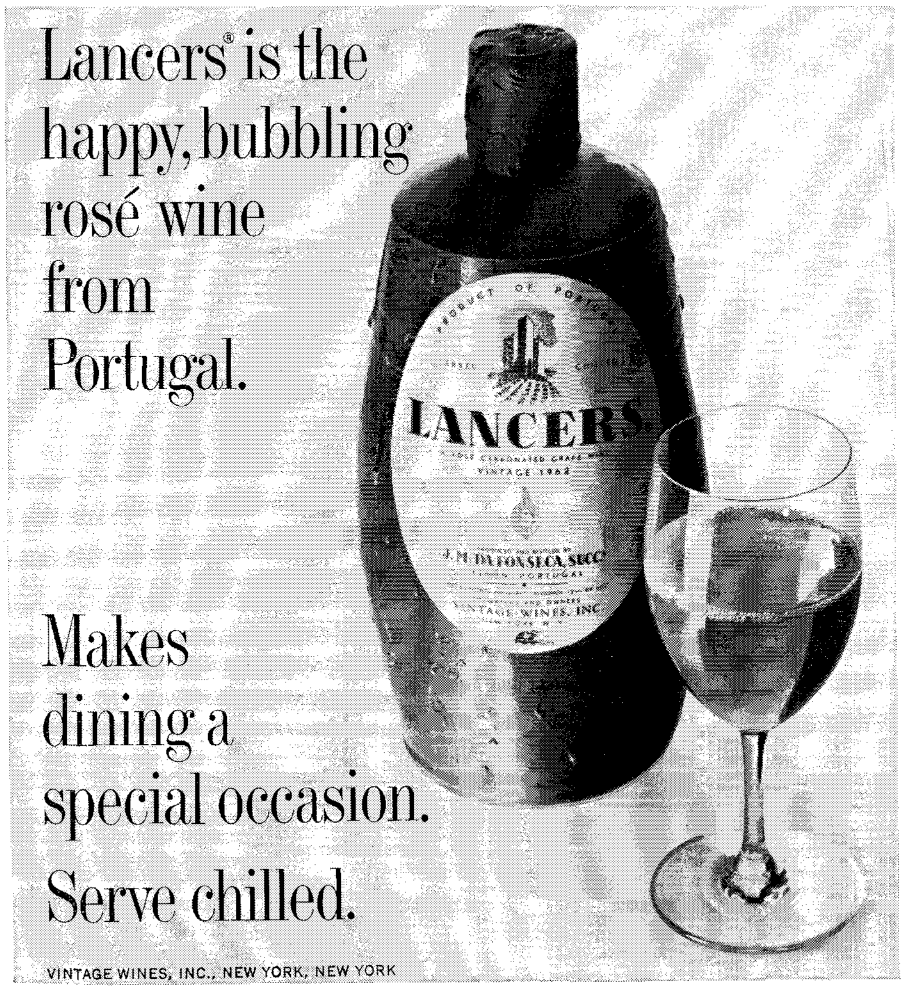
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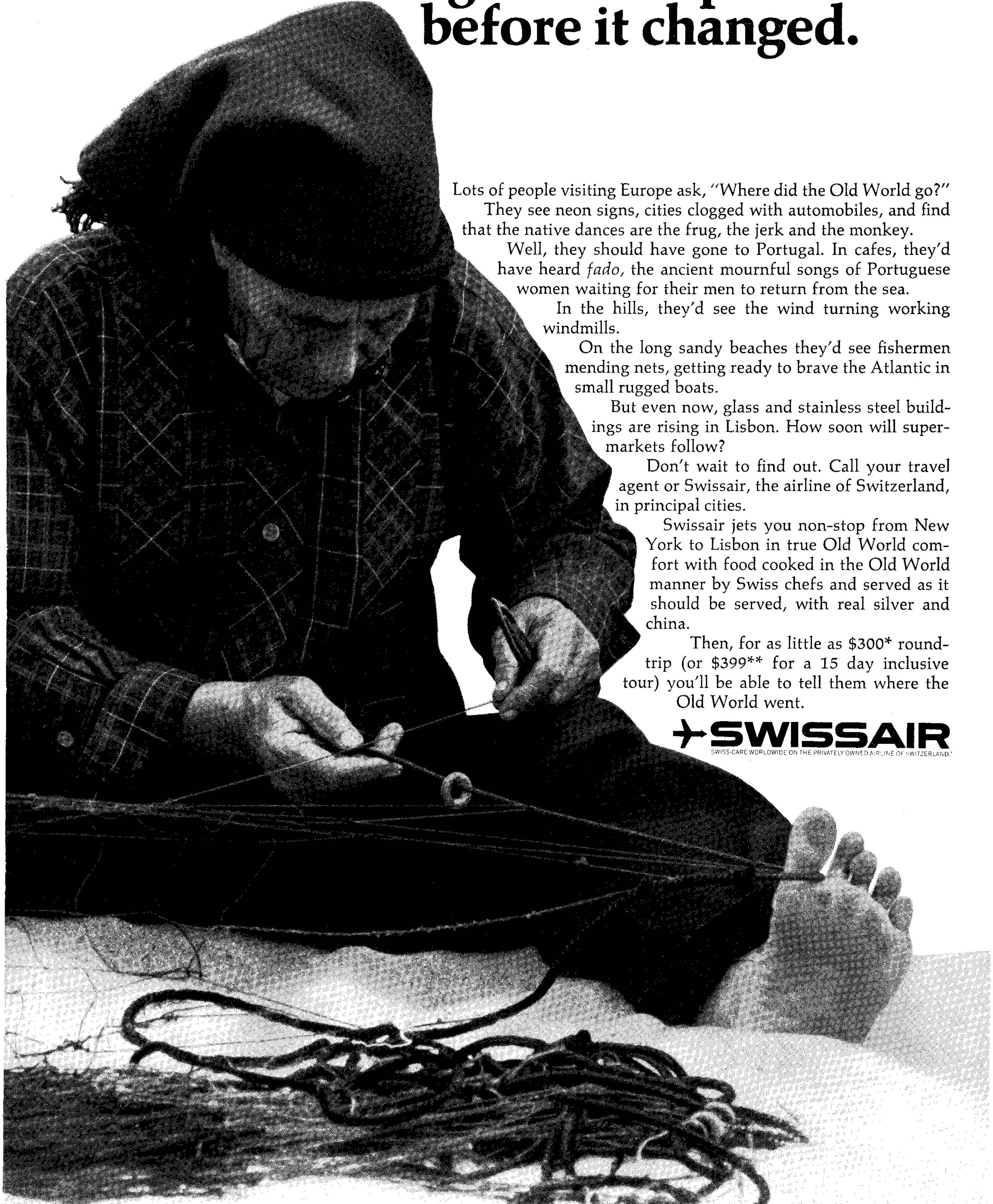
large payments from the Soviet side." (Wennerström has indicated his belief that, at the time of his arrest, his escrow account in Moscow had a value of "hundreds of thousands of kronor.")

Of his designation as a Soviet major general, Wennerström said he realized that it did not imply a permanent position but that it did have "a most important bearing on the agent's relations with personnel belonging to the Soviet Intelligence service." Characteristically, he added the observation that in such a situation senior rank "makes it possible to go over the heads of certain persons" within the Soviet Intelligence organization. Of his work as a whole for the Russians at this time, he said, "I was left with the very strong sense of having accomplished something and of having reached a high level of prestige. And there is no use denying that thanks to this feeling I experienced a deep inner satisfaction with the results. I became fascinated with the whole thing, my enthusiasm fanned to some degree by my increasing liking for my Soviet contact man."

AMID these developments, Wennerström told his interrogators, he was simply neglecting Sweden, whose interests he was supposed to be officially representing in Moscow. He insisted that at that time he did not contemplate engaging directly in activities against his own country and that he still considered his delivery of the secret Swedish defense plan to the Russians to have been merely a means of effecting a final penetration of the Soviet Intelligence service. It was true, he admitted, that as far as Swedish interests were concerned, "the edges of the picture became progressively blurred." Certain things he was doing in Moscow might have been illegal from the Swedish point of view, he thought; for example, the Swedish Embassy received reports from the embassies of the NATO countries concerning NATO military matters, and Wennerström read them and "obtained certain information that I used [for Soviet purposes] when it became a question of judging NATO's defense plans." But this sort of thing, he claimed, occurred only on a small scale, and "in the over-all picture" he regarded it as of no consequence. "The longer I continued with my activities, the stronger became my belief that Sweden's role in international relations was completely insignificant," he said. "I knew that various things that I did were not permitted from the Swedish point of view, but I didn't worry my

Portugal is Europe before it changed.



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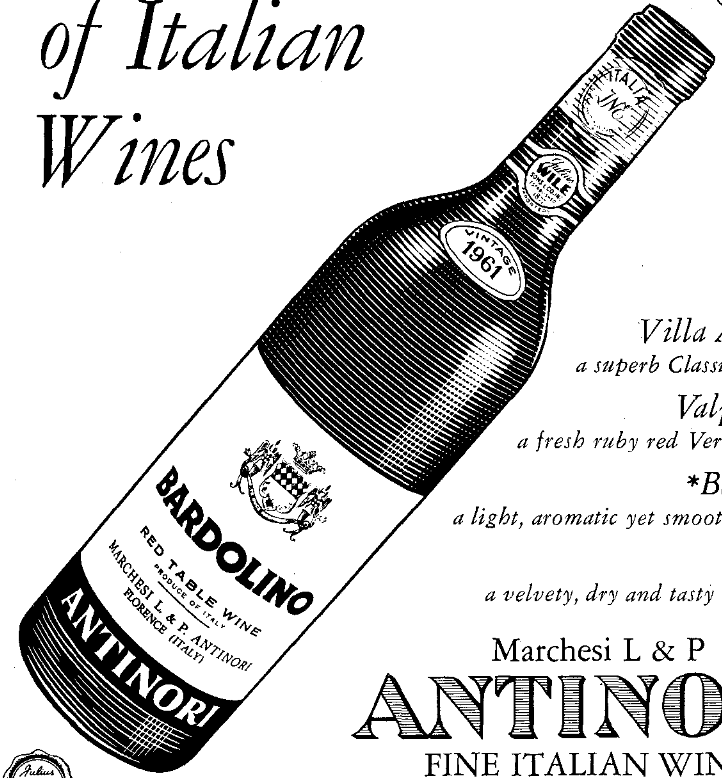

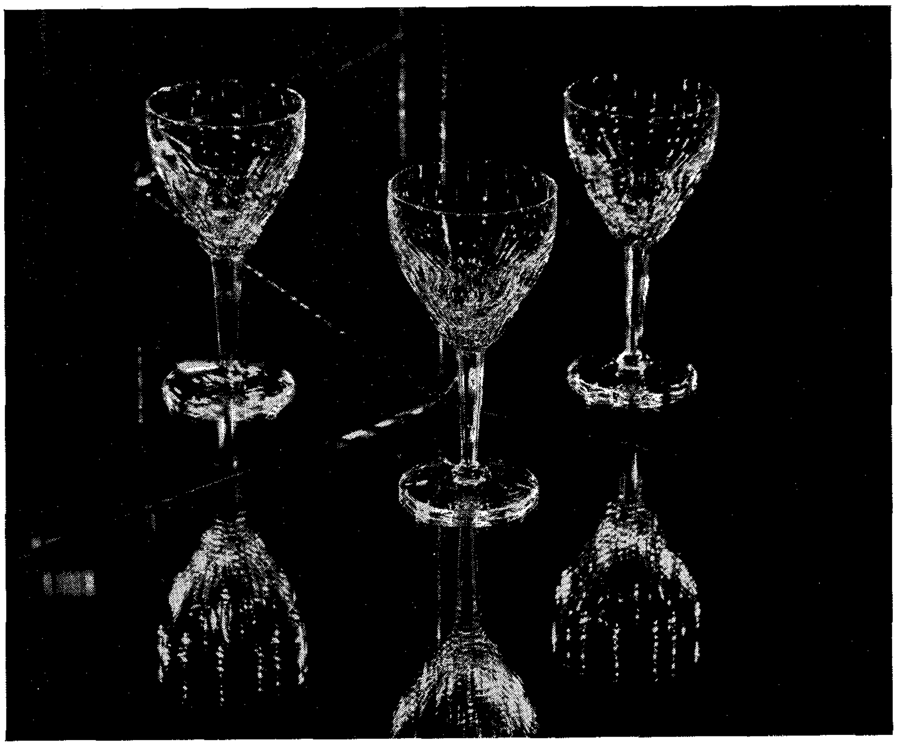

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head about it, because they seemed unimportant [compared] with the international activities."

As Wennerström's interest in Swedish matters waned, he became more and more deeply absorbed in the strategic ramifications of the struggle among the great powers. He testified that, thanks to his increasingly effective relationship with the General and his own high rank within the Soviet Intelligence service, the General and he were able to operate under a system that he understood was seldom used in Soviet Intelligence, owing to a shortage of manpower. The system, the General told him, was known as "pair work," and in his case it meant that the General was released from other assignments so that he and Wennerström could work as a two-man team to solve intelligence problems in the fashion they deemed best. Wennerström was, rather naturally, gratified by this arrangement; as far as he himself was concerned, he has said, the General's "wide experience and background of knowledge became of significant importance to the extent that it awakened my interest, carried me along, and engendered my enthusiasm, all of which was further sharpened by his personal knowledge." Indeed, this working relationship was so effective that it continued for fourteen years, and if Wennerström had not been arrested by the Swedes, it would probably have gone on five years longer, at least.

According to Wennerström, the major Soviet strategic conference for which he had gathered information concerning NATO military planning and potential American bombing targets ended with a decision to give the highest priority to building up Soviet anti-aircraft defenses. The General told him that in the effort to strengthen Russia against aerial attack, there was just one model in the world that was worthy of being followed—the British air-defense system—and he urged Wennerström to obtain whatever information he could about it. He also asked Wennerström to seek information on the development of American strategic bombers, on the structure of our Strategic Air Command, on the planning of American airbases from which attacks could be aimed at the Soviet Union, and on American bombing tactics in general. For information on the British air-defense system, Wennerström sought out the British air attaché and the British Ambassador to Moscow, he has said, and obtained what he could from them, and supple-

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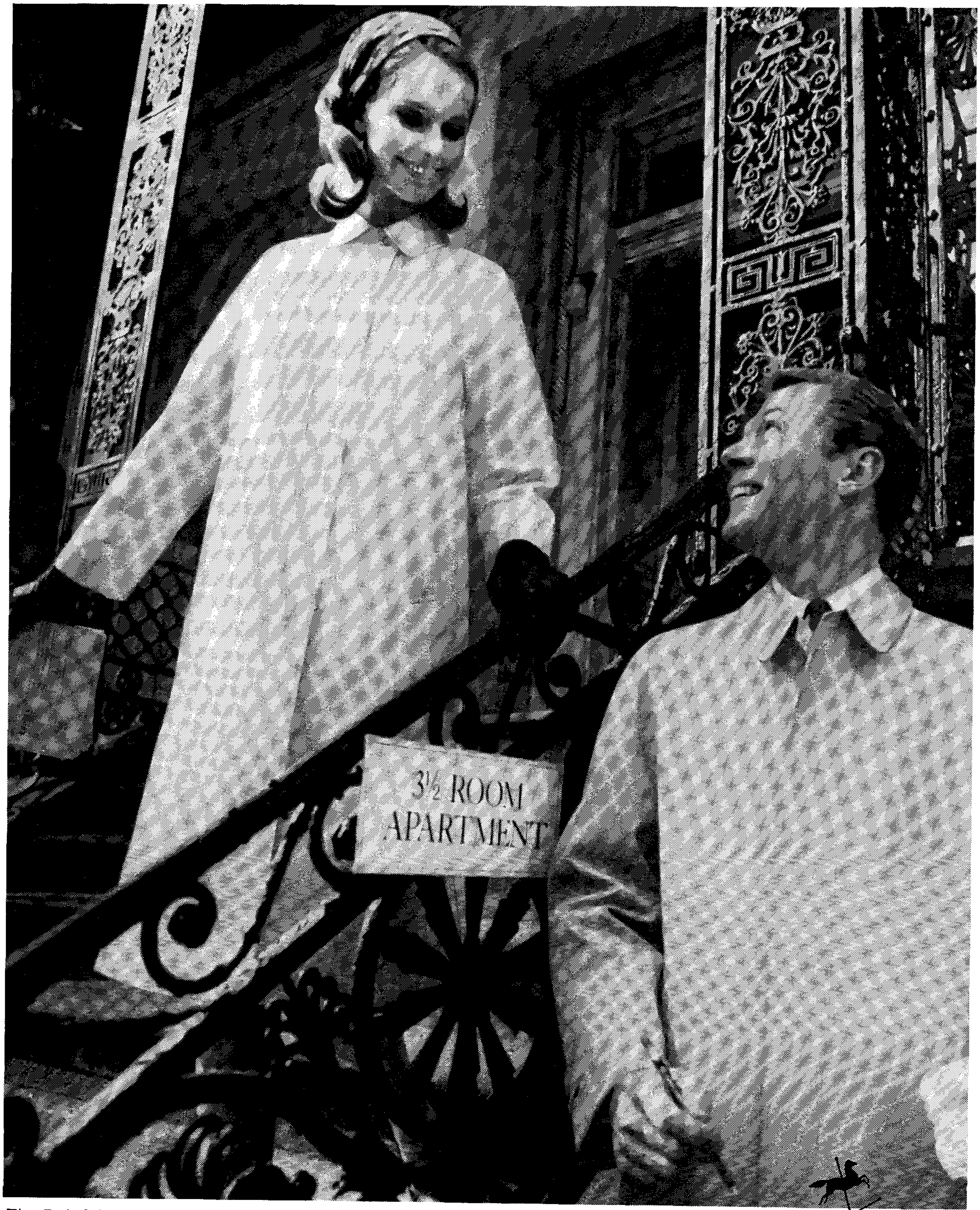

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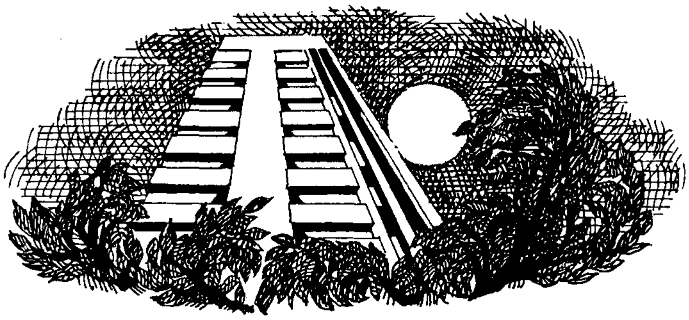

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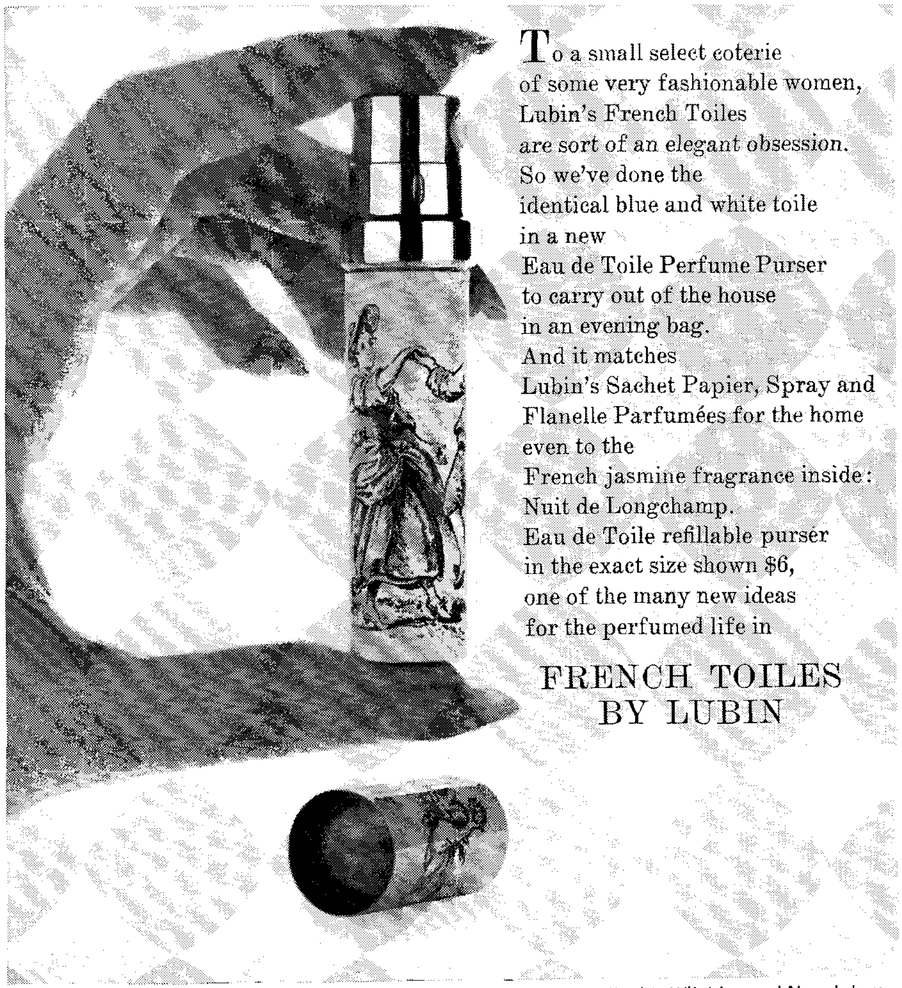

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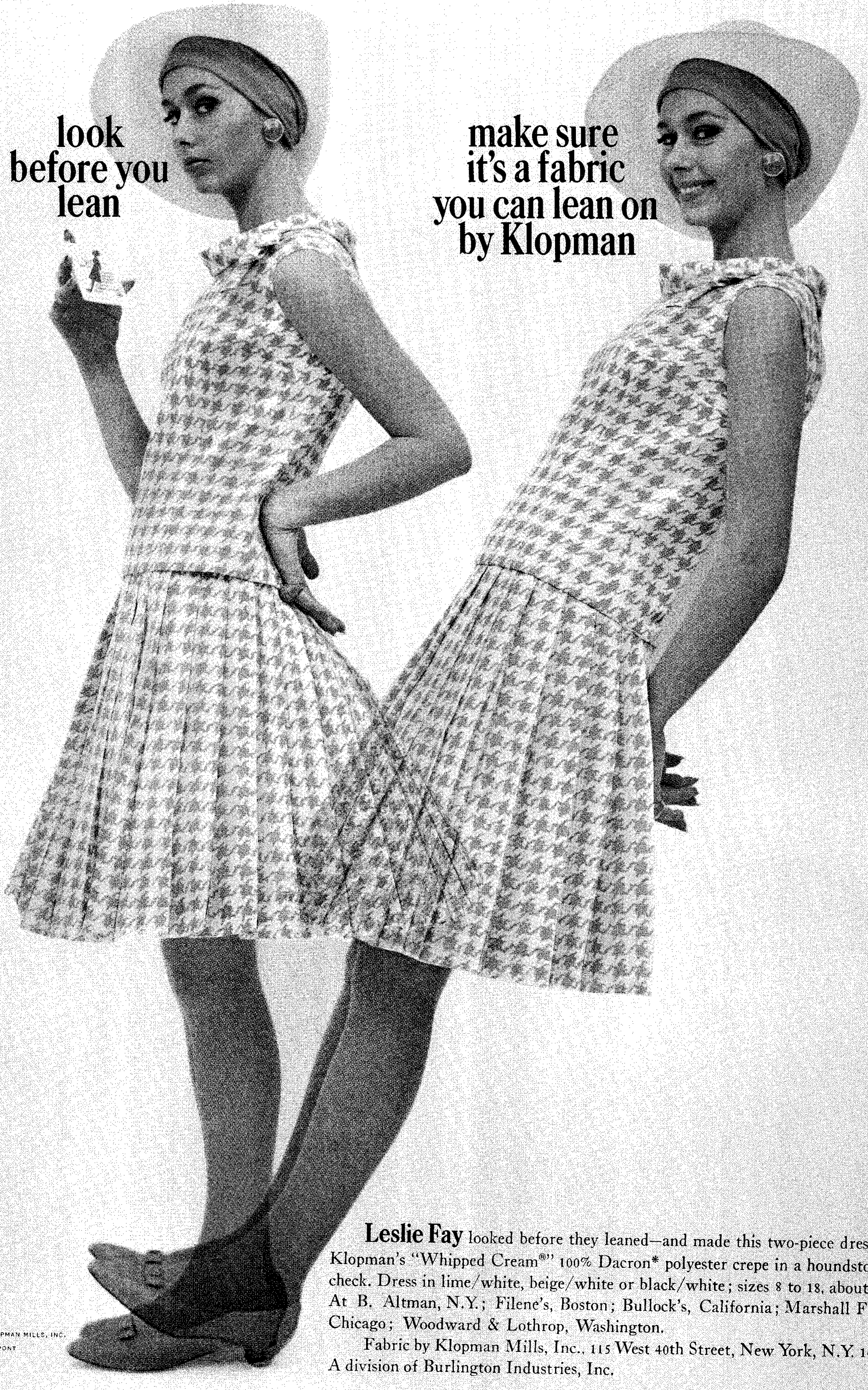
mented this information with material taken from publications he consulted on visits to Stockholm. To obtain information on the Strategic Air Command and on American airbases, he further cultivated officials at the United States Embassy and the embassies of the other NATO countries. He has said that he found it fairly easy to provide his Soviet superiors with new material concerning SAC, because there were large gaps in Soviet Russia's knowledge of the subject.

Meanwhile, in his capacity as a self-styled "independent agent," Wennerström continued to deliver military information about the Soviet Union to the Americans—or so he told his interrogators—even though by now his schedule had grown so crowded that he was using his vacations for this purpose. In the early fifties, he said, he took a vacation with his wife in the Caucasus, staying at Tiflis, Georgia, for the purpose of confirming some information that had been passed to the Americans. The Americans, it seemed, had discovered "through some agent" that a factory between Tiflis and Baku had begun production of a new jet fighter plane, and they had also found out the routes and times of scheduled test flights of the plane. Wennerström's assignment was to travel on a certain day to a point west of Tiflis and observe the plane as it flew overhead, noting the exact time of its passage. Wennerström said he carried out this assignment satisfactorily, and that in return the Americans paid the entire cost of the vacation. He said that all his expenses were paid on a number of other excursions he undertook for the Americans, but apart from this money, and the earlier payment in lire, he received no compensation from the United States, though the transcript of his interrogation hazily describes his receipt of "certain *valuta*" in 1950 or 1951.

WHATEVER the quantity of military information about the Soviet Union allegedly passed on to the Americans by Wennerström, it was certainly exceeded by the amount of military information about United States military affairs and interests passed on by him to the Soviet Intelligence service. In the course of time, Wennerström has said, there began to grow within him "a significant feeling of loyalty" toward both the General and the Soviet Intelligence service as a whole. The General, for his part, continued his collaboration with Wenner-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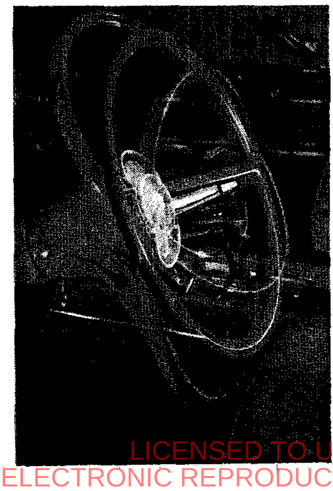

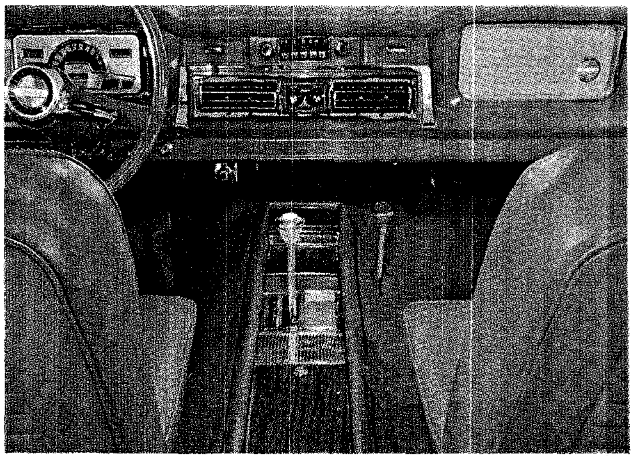

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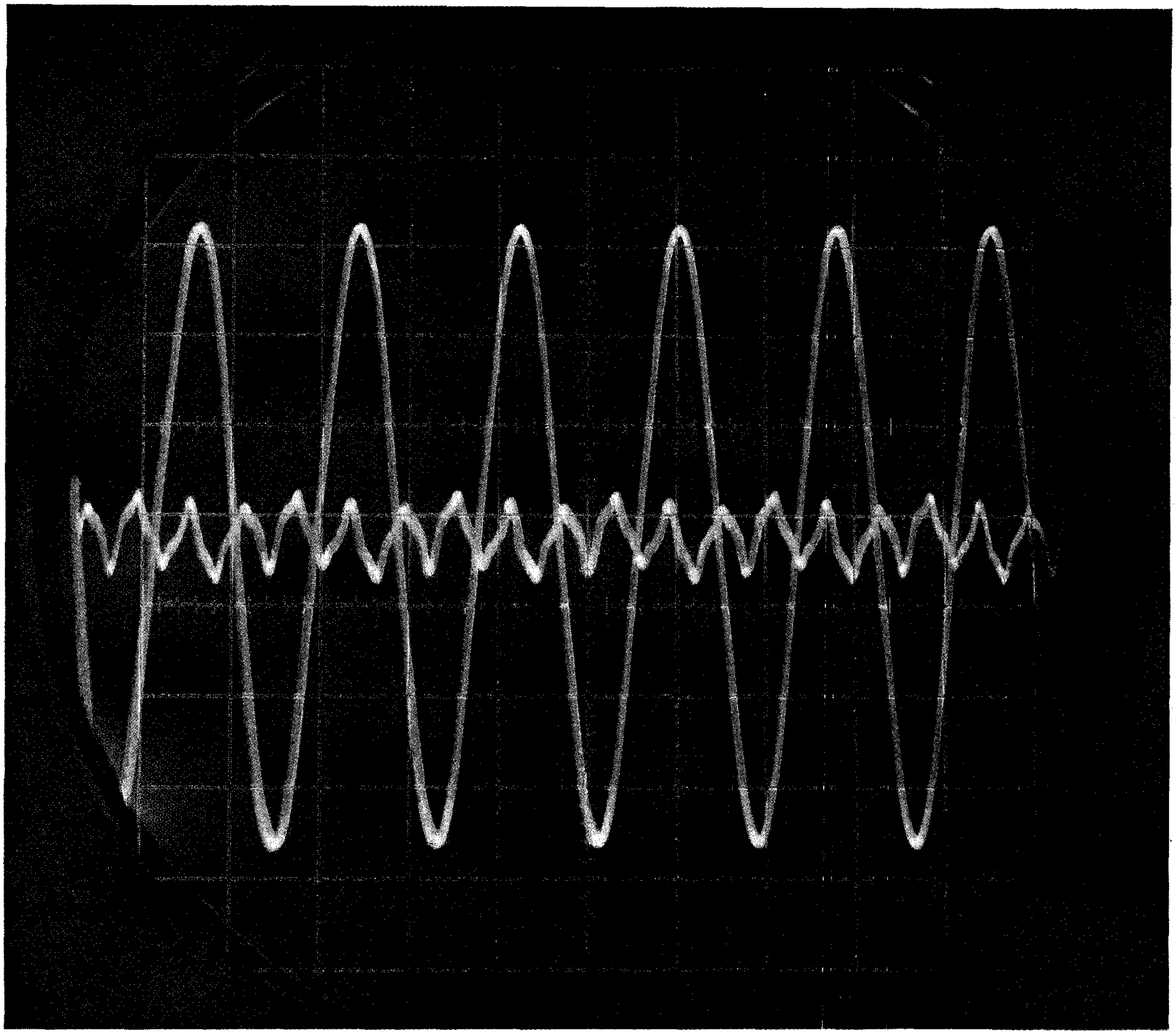

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ström in a manner that conveyed an increasing confidence in the Swede's ability as a Soviet agent, and he went on with the painstaking briefings in which he filled in details of the strategic considerations related to Wennerström's clandestine activities. According to Wennerström, the Russians' decision to expand their nation's air defenses against nuclear and other bombers was followed by another Soviet strategic conference on air power. At this conference, he said, the Soviet Union's strategic air power was conceded to be far below that of the United States in both quality and quantity. On the one hand, Wennerström said, the American system of airbases clearly made it possible for the United States to launch toward the Soviet Union not only long-range aircraft from the United States but short-range aircraft from forward bases; on the other hand, the Soviet Union, which had no chance of building up a ring of bases around the United States, could depend only on long-range aircraft, for which Russia had no significant construction program at the time. Competition against the United States in this area was therefore considered hopeless, and the Russians decided to give the highest priority to the development of intercontinental rockets with nuclear warheads, which they did not then have. It was also decided, Wennerström said, to develop Soviet strategic aircraft capable of reaching European and Asiatic targets—most notably, American bases on those continents.

At the conclusion of that conference, the General gave Wennerström new instructions for obtaining information that Soviet Intelligence needed in order to fill out its current picture of American air power. Wennerström said that he carried out those instructions as well as he could but that precise technical information was hard to come by. He continued to use his secret telephone number, and also to meet the General according to the prearranged routine. Sometimes, when he stepped into the car with a lengthy report to make, the General would flip a switch beside his seat, so that the dialogue could be recorded, and, when the information he had was very urgently needed, the General would have a stenographer in the car with him to take notes.

Wennerström still said nothing to the General about any activities, past or present, he might have been engaging in on behalf of the Americans. As a matter of fact, he later told his Swedish interrogators, he was finding it

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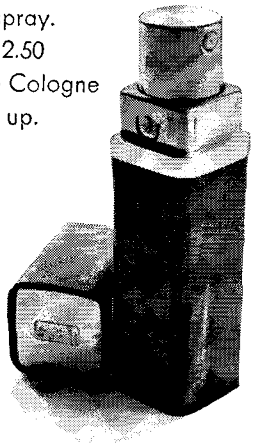

difficult, because of his increasing sympathy toward the Soviet side, to keep up such work. Thus, in 1951, he said, at the request of the American air attaché, he made a trip to the house of a foreign journalist who lived some six miles from a proving ground, outside Moscow, where jet and rocket engines were being tested, to listen to the noises of the tests and deduce what he could from them. He was able to conclude, he said, that one of the engines being tested was that of an ordinary German V-2 rocket, since it always ran for exactly fifty-five seconds, the normal burning time for a V-2. On the same occasion, he heard something else—the sound of a rocket far more powerful than a V-2, and capable of shaking windows for miles around. "I came to the conclusion that this was the first sample of the new Soviet . . . intercontinental rocket research," Wennerström has said. "I thought this was unusually interesting. [But] my change of sympathies had gone so far that I said nothing about it to my American contact man." Conversely, Wennerström was more than ever willing to pass on to the General the observations on military matters made by American officers. The American military attaché in Moscow in 1951 was Major General Robert W. Grow, and Wennerström used to see him fairly often. Wennerström testified that on a number of occasions he had noticed Grow making notes in a black pocket memo book. One day, Wennerström's Soviet superior asked him if it was true that General Grow was accustomed to carrying such a notebook. Wennerström said it was. The next thing he heard about the black notebook was that it had been stolen while General Grow was on a visit to West Germany, that it had been photographed and replaced in General Grow's coat, and that a British Communist writer in East Germany had used what were purportedly excerpts from the notebook—actually a diary containing a certain amount of confidential, and even top-secret, information—to prove that General Grow was an American warmonger engaged in espionage against the Soviet Union. (General Grow was later court-martialled on charges that included the improper recording of classified information in private records, and was convicted and sentenced to a six-month suspension from command. The black diary was real, all right, but, as a thorough United States Army investigation determined, the purported excerpts containing warmongering re-

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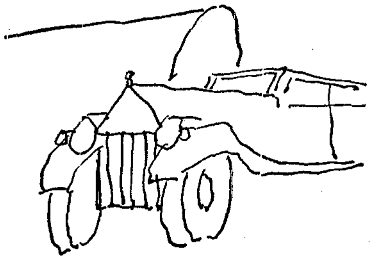

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marks weren't. They were Soviet distortions.)

ACCORDING to Wennerström, his interest in working for the Soviet Intelligence service now began to overshadow entirely the work that he was supposedly doing for the Americans. During his pre-trial interrogation in Sweden, he attempted to explain the development of his attitudes toward the Soviet Union in these words:

> When I first jumped into international espionage among the big powers, I had a feeling of sympathy for NATO and an antipathy for the Soviet Union. It so happened, however, that during my stay in Moscow there was a progressive change in my sympathies, which ended up by their swinging completely to the other side. What I have said may be incomprehensible . . . but I cannot do otherwise than relate how things actually developed. A strong supplementary reason was that I had a chance to see behind the scenes on both sides. It was entirely obvious that the Soviet Intelligence efforts were of a defensive nature and that those of the Americans were offensive.
>
> If I had fulfilled my original intentions . . . then I would have, so to speak, delivered my Soviet contact man to my American one. Such a thing became very quickly repulsive to me. So the consequence was that I became an agent for both sides.
>
> As a result of the concatenation of events and the undoubtedly great influence that the Soviet General's personality had on me, I came to feel myself more and more a trusted member of a powerful organization. To this must be added the fact that I had been fortunate in my activities in a way which had not corresponded to anything that I had intended to undertake in the course of my life.
>
> The transformation in my attitude went a step further, I might say, to the point that I looked on my work with the Americans as an excellent way to achieve better results for the Soviet Intelligence service.

Whatever other activities Wennerström engaged in during his service in Moscow, he seems to have carried out his legitimate work as Swedish air attaché to the satisfaction of his superiors in Stockholm. During one of his trips home, he told General Gustaf Adolf Westring, of the Swedish Air Force staff, "I was very happy with my Moscow assignment and was not at all averse to having it extended several years." At the same time, he let General Westring know that he would not be averse to a future assignment in London or Washington—preferably Washington. Some time after this conversation, the Swedish air attaché in Washington happened to become ill, and at the beginning of 1952 General Westring wrote to Wennerström for-

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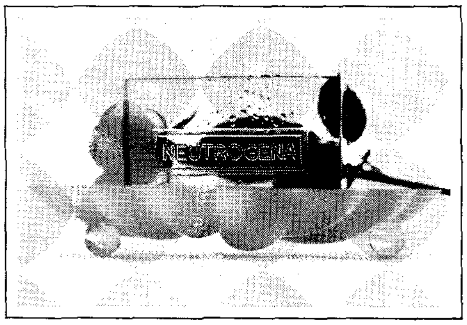

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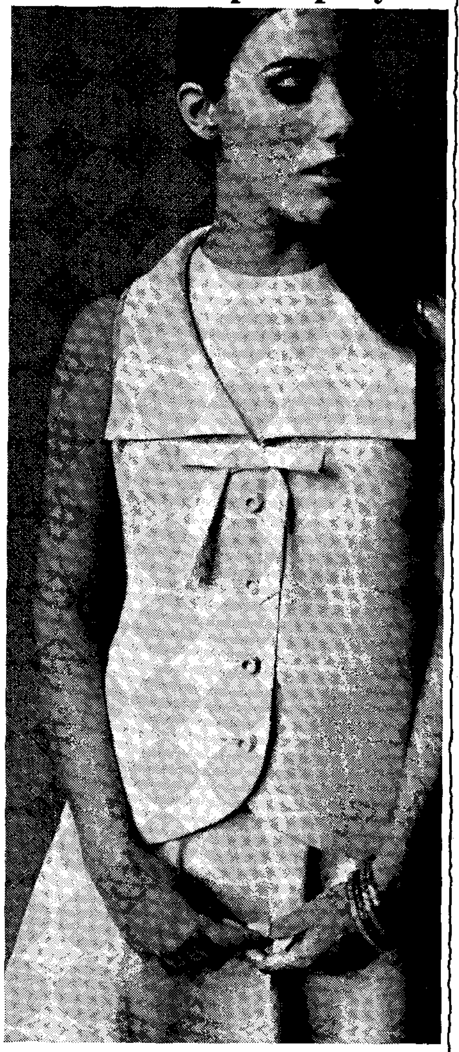

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mally offering him the assignment, beginning that April. Wennerström accepted, and informed his Soviet contact man of his impending transfer. "This came as a complete surprise to him and his superior, and their reaction was somewhat as though they had won the big prize in a lottery," Wennerström has remarked. In Washington, as an agent "in place"—that is, a qualified and cleared insider, rather than a clandestine operative, or "illegal"—his usefulness would presumably be even greater.

In Wennerström's remaining weeks in Moscow, he was given detailed briefings on the activities he was expected to carry out for the Russians in Washington. Midway through this series of briefings, however, he received a terrible shock: The Russians told him that they had discovered his connection with the Americans. According to his account, this had occurred not through any lack of caution on his part but because of carelessness on the American side. It had been impressed upon him, as it was on all Soviet Intelligence officers, that the real name of an agent was never to be used in a report, and it seemed that the Americans had broken this rule, using his name in a coded message sent out over the radio transmitter in the American Embassy in Moscow; Soviet Intelligence, which routinely monitored such transmissions, was able to decipher the broadcast. "The radio message in question referred to certain information I had furnished [the Americans] upon my return from certain trips. After the Soviets had made a check, they had no doubt at all about my being a double agent [for the Americans]," Wennerström has said.

Wennerström was told of this discovery at one of the meetings in the villa. "My first reaction was one of unspeakable bitterness against the Americans for not being able to protect themselves better," Wennerström recalled. He testified that he had no idea what to do or say when he was confronted with this information. He remembered that he had thought it strange, when the meeting began, that the General had four people with him, including a man who was introduced as the General's superior officer and another whom Wennerström recognized, from their previous encounter, as the man responsible for surveillance of foreign diplomats in Moscow. "The first thought that went through my mind was that it was very possible they were going to liquidate me with a shot in the nape of the neck. We were a long distance

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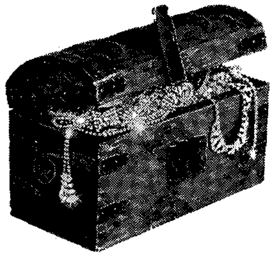

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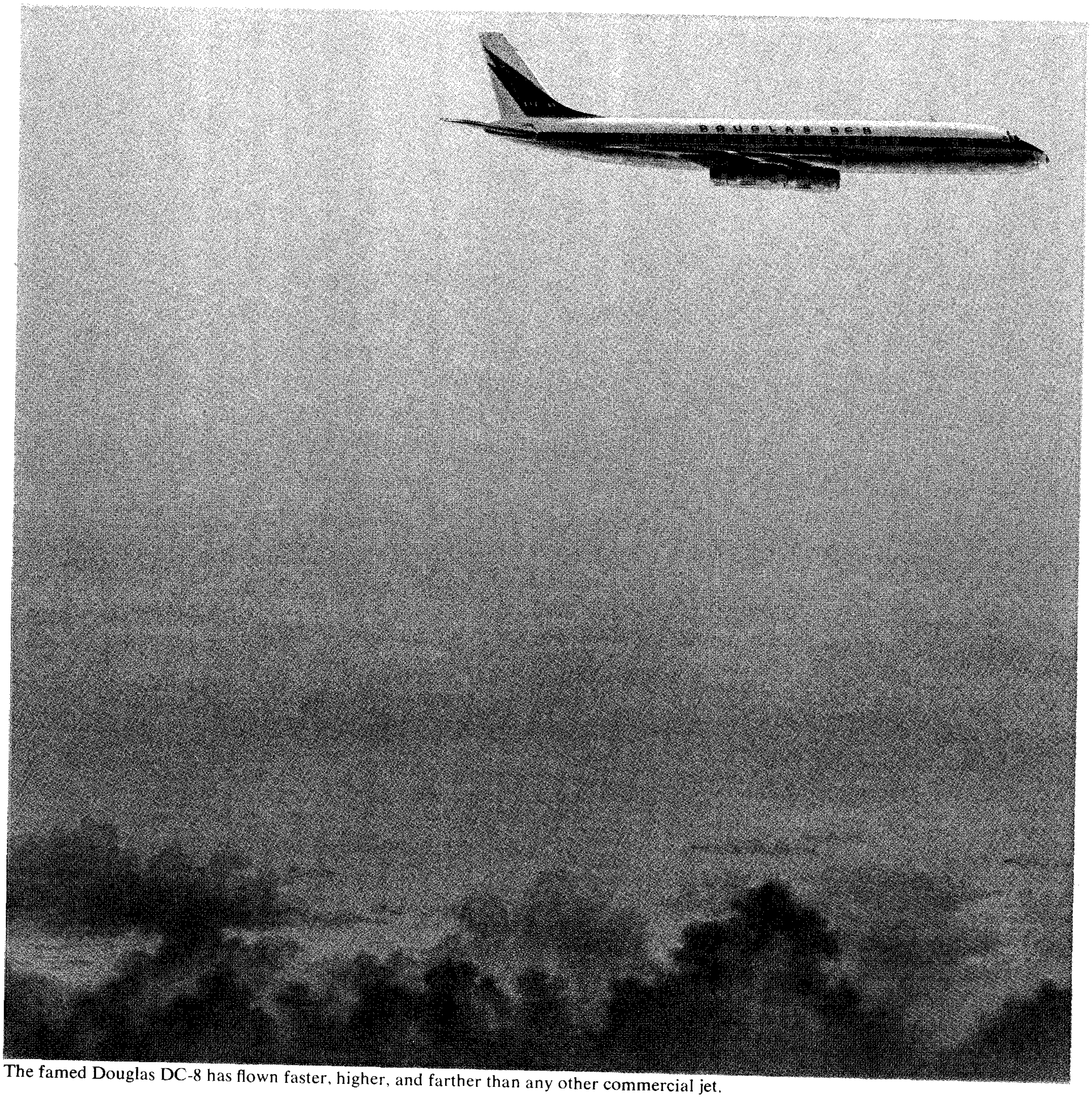

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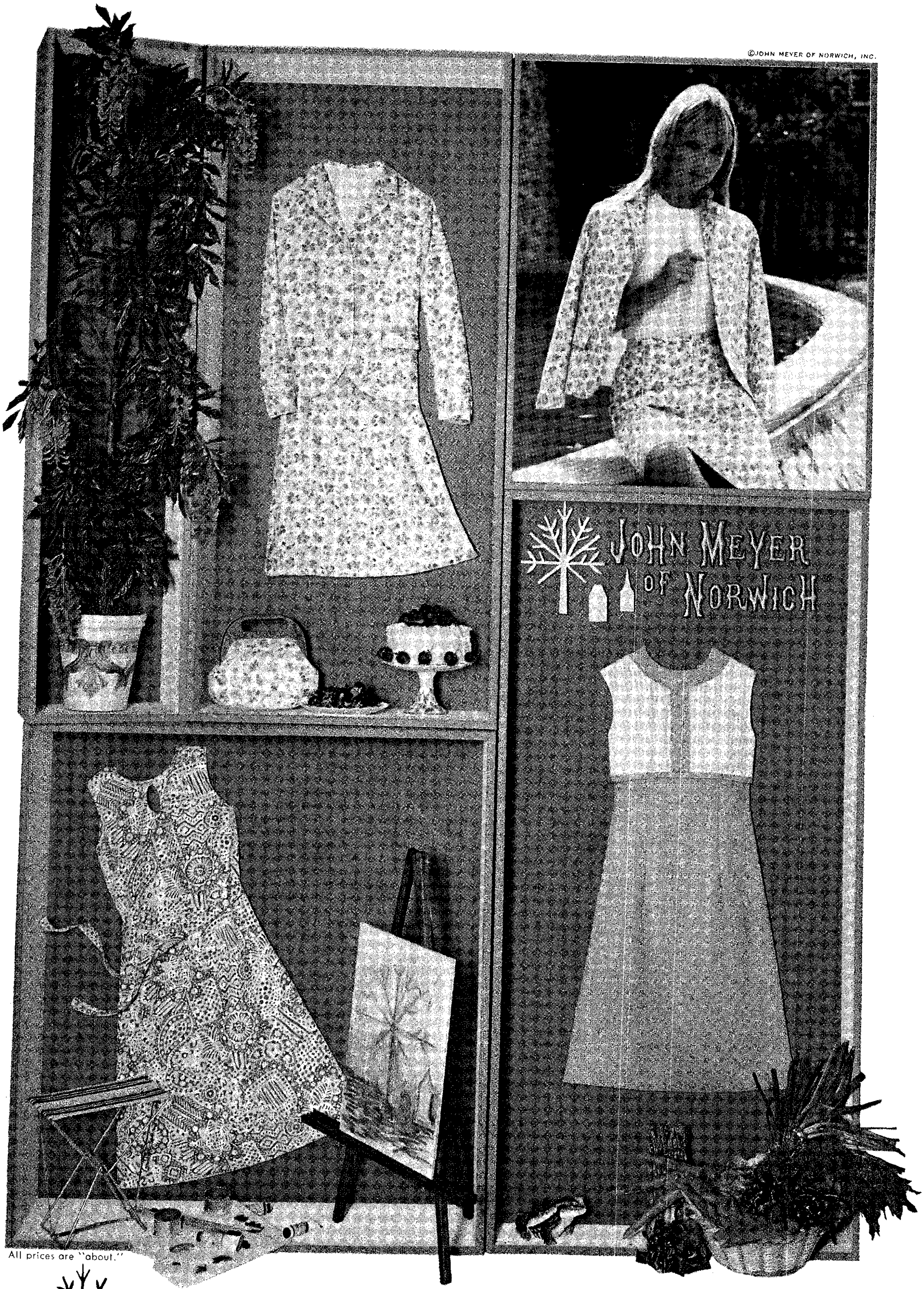

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from Moscow, and nobody knew where I was," Wennerström said. But, he went on, it turned out that he was mistaken about the Soviet reaction: "I don't know what happened between the General and his superior before our meeting. One thing stood out clearly, however, and that was that my contact man was heart and soul on my side. There was not a single word from the Soviets of reproach. . . . The Soviet General had thought about my situation before, and he and several of his superiors had wondered many times how I could possibly obtain the information I did from the Americans. He said now, 'Here is the explanation of your success.' "

According to Wennerström's account of the meeting, he assured the General that by this time no one could have any doubt about where Wennerström's true sympathies lay. The General then explained to him "that if the discovery had occurred at a considerably earlier stage, it could have had consequences that there was no use in even talking about now." But, the General said, as things stood, it was a tremendous advantage for the Soviets to have contacts in United States Intelligence circles, and it was the desire of the Soviets, looking toward Wennerström's appointment in Washington, that he continue his relations with the Americans as though no change had taken place, and that, if possible, he make the contacts even more intimate. At the same time, Wennerström has said, the General obtained from him details of his work on behalf of the Americans in the Soviet Union, and they came to an understanding about the reporting of his future dealings with American Intelligence. Understandably, Wennerström was enormously relieved at this outcome of the confrontation. At that point, he has said, "from my side the swing to the Soviet side was complete and definitive. . . . Instead of being a false agent inside of Soviet Intelligence, I was now this same thing within the American organization." As he later put it, "My truly great opportunities did not open up until I went to Washington."

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

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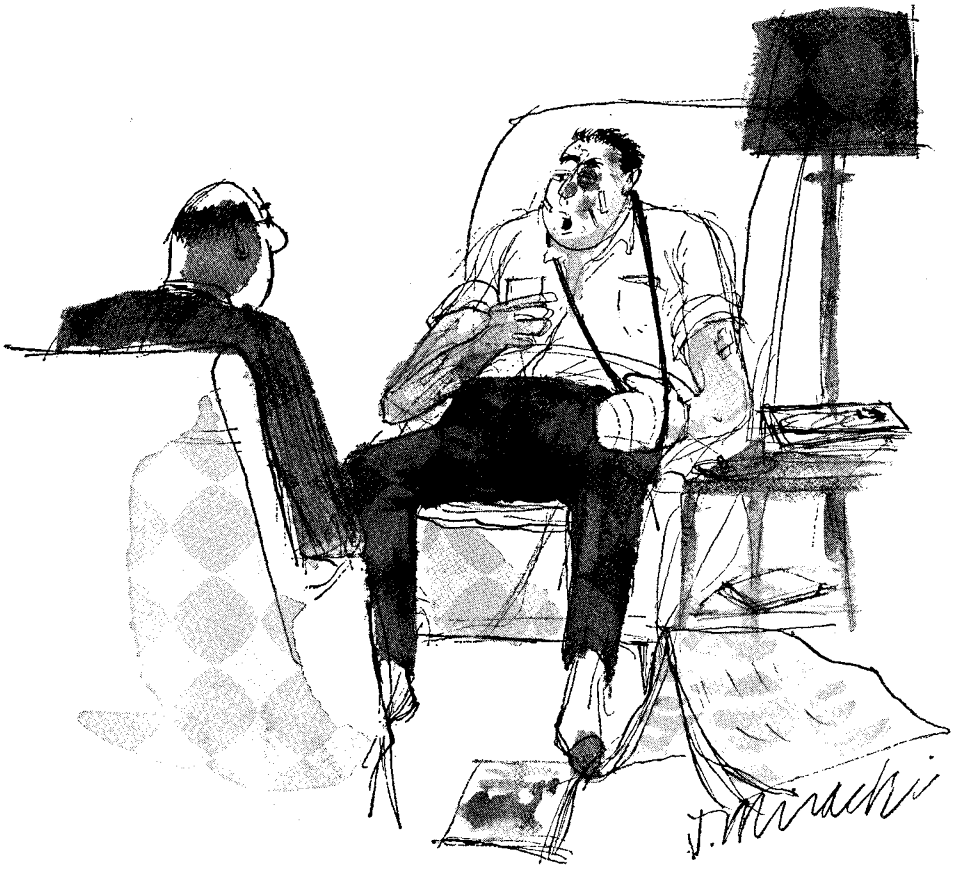
THE THEATRE

GOING, GOING, GONE

"Pousse-Café," which departed from the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre last week at the conclusion of its third performance, was a musical play relentlessly banal in all departments. Its music, by Duke Ellington, was surprisingly pedestrian; its lyrics, by Marshall Barer and Fred Tobias, were awkward; its choreography, by Valerie Bettis, was vulgar; and its book, by Jerome Weidman, was dispirited. It was Mr. Weidman's intention to entertain us with a new-day version of "The Blue Angel," the old German film in which Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich figured with such distinction, but although he followed the plot line of the movie fairly faithfully, he failed to give his work anything like the emotional charge of the original drama. Presumably to accommodate music of American origin, Mr. Weidman changed the venue of the doings from Germany to New Orleans, but his hero was still the sort of Teutonic pedagogue he was in "The Blue Angel," and he was still revealed as a man undone by his lust for a trollop—a lust so powerful that it compelled him to marry her, destroy his career, and permit himself, once a proud martinet, to be transformed into a shambling, sodden hanger-on at the brothel where he first found the tart and to which she eventually returned. Obviously, "Pousse-Café" had a highly moral message to deliver, which was all right by me. However, I did object to the dilatory method used to convey it. As our poor professor lumbered to his doom, we were supposed to be entertained by orgies in the Pousse-Café, by carnal carryings on in the prostitute's private quarters, by assorted songs and dances, and, finally, when the bedraggled hero had just about reached the end of his tether, by a couple of lengthy recitatives designed to demonstrate the incompatibility of a relationship between a man of reflective bent and a woman of action. In portraying the professor, Theodore Bikel was ponderous and unappealing, and he never struck the note of pathos that might have made his collapse a matter of sympathetic interest. I must say, too, that the songs assigned to him didn't seem right for his vocal style. As for Lilo, the French singer who depicted the whore, she went about her chores with a kind of sustained frenzy, whether it was called for or not, and the tunes she sang sounded pretty ragged as she lined them out in a low, uncertain register. To provide a bit of contrast to the denizens of the Pousse-Café, a clutch of cadets from the professor's academy appeared off and on for a turn or two, but they weren't very helpful. Perhaps the most contented member of the company was Travis Hudson, who was cast as the madam of the Pousse-Café. She tore into her songs with real enthusiasm, and although the numbers weren't much good, she at least lent them a touch of excitement. —John McCarten



"Unfortunately, they thought I said I could lick every man in the house."

OFF BROADWAY

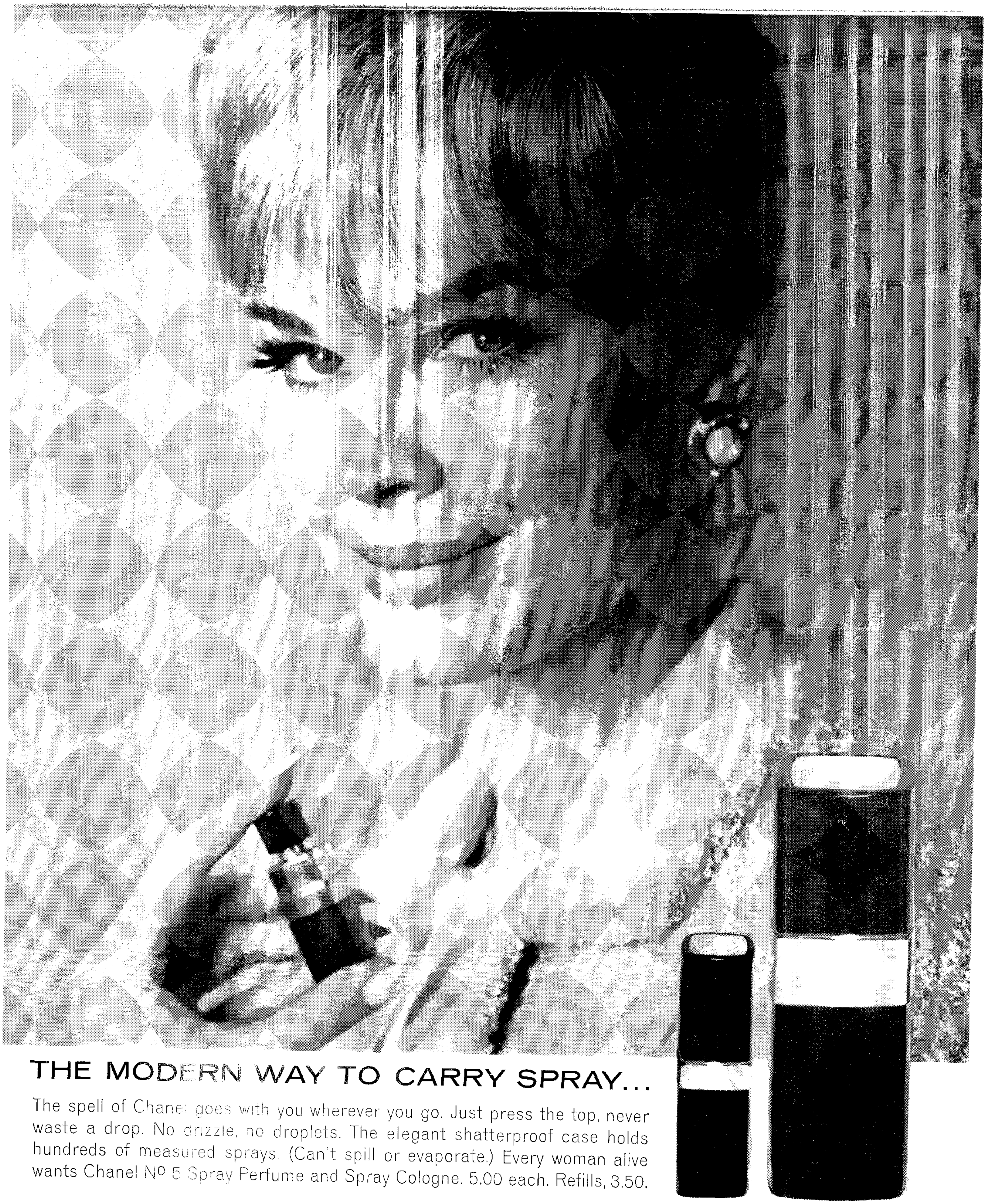
Awake and Hum

My feelings run this way, that way on "Monopoly," which has been at Stage 73 for several weeks. The evening consists of four one-acters by a new dramatist named Jerome Kass, all of them dealing with one aspect or another of Jewish domesticity, of which we've had quite a bit in song and story over the past few years. The first three are sketches or dramatic finger exercises rather than plays. The characters in them could be the descendants, by one or two generations, of the characters in "Awake and Sing," and their climb of a rung or two of the social ladder has certainly drained them of considerable blood and strength, to say nothing of reality. They are types. The plays, in the order presented on the night I was there, are:

I—"Princess Rebecca Birnbaum." Rebecca has chosen a plain white dress for her high-school prom, to the consternation of her mother, her older sister, and Mrs. Levy, who lives upstairs. Together, they force upon her what they consider suitable embellishment. After she leaves with her young escort, who has himself been conned into a pink jacket and a plaid cummerbund, the decorators burst into nostalgic tears.

II—"Make Like a Dog." A dreadful, casebooky bore, which I refuse to go into beyond telling you that it is about a childless couple, new to the suburbs, who alternate roles in a game of dog and master.

III—"Suburban Tragedy." Mrs. Goldman, a matron with an unmarried



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daughter, has a long and, unfortunately, fruitless talk with young Mr. Stein, her English teacher at summer school, who turns out to have a wife and several children.

The fourth, which almost is a play, is called "Young Marrieds Play Monopoly" and bears a surface—though only a surface—resemblance to "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" in that it is about two bickering couples. The first is a pair of schoolteachers, and the action takes place in what the program describes as their "Bronx luxury apartment;" the second is a furniture salesman and his wife. The play covers a lot of human territory and uncovers and untangles, sometimes comically, sometimes seriously, a number of valid emotions. Although I think "Young Marrieds" is an accomplishment that promises better things to come, the playwright still hasn't quite learned, except sporadically, to conceal his hand—to give us the illusion, in other words, that his people exist on their own, and not for purposes of demonstration. Yet Mr. Kass is a sharp observer and eavesdropper who can select and reproduce what he has noticed and arrange it effectively for comedy, pathos, or, occasionally, irony; his characters may be sketchy or derivative, but he can write parts and scenes.

The cast assembled by The Establishment, which produced the show, does well, under Daniel Petrie's direction. I enjoyed Estelle Parsons sashaying around the set as Mrs. Levy in "Rebecca Birnbaum" and as Mrs. Goldman in "Suburban Tragedy," trilling a modest laugh at a compliment on her diligence and intelligence. It should be said that Miss Parsons is not an inevitable Mrs. Levy or Mrs. Goldman, but she is a winning performer. Deborah White is appealing as Rebecca, and so is Roy London as the young man in the pink coat. Jess Osuna has a few sort of amusing moments in that awful thing about the dog game, and he manages to be funny, brutal, and somehow likable as the loutish furniture salesman in "Young Marrieds." The most impressive performances, though, are those of Carolan Daniels as the salesman's sweet, foolish, scared, prattling wife and as Rebecca's older sister, a victim of the sibling sulks, and those of John Karlen as the hero of "Young Marrieds," who is forced to make a drastic reappraisal of everything he thinks he thinks and feels, and as poor, embarrassed, yet self-possessed Mr. Stein of "Suburban Tragedy."

—EDITH OLIVER

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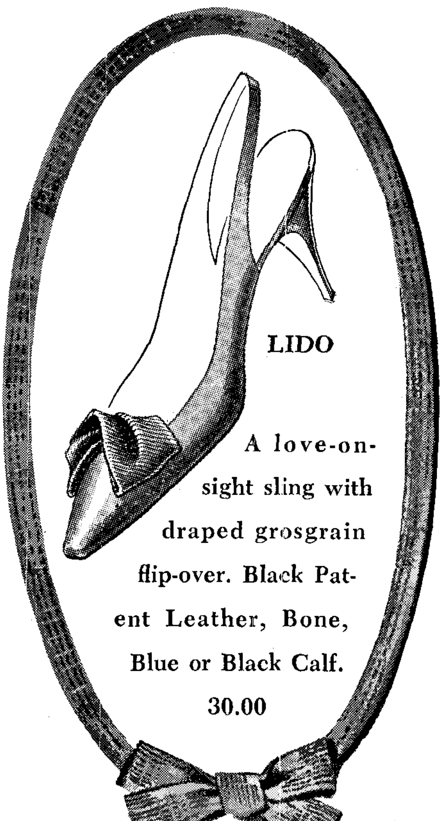

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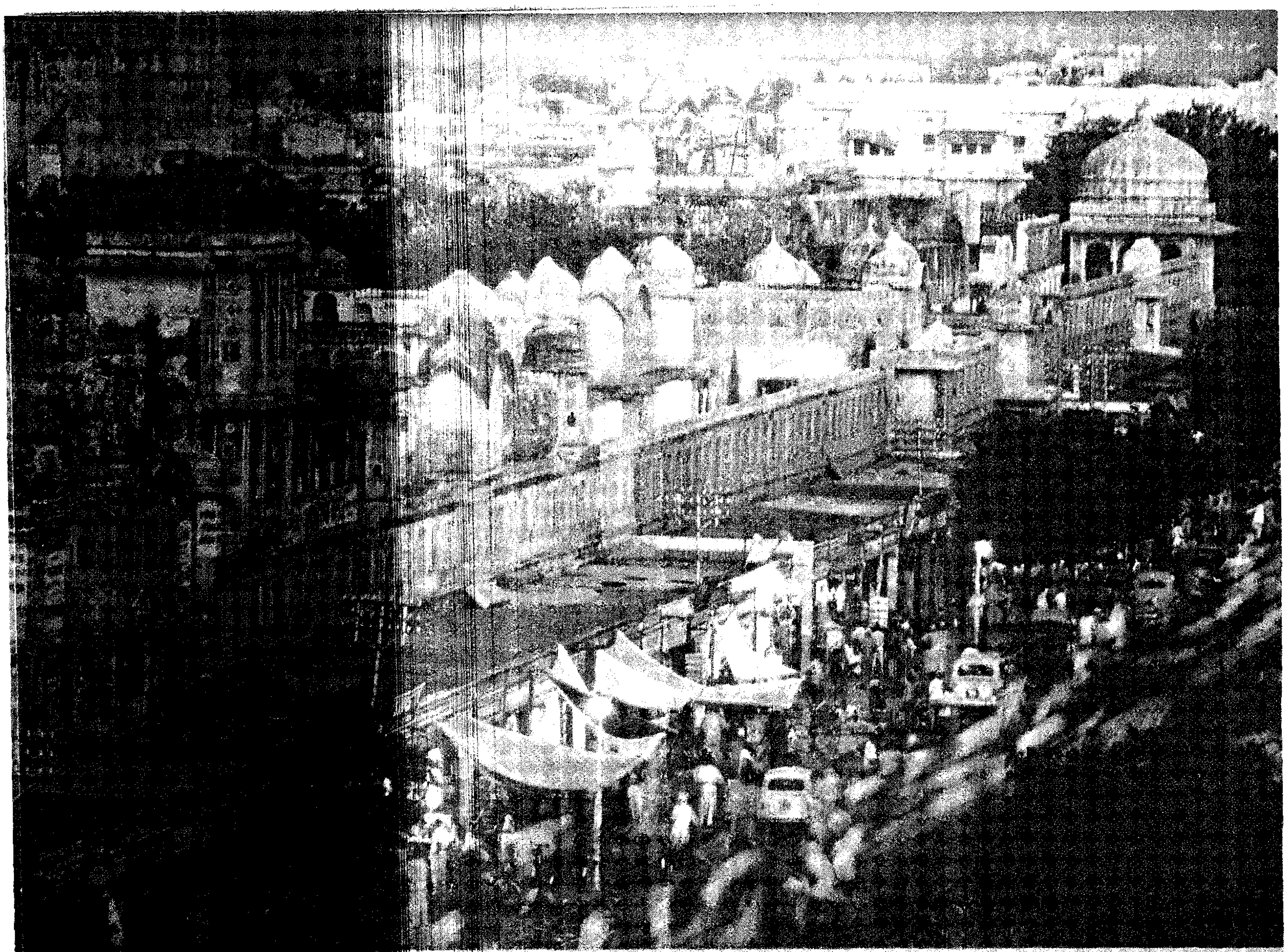

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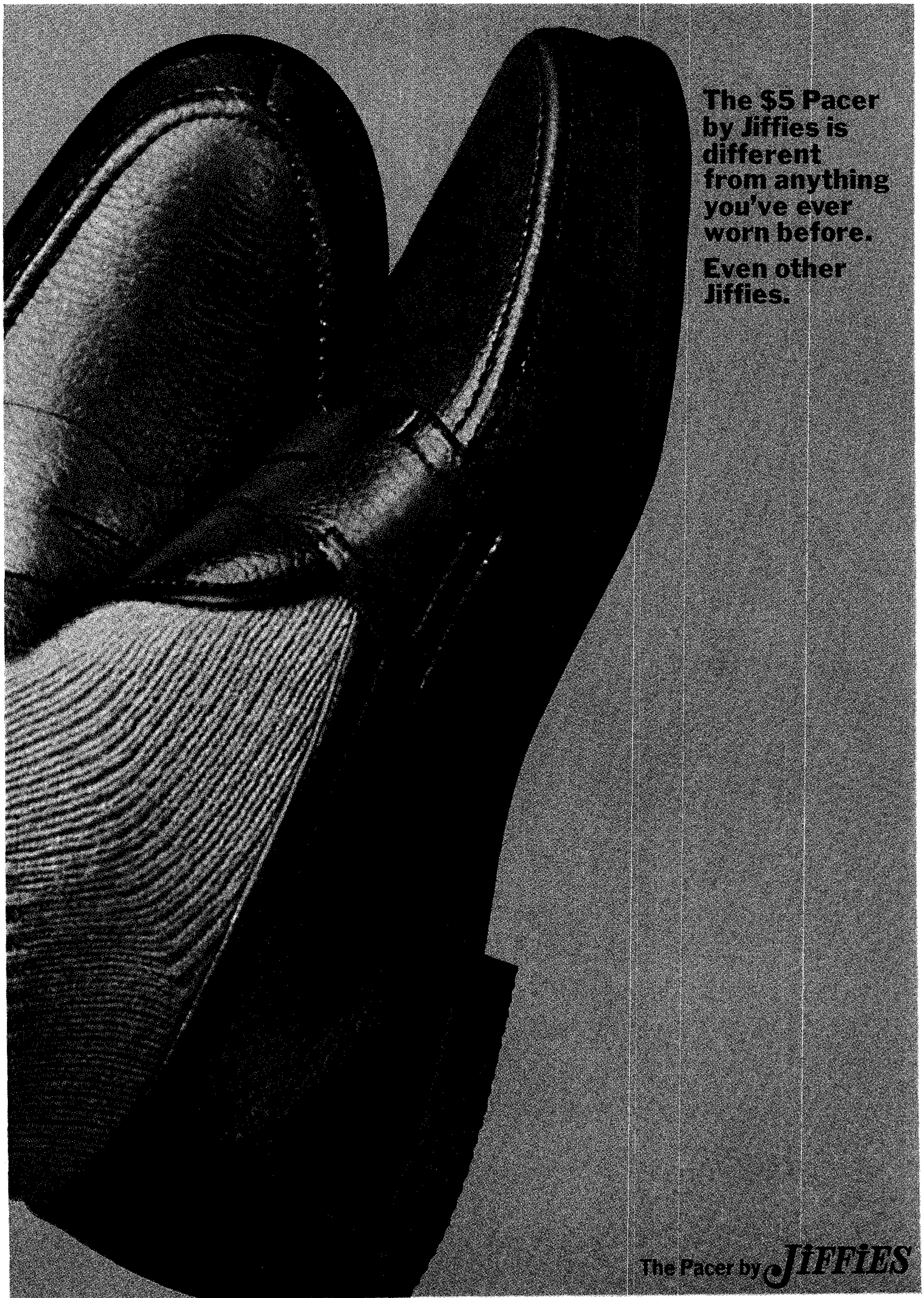
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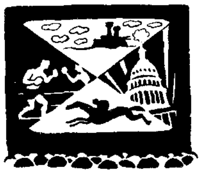
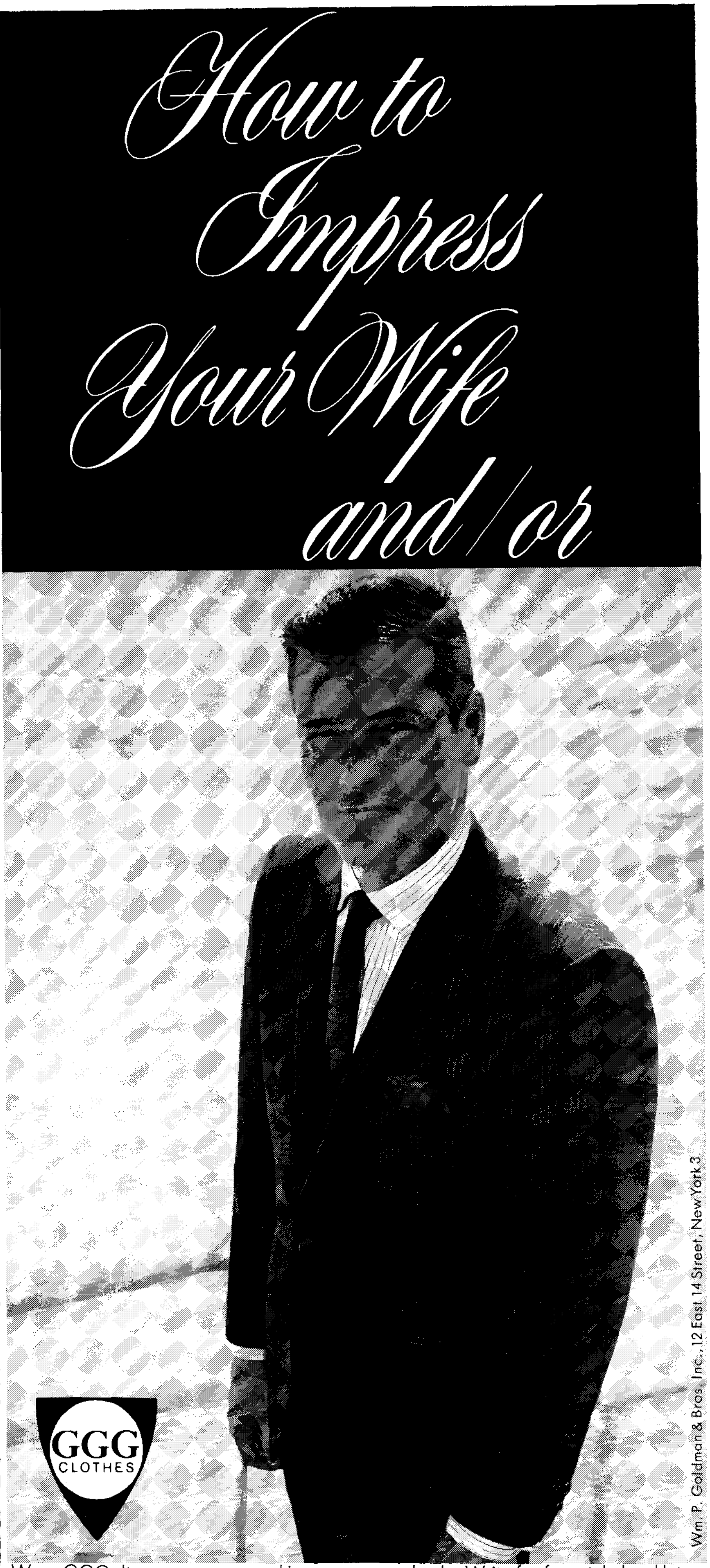
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Shakespeare and After



TWO movies that are easy to praise, three that are easy to deplore, and one that I am convinced I have formed the kindest possible opinion of by not seeing. To dispose of this last oddity first—it's "The Singing Nun," starring Debbie Reynolds on a motor scooter in the title role and featuring Ed Sullivan as, so the credits make clear, "himself" (and not, as you might otherwise have supposed, as a singing priest). If the picture succeeds, no doubt we can look for a sequel entitled "The Singing Mother Superior," starring Debbie Reynolds in a Mustang and featuring Ed Sullivan not as a singing bishop. The Church has survived much in the last two thousand years; this, too, will pass.

Of the movies to be praised, the first is a fascinating Russian version of "Hamlet," taken from Boris Pasternak's admired translation and with the benefit of a rousing and portentous musical score by Dmitri Shostakovich. The script and direction of the picture are by Grigory Kozintsev, and the two leading players are Innokenti Smoktunovsky, as Hamlet, and Anastasia Vertinskaya, as Ophelia. It is bound to strike us as strange to hear what are among the greatest and most familiar lines in our language being uttered in a foreign paraphrase, and this strangeness is multiplied by an awkward use of English subtitles, which have been borrowed from the play but which, perhaps in order to match the length of a given sequence in Russian, are often savagely pruned. What we hear on the sound track isn't Shakespeare, and what we read in the subtitles isn't quite Shakespeare, either, but after a while it scarcely matters—the enormous energy and old-fashioned grandeur of style that Mr. Kozintsev has brought to the picture reduce its defects to trifles. "Hamlet" is, along with everything else, a superb if cluttered thriller, and in this production the emphasis is quite properly on the manifestation in solid, physical terms of whatever of the morbid and bizarre is conveyed in poetical terms in the play. One of Mr. Kozintsev's chief objects—surely it was Shakespeare's as well—is to make our flesh creep, and he has lavished much attention on the setting in which the bloody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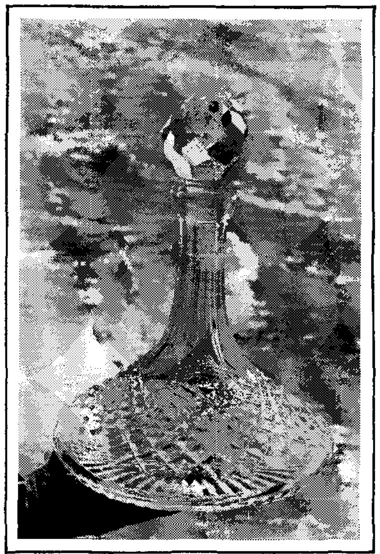

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deeds of the plot take place. We are in or about a turreted, brooding castle set on a cliff above a stormy, ceaselessly churning sea; outside, all is of a cemetery grimness and grayness, while inside the castle the flambeaux cast their flickering light along innumerable winding stone corridors, in which courtiers in fine stuffs and furs move with unease, feeling themselves on the brink of some irremediable disaster. For the time *is* out of joint, and Hamlet's father's ghost is the genuine article; one doesn't doubt for a moment that the dread figure, hollow-voiced and hollow-eyed back of his fiercely visored helmet, must be avenged. Shakespeare and his contemporaries believed in ghosts, and so, for the length of this very stirring "Hamlet," did I.

THE second movie to be praised has a Shakespearean connection; indeed, his name is half its title. "Shakespeare Wallah"—"wallah" is Hindi for "peddler"—concerns a troupe of English actors who for many years have toured the Indian provinces, giving performances of Shakespeare's plays. Little by little, their audiences have been dwindling away. The painful truth is that there is no future for them in an India that has cut its ties with England; it is no less painfully true that it is too late for them to go home. The couple who run the troupe have a daughter, and she, at least, must leave a new, strange India for an old, strange England. Before she can do so, she is attracted to a young Indian; nothing can come of their affair except, for both of them, the good of having been in love. The picture is welcomely modest in all that it attempts. Over it hovers an air of gentle, rueful sadness, interrupted from time to time by glints and feints of comedy. The settings—Indian villages, schools, roads, and maharajas' palaces—are exotic, but the materials out of which its small story is built are as homely as they are strong, and the effect they achieve is hypnotically charming.

The international nature of movie-making has become a commonplace; even so, "Shakespeare Wallah" is a remarkable specimen of hands-across-the-sea. It was produced by a young Indian named Ismail Merchant and directed by a young American named James Ivory. Mr. Ivory wrote the screenplay with R. Prawer Jhabvala, who is a Polish-German lady married to an Indian. The musical score of the picture was composed by the distinguished Indian director Satyajit Ray, and the actors are both English and In-

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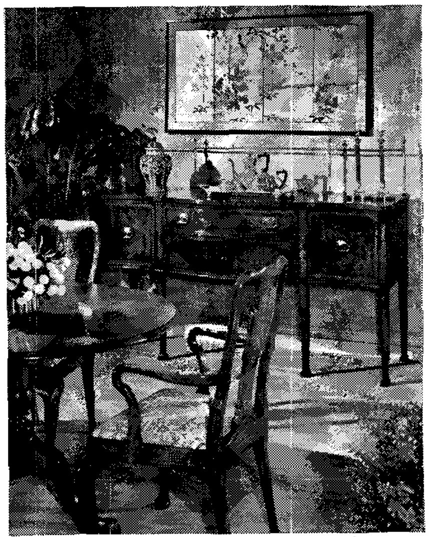

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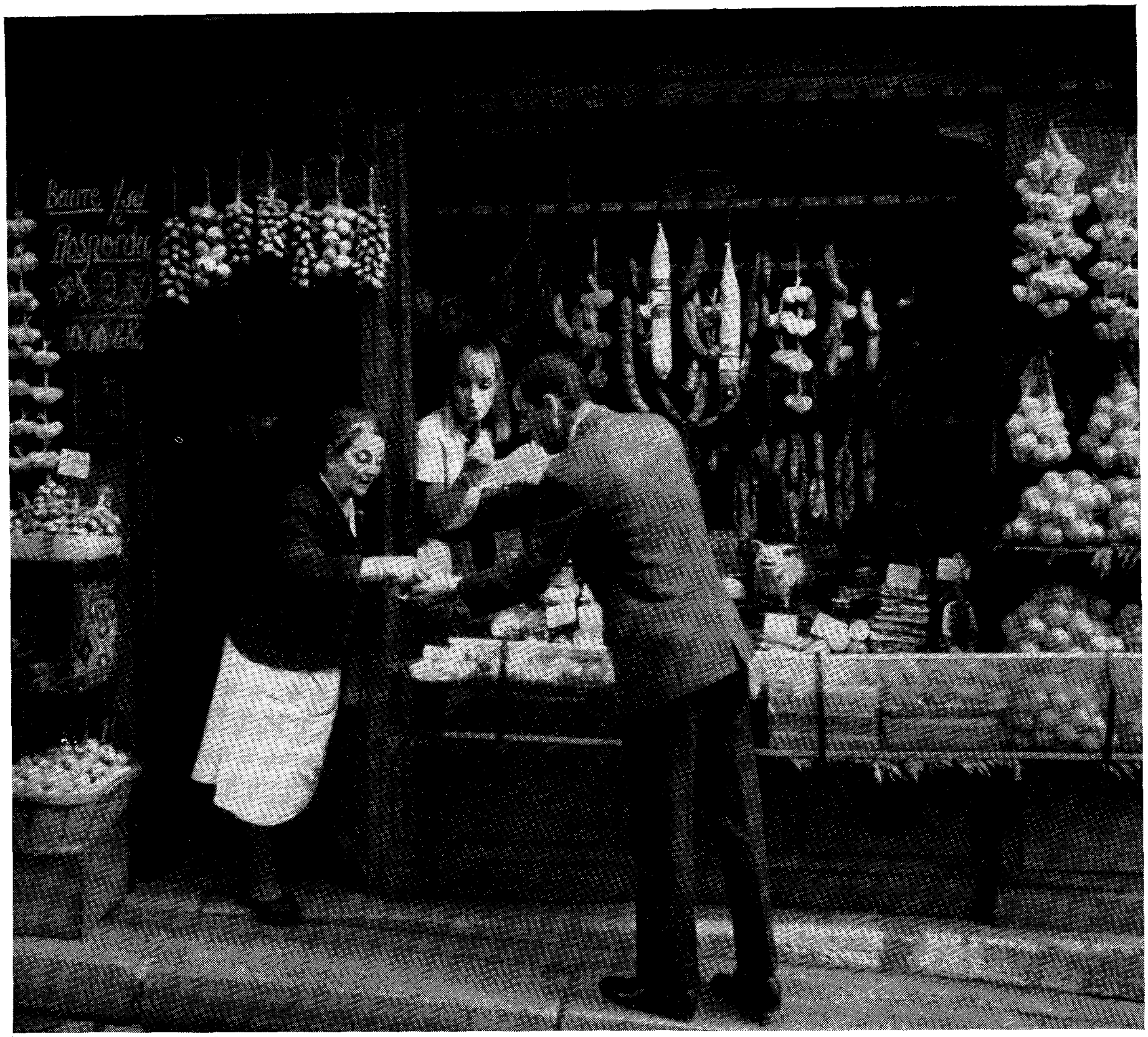

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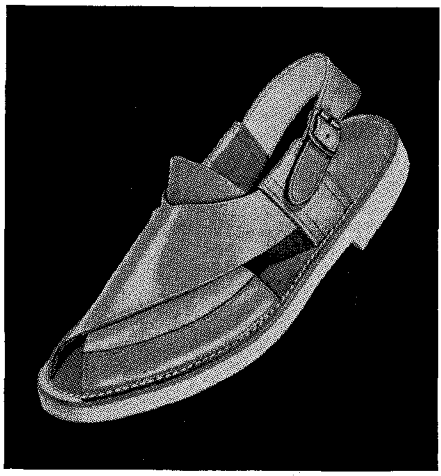

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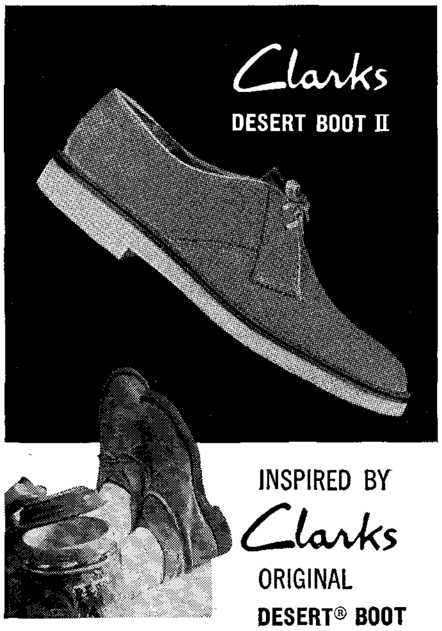

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dian. The aging leaders of the troupe are played with a touching *joie de vivre* by Geoffrey Kendal and Laura Liddell (Mrs. Kendal), and their daughter is played by their daughter in real life, Felicity Kendal. The young Indian who falls in love with her is played by Shashi Kapoor, and a viciously jealous actress friend of his is played by Madhur Jaffrey, who is tiny and beautiful and looks as if offscreen she wouldn't hurt a fly.

OF the movies to be deplored, pride of place must go to Jean-Luc Godard's "Band of Outsiders." Mr. Godard is the boldest freebooter working in the world of film, and it isn't to be expected that he will succeed in bringing home a prize more often than once in three or four times. He is a born improviser and, like Joyce (with whose playful, willful, obstinate mind his mind has much in common), a born parodist, and it is often the case that when something he has begun in earnest goes wrong he hastens to poke fun at it even before we can—the work of art mocks itself before it is finished. This is a dear victory for intelligence to score over talent, and I would prefer to have Mr. Godard fail than achieve a victory on such aesthetically unscrupulous terms. "Band of Outsiders" is a mock melodrama based on a murder mystery that was intended to be taken seriously. It works both sides of the street in a wanton and only fitfully amusing fashion, and the chief emotion that it arouses is irritation. The cast includes Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur.

"THE SILENCERS," starring Dean Martin and a large number of very good-looking girls, is still another counterfeit of the Bond bonanzas. Of the girls, Stella Stevens is outstanding; one sees that, had the script permitted her to, she would have liked to give quite a witty performance. As for Mr. Martin, he is, I suppose, the worst and most self-confident actor in the world. . . . "The Oscar," starring Stephen Boyd and the Lord knows who, is one of those movies so bad they come full circle and seem, of their kind, perfection. Undergraduates, who traditionally hold that the worse the movie the better, ought to cheer "The Oscar" to the rafters. It is brimful of blunders, and I was never so sorry for poor, hard-working Mr. Boyd that I didn't have time to laugh at the handiwork of everyone else concerned with this prodigious act of fakery.

—BRENDAN GILL

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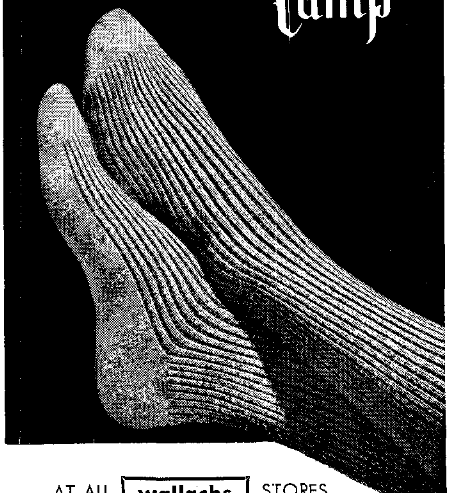

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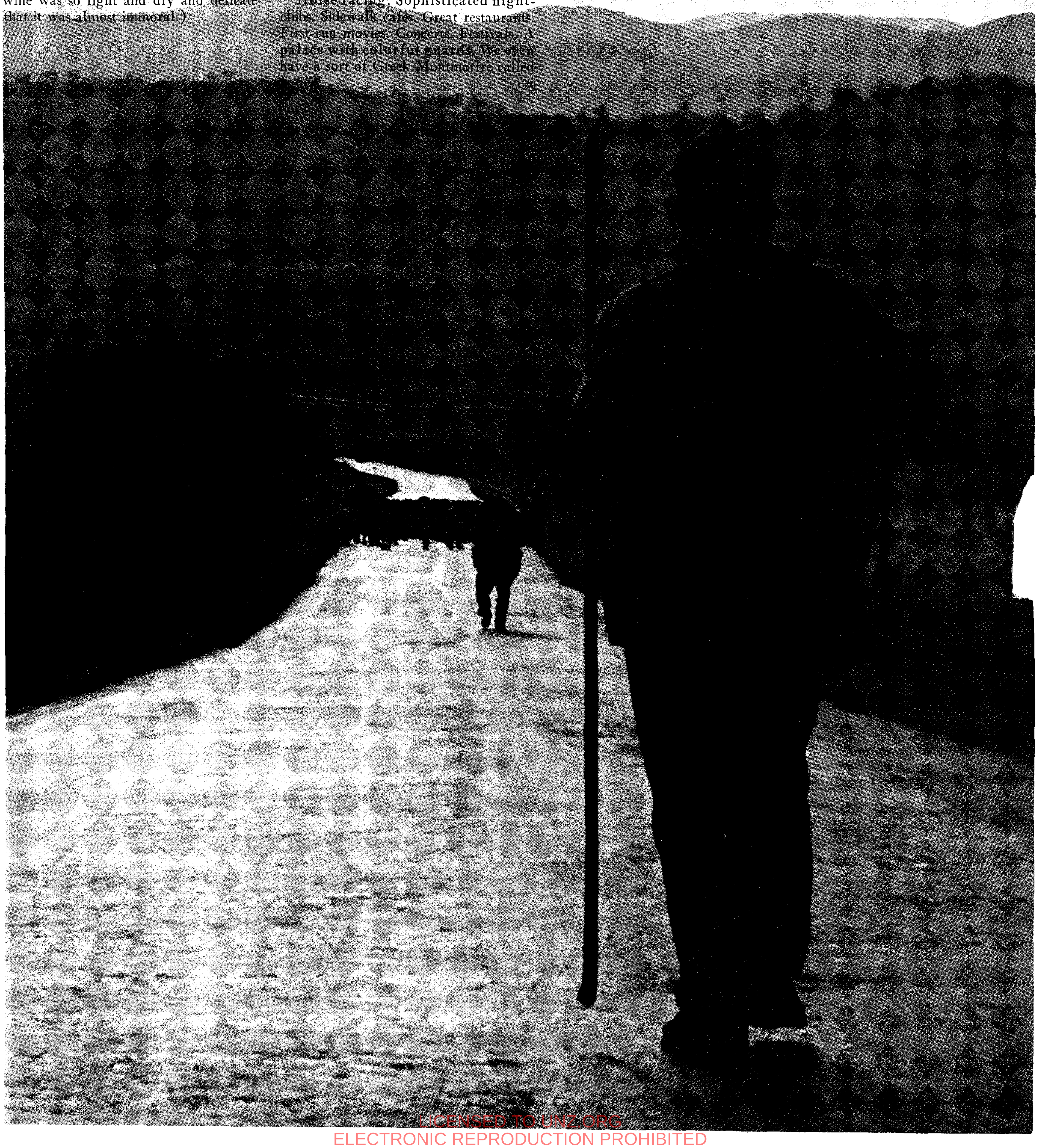

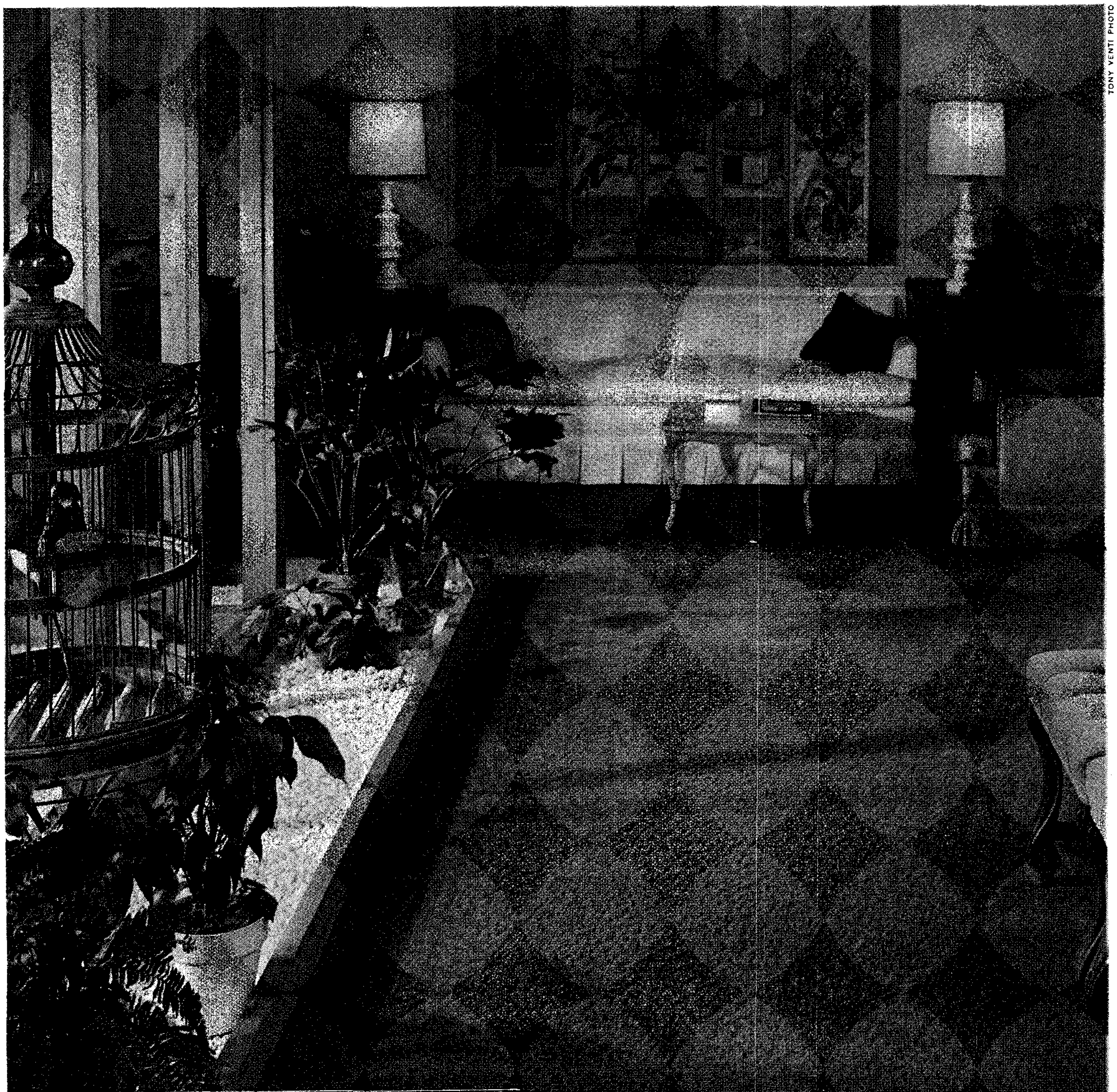

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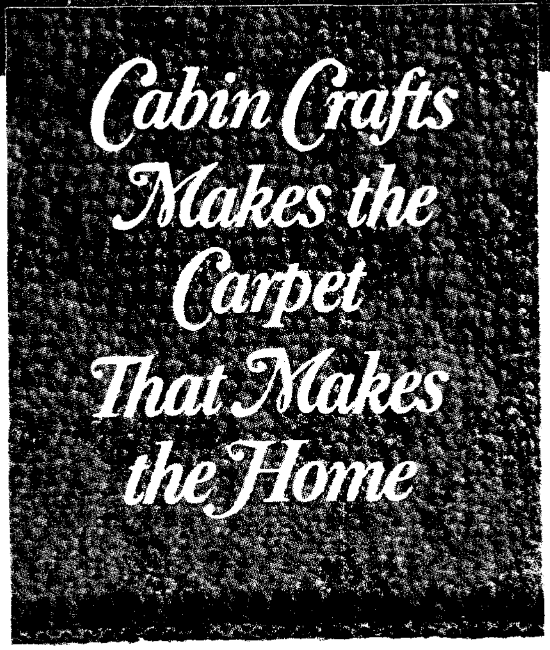

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ITEM, ONE EMPTY HOUSE

EVEN when afternoon tea is unlikely—and, though I had only met my hostess twice or thrice before, I felt pretty sure I should not find her among cups and saucers—it is almost impossible for an English visitor not to arrive about teatime. I was about to do so. It was a foggy January afternoon, and though I kept on rubbing peepholes in the Pullman window and peering out for my first impressions of Connecticut, these did not get beyond the admission that a coating of weathered snow seen in a disadvantageous light looks like a coating of mutton fat and that the contours under the mutton fat were not so rugged as I expected. But no doubt they would soon begin to be rugged. A few nights earlier I had sat next to a man of letters at a dinner party—a dinner party of such magnificence that we drank claret (for all this was taking place in the era of prohibition)—and, learning that he was a Bostonian, had said to him, "Tell me about New England. I am going to spend a night there." Sparing to be particular, since my outlook was so patently general, he told me that New England was reverting to the wild; that the farming population had moved westward and snakes were beginning to come down from the mountains. "Rattlesnakes," said I, knowingly. Looking kindly at me through his pince-nez, the cleanest I have ever seen astride a mortal nose, he said that rattlesnakes were among them, though I should not meet any at this time of year since rattlesnakes hate getting cold; and that he was glad I had read "Elsie Venner." I told him I had also read about New England in the stories of Mary Wilkins. He replied with an Indeed; and reinforced the effect of withdrawal by adding that she wasn't thought much of now.

Echinops ritro
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Dusk fell on the mutton fat. The contours continued to be calm. Still, here I was in my English tweed suit, getting out at a station in unknown Connecticut as isolated as any pioneer and instantly and astonishingly being recognized by a perfect stranger and driven off in a car along roads where a sledge would have seemed more natural. At this point my memory wavers. But what came next was a large room, full of people, none of whom was wearing a tweed suit and all of whom were talking, and where several kind persons noticed I wasn't drinking and offered me whiskey.

Before I left London I promised various loving friends that during my trip I would on no account drink spirits and go blind (the sequel was considered inevitably part of the deed); and for a couple of days in New York City I was faithful to my vow. Then a loving American friend explained that I mustn't go on like this, since to refuse spirits was tantamount to casting aspersions on one's host's bootlegger—a most uncivil thing to do. As I always listen to the friend that's nearest, I took the plunge and drank whatever was offered me: spirits in ordinary homes, wine in grand ones, and once—so overwhelmingly grand was the home, and able to employ fleets of bootleggers—beer. My eyesight was none the worse for it, and my moral fibre must have been enormously strengthened because of drinking so much whiskey. I loathe whiskey; the only way I could deal with it was to toss it down neat and think of the poor large men in temperance hostels who hadn't got any.

The party in Connecticut was one of those artistic parties drawn from some international Land of Cockayne. I began to slink into corners, to examine the pictures (views of Cockayne), even to wish I could find some reposeful bore. There was nothing to remind me I was exploring Connecticut. I might as well have been in California with those rowdy forty-niners. Finally the outside guests drove away, and the houseparty began to go to bed. My spirits rose: I had been looking forward to my bedroom. It was in the L of the house, with five tall windows distributed among its outer walls. My hostess came in to ask if I needed anything and to read me one or two of her poems. When she had gone I waited a little longer in case someone else should come in with a few woodcuts or a trilogy. But no one else wanted my opinion; I was left in possession of my handsome bedroom, and went from one window to the next, drawing back the curtains. Outside there were trees. When I switched off the light, the room was flooded with the piercing moonlight of snow and the pattern of branches lay on the floor, so that I seemed to be stepping through a

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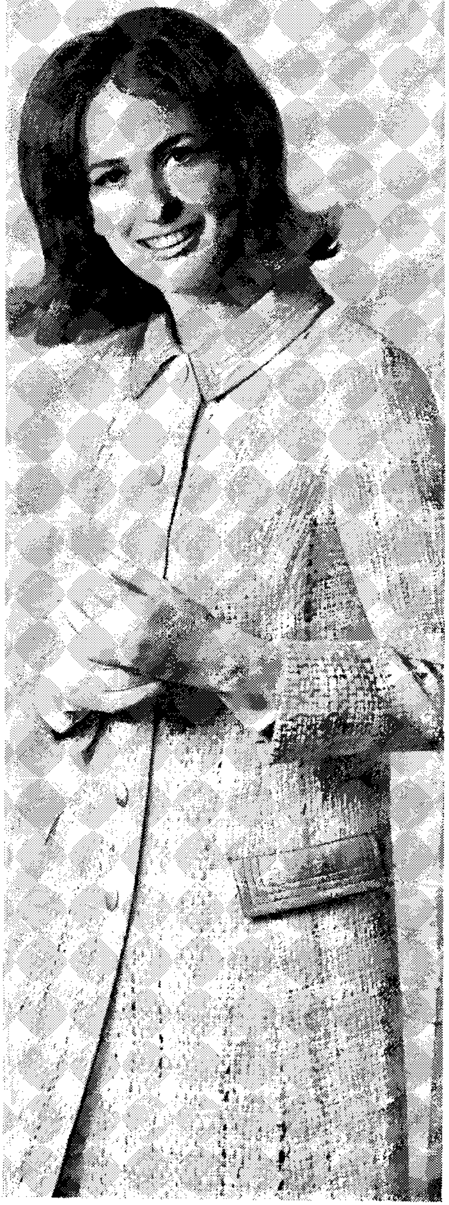

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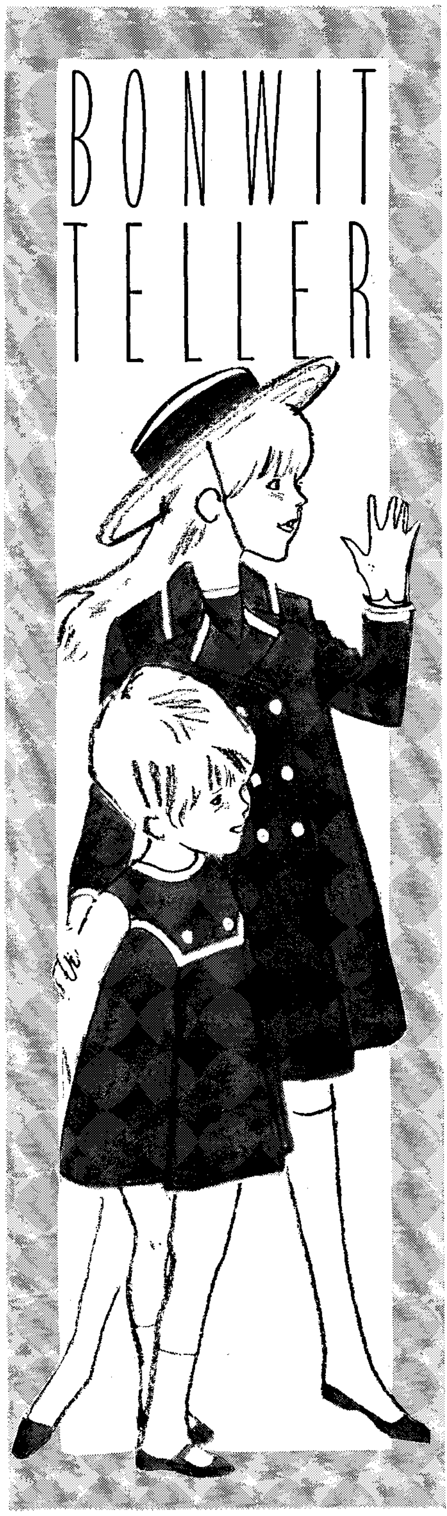

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net. Till then I had not rightly felt I was in Connecticut. Now, because of the austerity of the moonlight and the pattern of elm branches on the wooden floor, I did. And I began to think about Mary Wilkins and to reflect that perhaps at that moment I was the only person in New England to be doing so.

I had known her for some time.

After I had been taught to read I was left to read on unassisted. If a title looked promising I tried the book (and thus for years and years never opened Gogol's "Dead Souls," being convinced it was a work of piety). One day I pulled out a volume called "A New England Nun." There were two convents in our town, and a nun was a regular feature at the fishmonger's—but nuns in fiction led more animated lives; though my notions about New England were of the vaguest kind and Mary E. Wilkins not a compelling name, the title, I thought, warranted a try. There was no word of a nun; but from the moment when Louisa Ellis tied on a green apron and went out with a little blue crockery bowl to pick some currants for her tea I lost all wish for nuns and animated lives. I had found something nearer the bone. Though I could not have defined what I had found, I knew it was what I wanted. It was something I had already found in nature and in certain teapots—something akin to the precision with which the green ruff fits the white strawberry blossom, or to the airy spacing of a Worcester sprig. But, scampering between balderdash and masterpiece, I had not so far noticed it could happen in writing too.

Having found it, this mysterious charm, I read on how Louisa, after she had finished her tea and washed up the tea things, took off her green apron, disclosing a pink-and-white apron beneath it, which was her sewing apron. This in turn she took off when she heard a man's steps coming up the walk. Beneath the pink-and-white apron was her company apron, of white linen. The man came into the room; he was her suitor, and his entrance, as usual, frightened the canary. He was honest and good and had wooed her faithfully, but in the upshot she dismissed him and remained alone among the currant bushes; and that was the end of the story.

She must have been about contemporary with Maupassant, I thought: the Maupassant of New England, telling her spinster stories as he told his bachelor ones. . . . But one cannot ramble about in a strange house at three in the morning, not even in a bohemian

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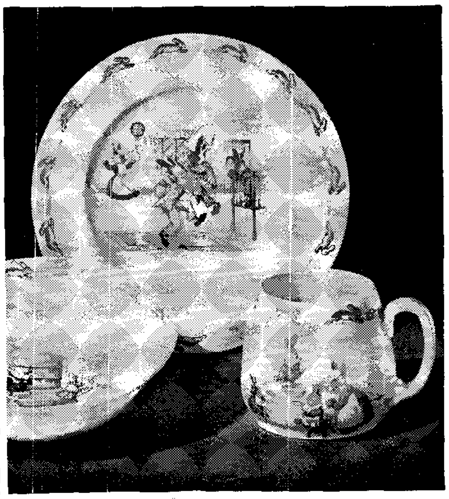

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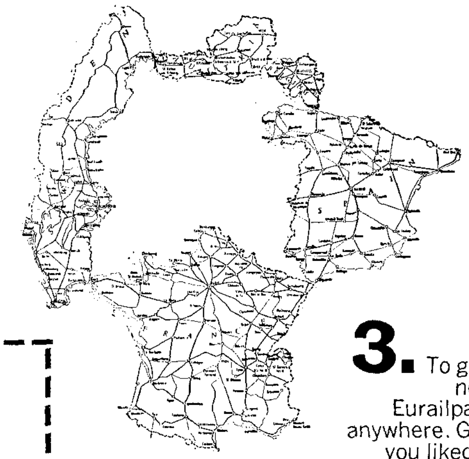

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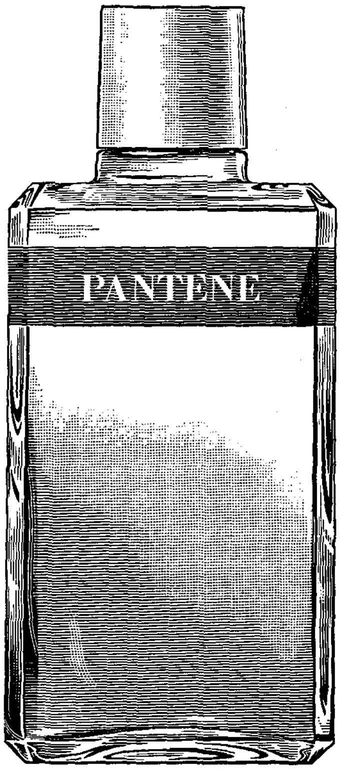

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house—indeed, particularly not in a bohemian house—looking for a Dictionary of American Biography and saying through bedroom doors to persons rousing within, "It's all right, it's only me. I don't suppose you happen to remember what year Mary Wilkins was born?"

Besides, it would be a waste of breath. She wasn't thought much of now.

The spinster and the bachelor . . . He would have thought her a quaint character and put her into one of his stories. She would have surmised him to be a bad character and kept him out of any story of hers. For she had the defect of her thrifty virtues: she wrote within her means, which is why one feels a sameness in her stories—a sameness of effort. Keeping within her means, she chose characters who would not lead her into extravagance, situations that remain within the limits of the foreseeable, never essaying the grandeur of the inevitable. But her control of detail gives these stay-at-home stories a riveting authenticity. The details have the flatness of items in an inventory. Item, one green-handled knife. Item, one strip of matting, worn. They don't express, or symbolize; they exist by being there; they have position, not magnitude. And their infallible, irrefutable placing had fastened so many north-facing rooms, hemlocks, oil lamps, meetinghouses, pork barrels, burial grounds, new tin pails, icicles, and dusty roads into my mind that if I had had the courage of my convictions downstairs, when everyone was talking about Joyce and Pound and melting pots, I would have said, "Why don't you think more of Mary Wilkins?"

I didn't. Perhaps this was as well. For one thing, one should not draw attention to oneself. For another, there might have been someone present who had thought enough about Mary Wilkins to cross-examine my admiration. And then I should have been forced to admit that she couldn't get to grips with a man unless he was old, eccentric, a solitary, henpecked, psychologically aproned in some way or other; that she never hazarded herself; that she was a poor love hand; that lettuce juice too often flowed through the veins of her characters instead of blood. Though in one respect I would have fought hard for her carnality: she wrote admirably about food, about hunger, privation, starvation even. There was that story—which, alas, I did not completely remember because I had read it in a spare room and not had the presence of mind to steal the

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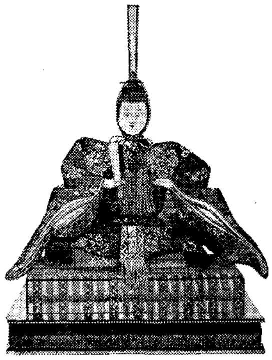

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book—about starving on a wintry mountainside. . . .

That bedroom was in Cambridge, England. The biscuit box had gingerbread nuts in it; the presence of my host's top hat in its leather hermitage made me feel I was one of the family; there must have been at least a thousand books on the shelves that occupied one wall—books of the utmost miscellaneity (I had taken Mary Wilkins from between a Bohn Tacitus and "Marvels of Pond Life"); there was a magnifying glass, a bottle of ink, and a bootjack; and at intervals I heard chiming bells conversing in amiable voices about the passage of time. But as I was now in Connecticut and did not wish to grow uncivilly homesick, the best thing I could do would be to fall asleep.

WHEN I woke it was broad day. I dressed and went downstairs, reflecting that if I was late for breakfast, this was not an establishment where it would be held against me. It was not I who was late. There was no sound of life, there were no intimations of breakfast. Perhaps this was a house where breakfast was unlikely. In the large room that had been so noisy the night before there were plates and tumblers and bottles and ashtrays; but the curtains had been drawn back, so someone must be about. After a while a young woman came in. She was small and swarthy, and obviously I was a surprise to her. At first she pretended not to see me, and when I said, "Good morning," she clattered her trayful of glasses and did not hear me. I said I was down too early, and realized that she found me difficult to understand, for, smiling anxiously, she waved her hand toward the window and said, "Nice!" and then burst into a speech I couldn't understand at all. But we communicated in the language of the heart, for, beckoning me through the swing door, she took me into the kitchen, where we drank coffee and ate some leftover canapés.

The sun had come out, so I decided I would go for a walk. I followed the road through some woods and on into a landscape of lifeless snow-covered fields. I knew I was not enjoying myself and had decided to turn back when I caught sight of a house about a quarter of a mile farther on. A house standing alone calls to the imagination. I walked on. However trite it might be—and it looked trite—it was a house I had not seen before and would never see again. I began to walk slower—because if you change pace when you

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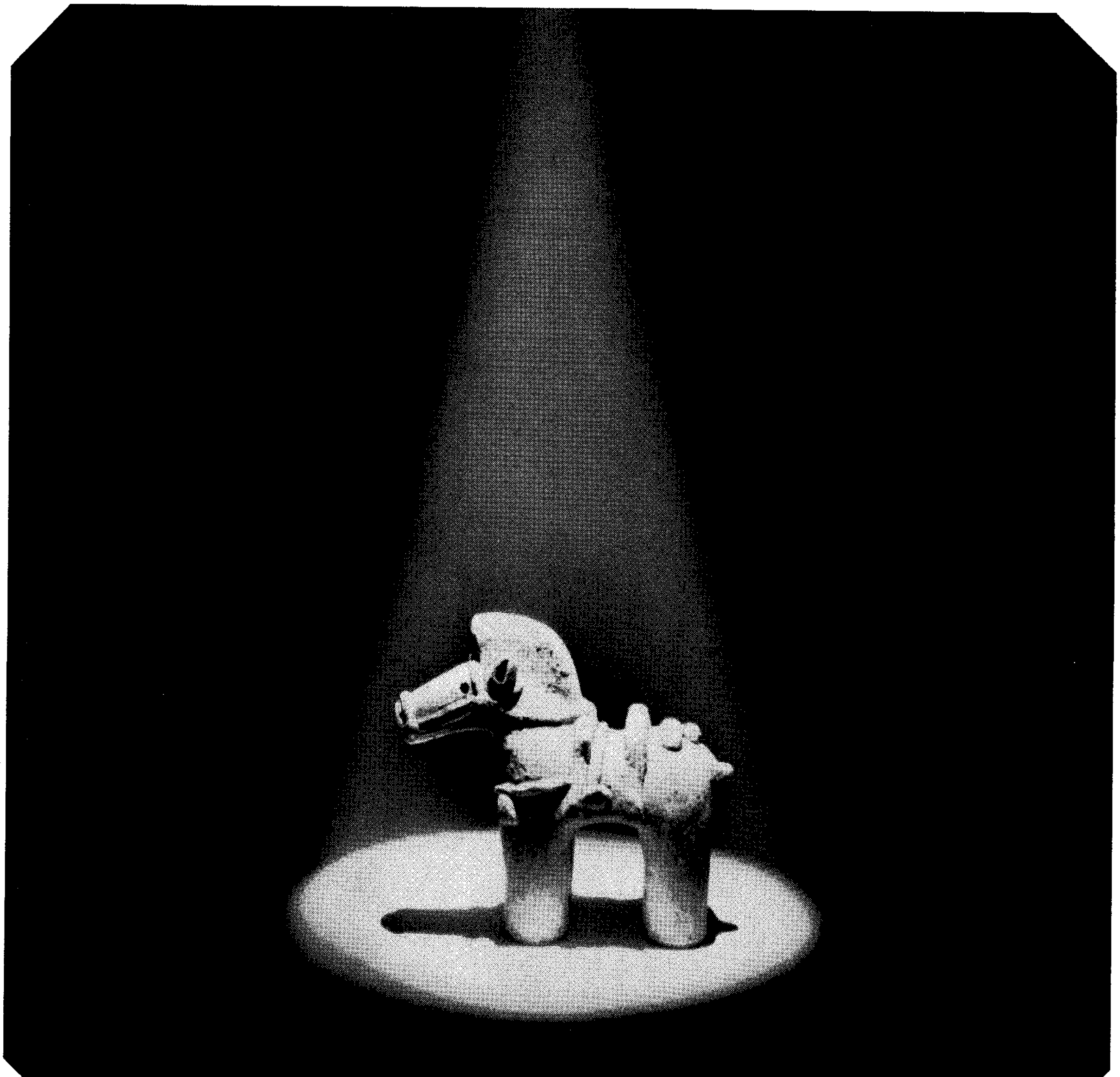

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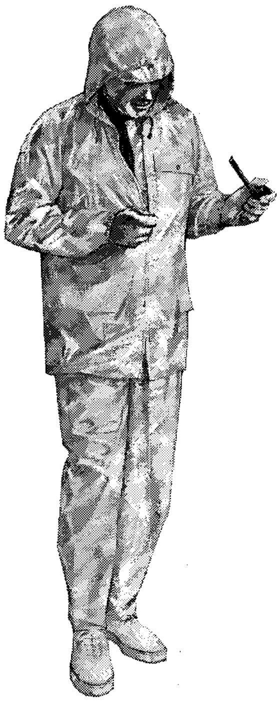

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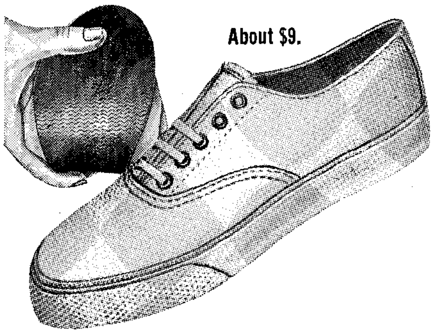

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come close to a dwelling the people inside will think that you are prying or canvassing. As I approached, I felt certain the house was empty. It was smaller than I thought—a frame house of two stories, lean and high-shouldered, standing a little back from the roadside. It had an air of obstinately asserting its verticality against the indifferent, snow-covered horizontality all around. A fence guarded its own small portion of snow.

I drew level with it, and saw how very empty it was and how forsaken. The gray paint was scaling off it, streaks of damp ran down from its guttering, the windows were bleared with dust and their glass tarnished. They were too large for the house, and this emphasized the disproportion of the door, which was too narrow. A single trail of footprints led from the gate to the door. They were recent, but not new. They might have been made a week ago, three weeks ago. A week ago or three weeks ago someone had gone into the house and not come out again. I stood for a while registering *this in my memory—so well that I can* see it to this day. Then I turned back, walking briskly because I had grown cold. I did not speculate at all. This was no business of mine. I had come on a story by Mary Wilkins—a story she did not finish.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

INDIANAPOLIS (UPI)—Despite the fact that Indiana recorded an all-time high of 1,506 traffic fatalities in 1965, a great many counties had substantial decreases from 1964 totals. . . .

The greatest increase, which in itself accounted for more than 75 per cent of the gain for the entire state, was in populous Lake County.

For years, Lake has ranked second behind more populous Marion County. But last year, the Calumet county went well ahead of Marion to record 152 fatalities compared with 72 the year before.—*Auburn (Ind.) Evening Star.*

Hats off to Lake.

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—Atty. Gen. Edward W. Brooke of Massachusetts said Saturday he has been offered a senatorial campaign contribution by former Sen. Barry Goldwater, R-Ariz., and told him "of course, I would accept."

Brooke said the offer was cold and snow of Brooklyn for a warmer climate "like out in California."

—*New Haven Register.*

Like most political deals, it's mysterious.

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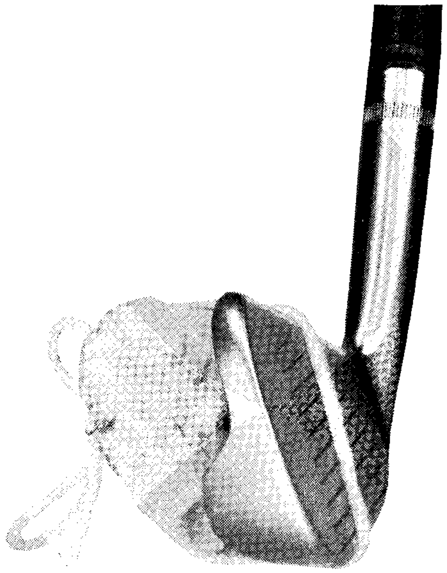
(Or: How Wilson Staff irons help cut the fairways down to size)



If you think you can get more power out of your irons by adding some weight to the back of the blade, you're probably right.

The trouble is, when you add extra weight to a club head you're likely to change the "feel" of the club, upset the rhythm of your swing, and add strokes to your score.

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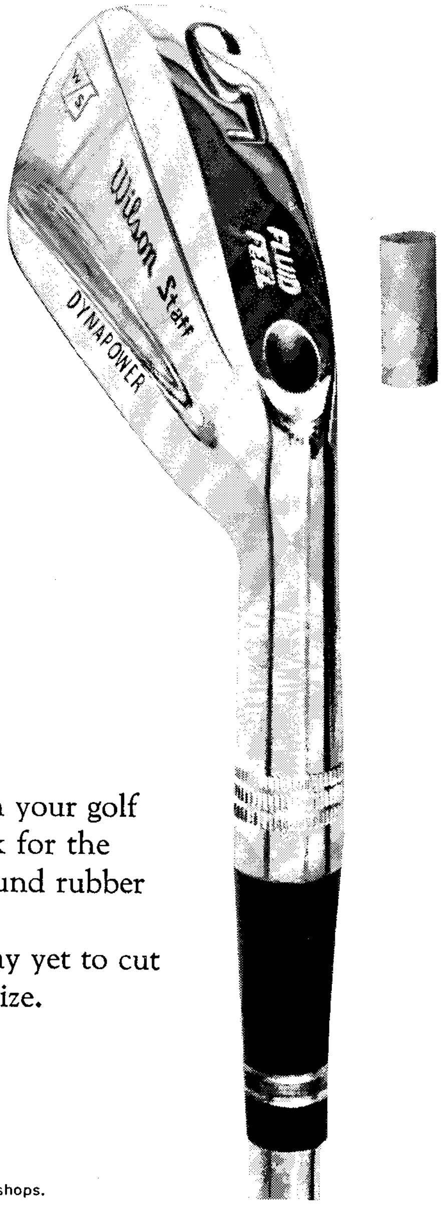

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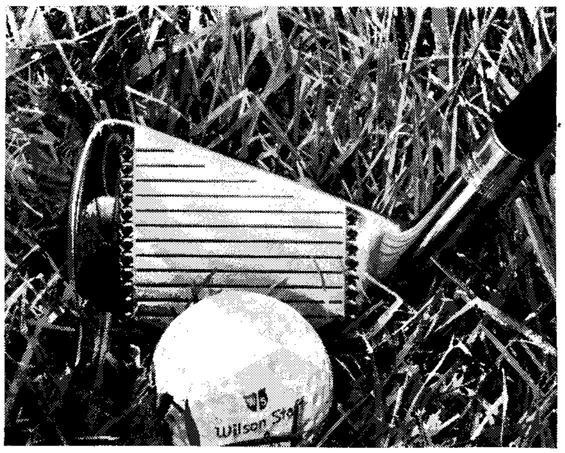

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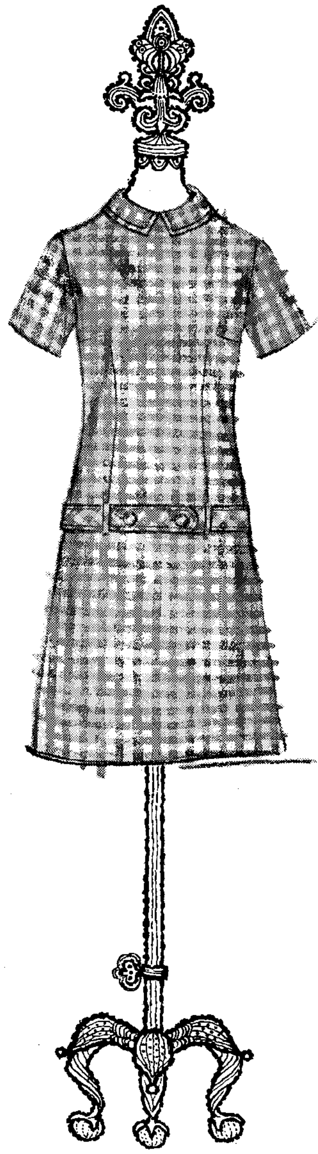

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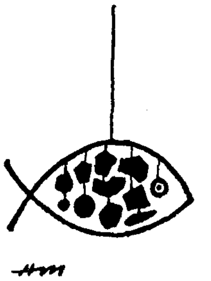
THE ART GALLERIES

Max Ernst



LIKE an actor changing his costumes, art changes its moods and mannerisms—depending on the moods of the peoples of a period—as one school or group of related schools follows another. Before we go into all this, it is well to remind ourselves that art, in a manner of speaking, has not always been "art." To be sure, art was "art" to the Greeks and the Romans. But they were pagans and no better than they should be; they could permit themselves to enjoy beauty for its own sake and feel no qualms. In the Christian era, stricter, sterner attitudes soon began to emerge, and by the end of the Dark Ages and the rise of the Romanesque the painter or sculptor had been firmly stripped of any Praxitelean attributes he might aspire to and reduced to the role of decorator-illustrator, and subservient even there to the architect—who himself was merely a "master builder" but whose craft was to an extent sanctified by the fact that the edifices he designed were put up to the greater glory of God. It was the same in the Gothic period, when art was almost wholly devotionary, and in the Renaissance, when the frescoes that were commissioned for churches and cathedrals—Giotto's room-encircling cycle of murals in the Scrovegni Chapel in Padua is a prime example—were obviously designed to bring home, with something of a child's-picture-book simplicity (to a populace that could not read), the stories of the lives of the saints and their miracles, the lives of Christ and of Mary, and other Biblical mysteries. The contracts between the artists and the churchly patrons that have survived, with their detailed specifications of the quality of materials, the amount of gold leaf, and so on, and how much wine the painter was to be supplied during his labors, make it clear that the value of the works as "art" was entirely secondary.

Great figures like Michelangelo, by sheer force of personality, could override these restrictions, and it may have been he, with his vehement charging about, who did the most to break the pattern. But it was not until the rise

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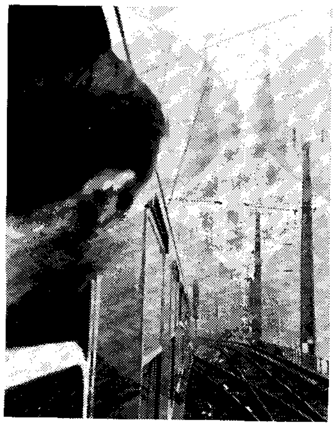

Europe's trains go everywhere. From the sands to the summits. Into the heart of cities. Even on board a waiting ship when you cross between Germany and Denmark. What's more, they travel so close to the scenery, you can feel the salt spray off the Mediterranean or pick an edelweiss off the Matterhorn.

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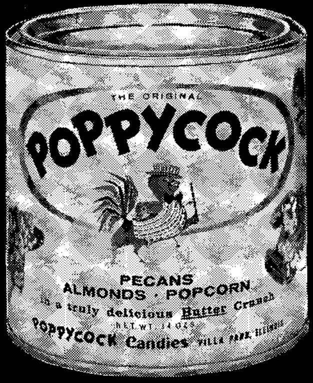
Hardly anyone bothered with the caviar at Pearle's last party.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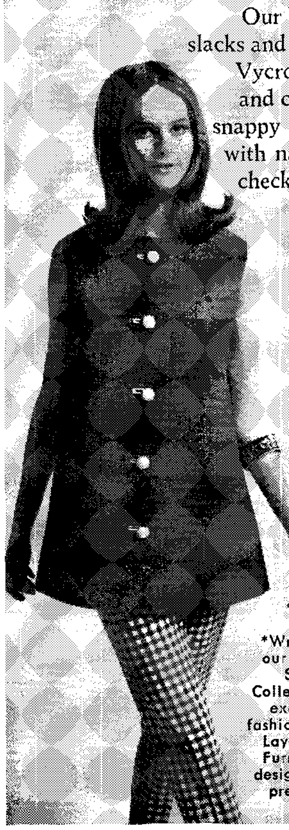
POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

of humanism—with its simple recognition of man as an individual, valuable in himself, instead of a clod in the hands of the Maker—that the painter or sculptor was placed above the level of ceramists, cabinetmakers, stonemasons, and other talented craftsmen, and (perhaps more significantly) was moved out of his humble role of interpreter of the Scriptures and permitted to work in broader fields, such as the celebration of Greek and Roman myths, the Homeric and other legends. Yet—and it seems to me that the level of literacy throughout the populace is a factor—he functioned mainly as a picture-book maker, an illustrator; it was later still that the artist became, finally, an "artist." This happened gradually, and occurred at such different times in different countries that it is impossible to fix any certain, all-embracing dates. By my own rule of thumb, the thing that defines the change-over is the moment, itself indefinite, when the majority of artists (or soon-to-be-such) began painting principally not just on the side or to produce studies for larger set pieces but in response to their own inspiration instead of to a patron's command. Even so, the issue is confused. What about Velázquez? He was a great artist. But he was a court painter, subject to the command of Philip IV, not an exceptionally perceptive patron, and his production was greatly interfered with by the demands of his court duties—organizing masques, arranging balls and festivals, and so on—and by the demands of the King for portraits of this or that dignitary. Was Velázquez an "artist" in the present-day sense? Goya, then? More so, but largely because he was a scapegrace, without quite such consistent patronage from the higher-ups. It seems to me that, on the whole, the transition from artisan to artist occurred earlier in the north than it did in southern Europe, and that it was men like Hals, Rembrandt (especially in his late years), Steen, and Vermeer who led the procession. Looking still, as I have been doing, if only in sidelong fashion, for social reasons for these changes, I come to the question: Could it be in this instance that it was because the democratic spirit—a clear continuation of humanism—took hold earlier in Holland and the rest of the Low Countries than it did elsewhere? Incidentally, it was not until at least three centuries later that the idea that artists were mostly either scalawags or cheerfully amoral, visionary ne'er-do-wells began to be generally accepted. The artist was by then officially a



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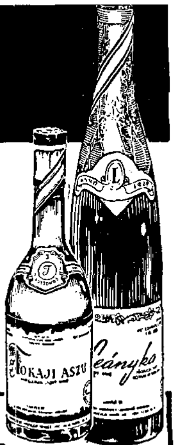

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"bohemian" (1848, according to the Oxford Dictionary, was the date of the first known use of the word in this sense) and was then free to starve in a garret as picturesquely as he (or Murger and Puccini) wanted.

ALL this is a rather roundabout way of introducing a truncated retrospective of works by Max Ernst now on at the Jewish Museum. Ernst can hardly be called a scalawag, though he might lay claim to being a bohemian. He was, however, definitely a Dadaist early in his career, and it was because of this that I got led into this venture down the paths of history; it has always pleased me to recall that Dada, as far as I know, was the only movement of all time that was based on the premise that the practice of art could—and, indeed, should—be fun. Wit was of the essence from the Dadaist viewpoint, and if the fun was sometimes hysterical, that is understandable in the circumstances, for Dada was founded in Zurich in 1916, at a time when the whole Western world was fairly hysterical. A sign of Ernst's adaptability, I'd point out, is that though he was a Dadaist, he was among the few members of that coterie who moved on into Surrealism, which was, under the stern supervision of André Breton, one of the solemnest coteries. Ernst, as usual, survived it.

The show cannot truly be called a retrospective except in principle, for although it contains slightly over a dozen paintings dating back through to the nineteen-fifties to one dated 1946-47, plus a dozen sculptures that go back further, its emphasis is overwhelmingly on recent work, since many of its hundred and twenty-odd items were done in the last six years or so. I could wish that the selection had been more wide-ranging chronologically; especially in so ambitious an affair, some examples of his earlier experiments—say, those wonderful, impish collages of his Dada period, along with a group of those weird primeval landscapes, with their fungoid textures and swamplike atmosphere, that he was doing in his last years as a Surrealist—would have provided a much broader base for appreciation of his artistic background. As it is, the exhibition (which was arranged as a celebration of the artist's seventy-fifth birthday) is a continuously engaging affair, with a number of items that surprised even as devoted an admirer of Ernst's accomplishments as I am. This is particularly true of the sculpture sec-

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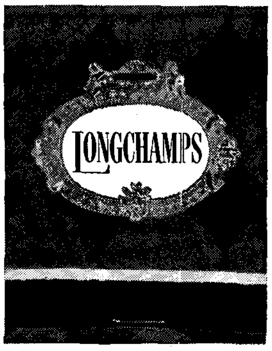

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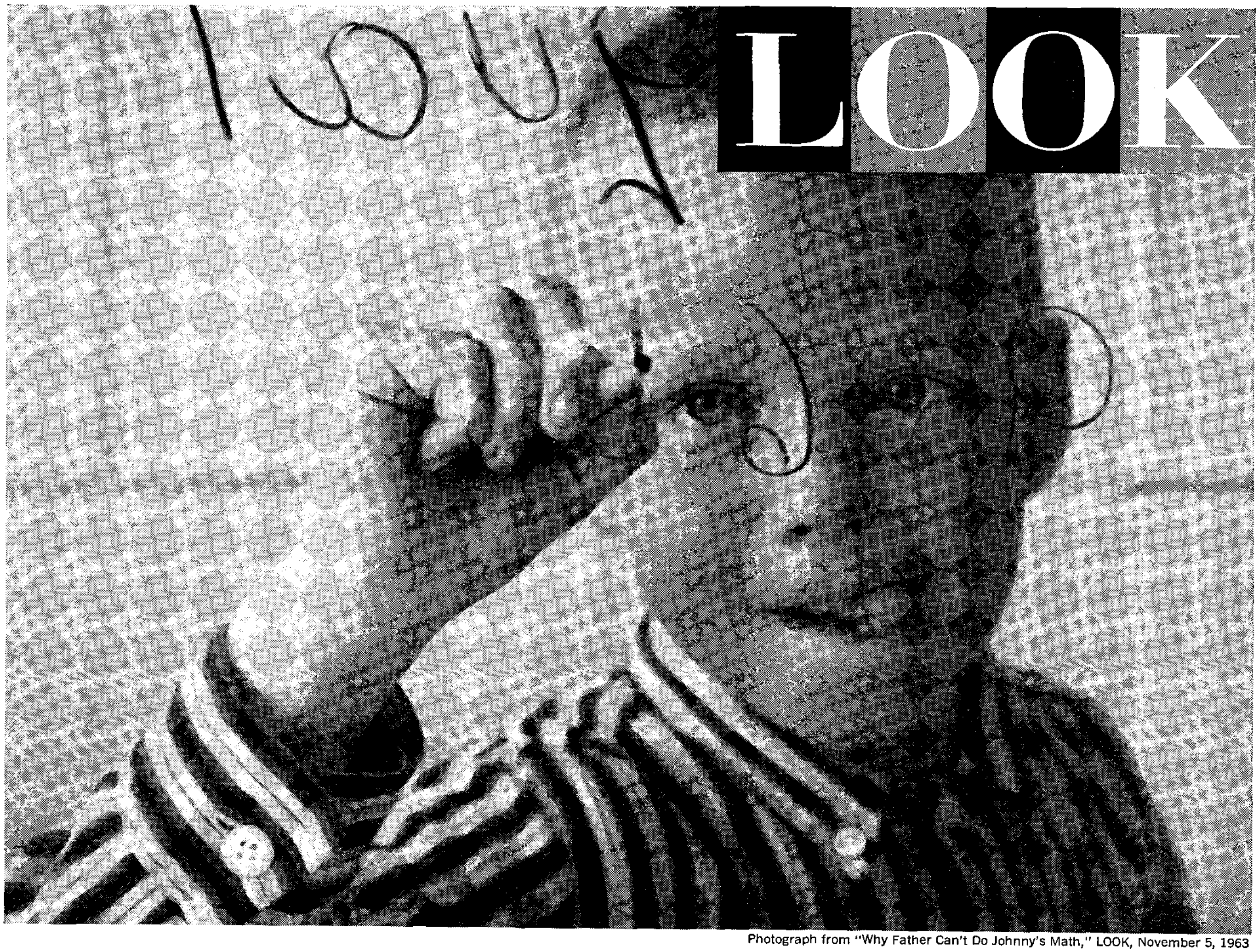

Photograph from "Why Father Can't Do Johnny's Math," LOOK, November 5, 1963

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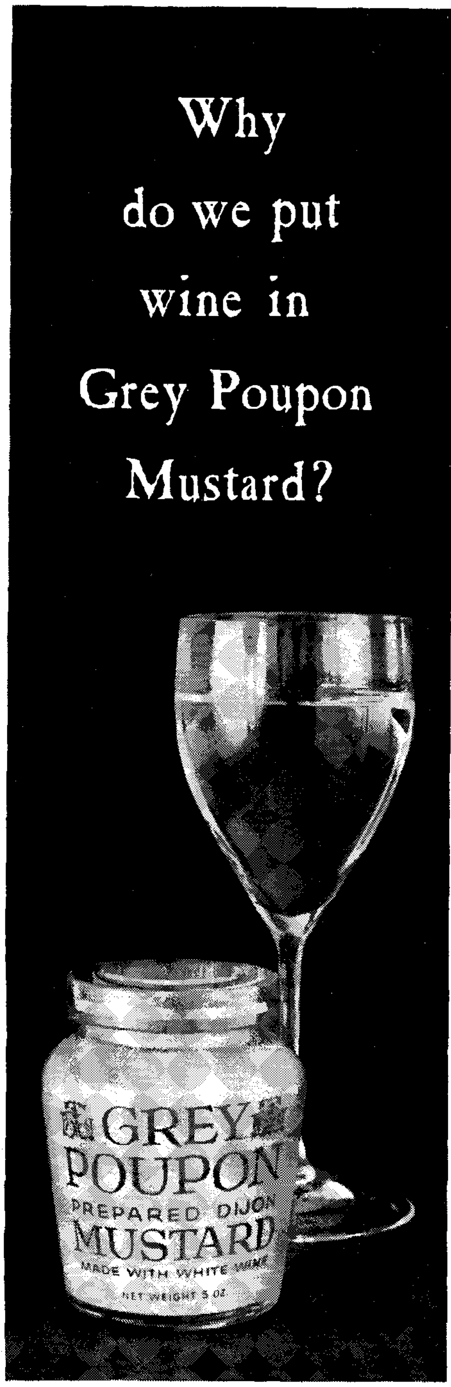
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tion, for the organizers of the affair have wisely included, along with a fair sampling of his bigger bronzes (which, possibly because there are few of them, are now coming to be rather well known), a larger group of smaller and less familiar ones, many of them new, which are even more interesting. The large pieces ("Capricorn," "The King Playing with the Queen," and so on) are imposing, surely. But they are also a trifle too determinedly totemic and a bit too unabashedly derivative as well. I liked better such others as the swan-necked, elegant "The Parisian Woman," "Bird Head" (one of the wild ones), the long-stemmed, sprouting "Soul-Sisters," and the experiments in Constructivist sculpture like the boxed-in "Two in One." Among the paintings, I was particularly taken (to choose at random) by "Blue Hour" (the earliest canvas in the collection, and in which, perversely, the overall tonality is red), the tender, shadowy "The Cry of the Gull," and—to skip on to his later pieces, which are generally paler, more monochromatic, and more geometric in design—the dramatic "Yellow Sea, Blue Sun" and "Monday the Moon Is Moonlit," with the moon's face a perhaps prophetic scribble, as well as "The Sky Weds the Earth," apparently in a rainfall, and the reticulated "Three Wandering Volcanoes." Ernst's titles may seem cryptic at times, but his paintings are invariably evocative. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

A general atomic war is inevitable and will be triggered by desperation caused by the uncontrollable population explosion, *an Oklahoma editor and columnist* said Tuesday.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, editor and publisher of the Tulsa Tribune, whose syndicated column appears each Sunday in the Journal, said after the atomic war he thought world law would eventually be established.

He was addressing the Greater Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce's Parade of Progress annual banquet at the Civic Auditorium. His topic was: "A Great Time to Be Alive."—*Albuquerque Journal.*

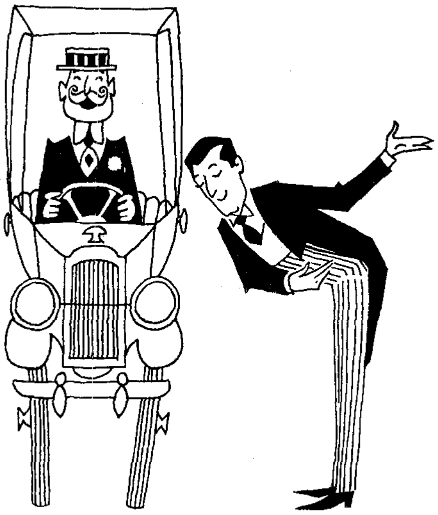
Makes you want to fill your lungs with air.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Press release from National Airlines*]

The "Box" is a colorful cardboard carrying case about six inches long, two inches deep and four inches high. It is decorated with caricatures of a poodle, bulldog, schnauzer and other smiling canines—at least one of which appears to be licking his tongue in delight.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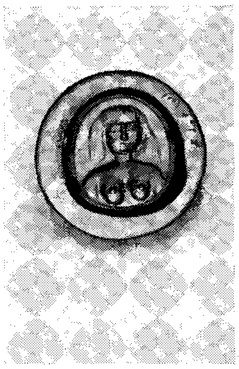

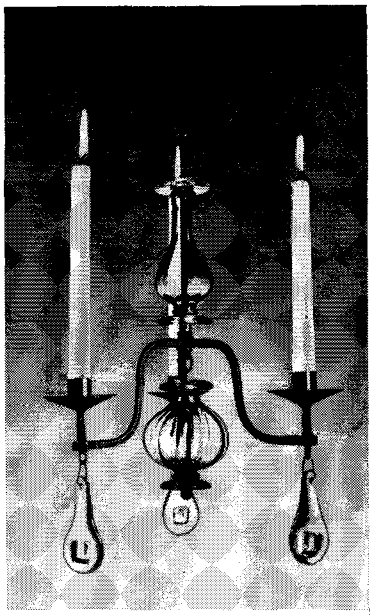

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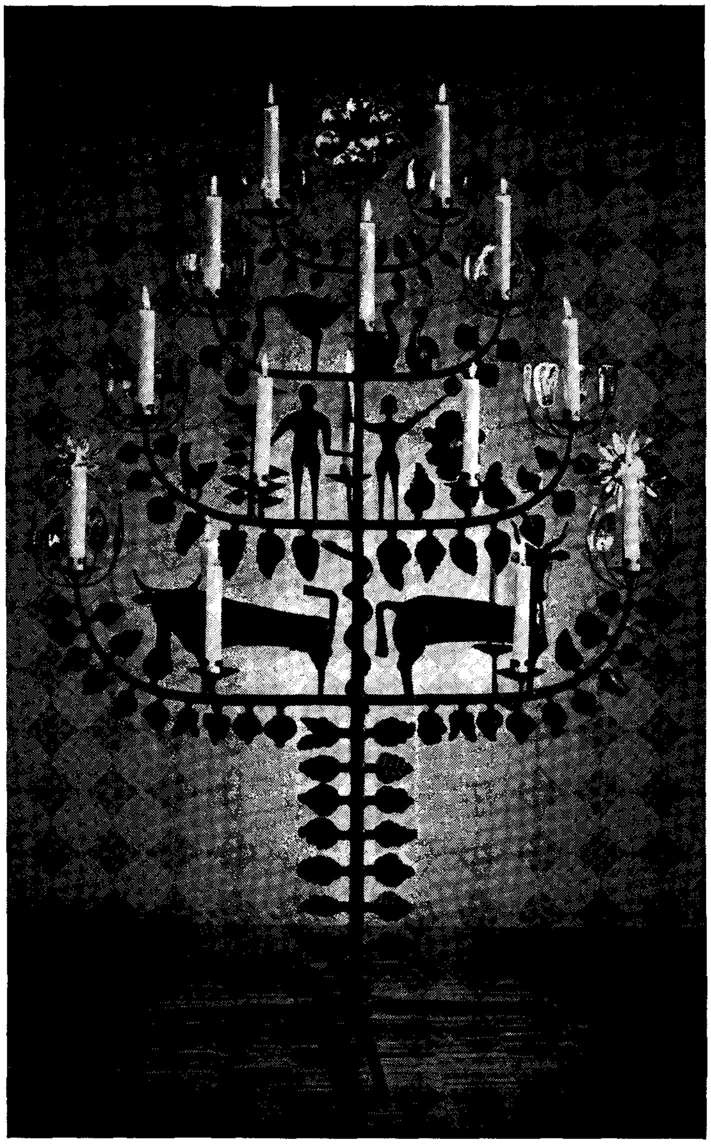

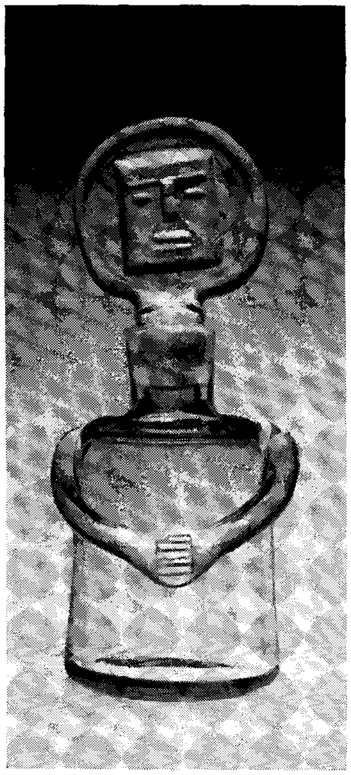

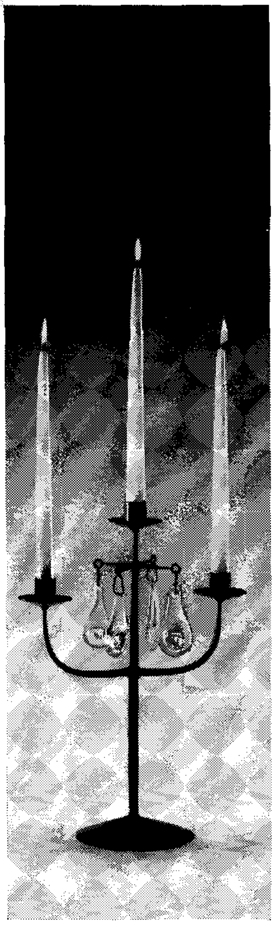

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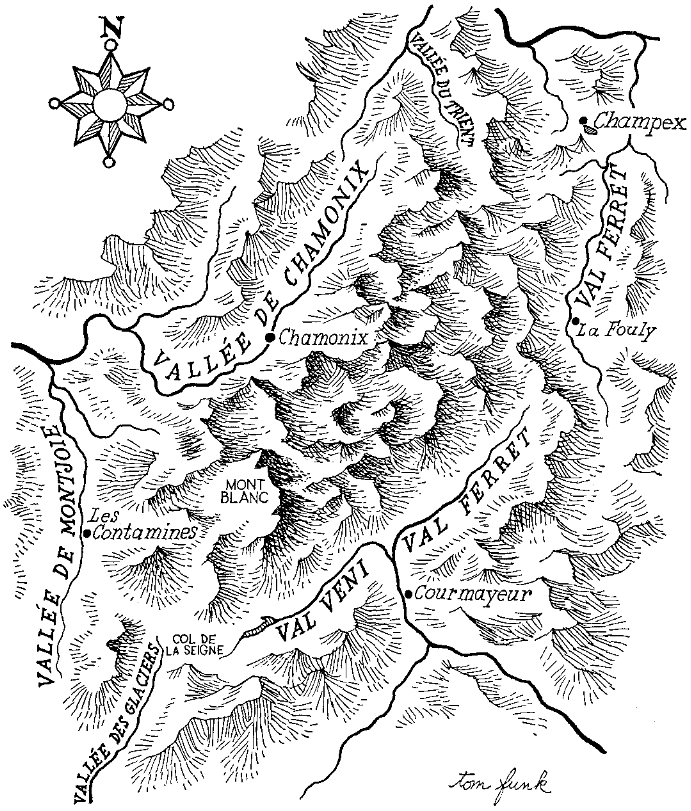


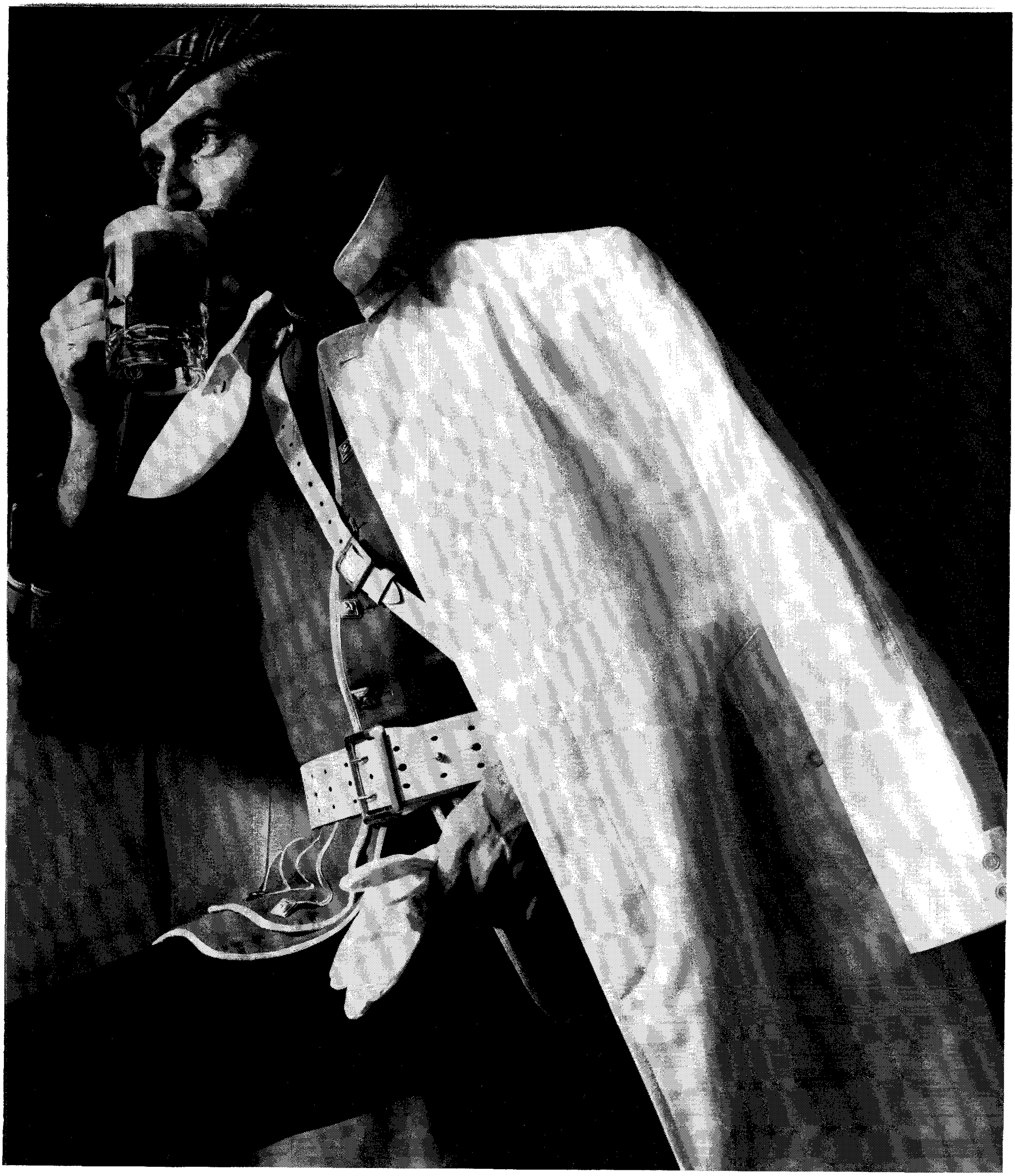
ON July 19th last year, the tunnel under Mont Blanc between Chamonix, in France, and Courmayeur, in Italy, was opened to the public a few days after General de Gaulle, who had come to Chamonix for *la grande ouverture*, figured in a splendid ceremony culminating in a trip through the tunnel with the President of Italy. I myself travelled through the tunnel a few weeks later. It is a slick affair—two comfortable lanes, air-conditioned all the way, with flashing lights that tell you that you are going too fast or too slow, or are too close to the car in front of you. In ten minutes you are in Italy. The tunnel is good for the tourist trade and it dramatically shortens the time it takes a businessman to drive from Geneva to Rome. And it represents the end of an era.

Before the tunnel, the only way to go directly from Chamonix to Italy was by crossing a high mountain pass. To be sure, in recent years one could make the trip over the glaciers by *téléphérique*, but until then the only way to go was on foot. Alpine literature is full of accounts of crisscrossings of these passes. Ever since I began mountain climbing in and around the Chamonix Valley, three years ago, I have been reading chronicles of the early climbs and pass crossings, and last spring it occurred to me that just before the tunnel opened might be a good time to make a complete circuit of Mont Blanc by means of the glacial passes and valleys that surround it. The trip takes about five days, winding its way through seven valleys in three countries, and it would be a kind of tribute to the pioneers as well as a chance to see some completely new landscape.

As soon as I got to Geneva, where I was going to be working during the summer, I phoned my friend Claude Jaccoux, a Chamonix guide, and asked him whether he would be interested in making such a trip. He was delighted with the idea and said, to my surprise, that although he has been climbing around Chamonix for nearly fifteen years, he had never done *le tour de Mont Blanc*. He also said that if he could garage his six-year-old daughter with her grandparents, he was sure that his wife Michèle, a former Olympic skier and now a ski instructor, would be glad to come along, too. A few days later, he phoned back to say that Michèle could come, and we fixed the first of July as the date on which to begin the trip. Shortly after *that*, I found myself in La Hutte, a sports shop in Chamonix, buying all sorts of equipment.

To get some idea of what we had in mind, and to see why the equipment was necessary, it is helpful to review a little of the geography of the Mont Blanc region. The Mont Blanc massif itself is a high glacial plateau about thirty miles long and ten miles wide. It runs from the southwest to the northeast, starting in France and ending in Switzerland, and the Franco-Italian border is traced along most of its length. It is ringed by a system of seven valleys—a giant ice castle surrounded by a moat. The classic tour of the massif involves following a well-marked trail through the valleys, and it would be nothing if it were not that at several points on the circuit the headwall that separates one valley from the next blocks the track. Many of these headwalls, reaching out radially, like the spokes of a wheel, are more than ten thousand feet high and are covered with snow all year long. Still, to traverse them requires no alpinism; the trip is simply a good hard walk. There are elaborate alpine refuges spaced at a comfortable day's march apart, and the whole thing takes about a week. That, at least, is the usual routine; we wanted to do something different. We wanted to make the circuit while staying as high on the shoulder of the massif as possible. This meant that we would be moving almost all the time among the glaciers that tumble down the sides of Mont Blanc. On the Italian sector, however, where the valley walls are impossibly steep, we would join the usual trail until we reached Switzerland, and then move back up on the glaciers. Our trip, like all glacier travelling, *would* involve some alpinism, and Jaccoux thought that we might bag en route a few of the peaks that border some of the high passes we expected to cross. He was not sure of the exact course we would follow, and while I was buying the equipment he talked it over with Roger Frison-Roche, the guide and mountain writer whose book, "Mont Blanc and the Seven Valleys," had given me the idea for the expedition in the first place.

There had been an especially heavy snowfall the previous winter, and since we were making our tour early in the season, before the snow had had much chance to melt, we expected that the conditions would be rather wintry. In addition, we were not sure that the refuges would be open, and to be on the safe side we planned to carry enough food so that if we arrived at a closed refuge (even if the refuges are officially closed, a door or window is usually left open, so that people can use them unofficially if they have to), we would not go hungry. Jaccoux reasoned that if worst came to worst, we would be able to drop down to one of the tiny villages in the valleys below and find shelter. I made sure that I had at least two of everything—two pairs of gloves, two seaters, two sets of *stop-tout* (cloth puttees that fit over the tops of



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one's climbing boots to keep out the snow)—and a new pair of boots. Buying a pair of climbing boots at the beginning of the season is a ceremonial occasion. New boots are things of beauty, wonderfully made out of thick leather and carefully lined with a spongy material to make walking as comfortable as possible. As I was trying on something like the fifth pair and answering innumerable questions about our plans asked by various guides and climbers who had wandered into La Hutte and whose curiosity was aroused by where I might be going with so much equipment so early in the season, Jaccoux appeared, full of optimism about the trip after his talk with Frison-Roche. He suggested that I buy a pair of boots named after a well-known Swiss guide, Michel Darbellay, and this turned out to be a prophetic choice, since we ran into Darbellay himself, in one of the Swiss valleys along our route. Everyone told us that we were going to enjoy "*une bonne ballade*," and that we would come back bronzed and fit. I don't regret the trip for a second, but, as it turned out, it was not what I would call a *ballade*.

AFTER collecting our gear, Jaccoux and I drove to the small farmhouse where he and Michèle were living. We had lunch with Claude's father, who had come to pick up his granddaughter, and were soon driving down the Chamonix Valley. We were going to start our circuit from the village of Les Contamines in the adjoining Vallée de Montjoie. The pioneers, no doubt, would have done this lap of the trip on foot, but there is a superhighway that leads out of the Chamonix Valley, and it seemed rather silly not to take advantage of it. Our first stop was to be a refuge on the edge of the Glacier de Trélatête—a walk of a few hours from Les Contamines. We planned to cross over the glaciers at the southwestern end of the massif, crossing the Italian border at the same time; it was a shortcut that would save us a two-day march around the end of the massif. On the way to Les Contamines, Jaccoux had the happy notion of stopping at the home of the guardian of the refuge to see if he was at his post. The guardian answered the door himself and told Jaccoux that the refuge was untended, adding that he had left a window open and that we should have no trouble finding it and climbing through. It was fortunate that we had stopped. In Chamonix we had been told that the refuge, which operates as a small hotel during the season, would almost cer-

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tainly be open; now we added some extra food for that evening's dinner and for breakfast the next morning.

We left the car at the highest point we could drive it to and began the long climb up the slopes to the refuge. Early along, we passed a sign saying that it would take an hour and a half to get there. Jaccoux moves very quickly in the mountains, and Michèle, who was in superb condition after a winter of daily skiing, walks as fast as he does. They soon left me behind. My only previous outing that season had been a brief climb the week before with Jaccoux in the Vercors, near Grenoble. We had done Mont Aiguille—a remarkable tower, about seven thousand feet high, that was known in the Middle Ages as one of "the Seven Miracles of the Dauphiny." All its walls are perfectly vertical, while the top is a level pasture large enough to graze cattle—if one could get them up there. Only one route to the summit can be negotiated without the most advanced techniques, and this route, which involves some middling rock climbing, was done on June 28, 1492, by one Antoine de Ville, lord of Domjulien and of Beaupré. According to a contemporary account, de Ville made use of ladders and "sobtilz engins"—no one seems to know what these were—and he camped on the top for three days in a hut he built. The climbing of Mont Aiguille is the first recorded instance of a serious rock climb, and it is one of the remarkable incidents in the history of alpinism.

As we moved up the trail, clouds began to form, and it was clear that we were in for a storm. Before long, lightning began playing over the ridges above me, and every once in a while I could make out Claude and Michèle along the trail in the distance. It was a good two and a half hours before we reached the refuge. (Jaccoux figured that the time on the sign had probably been deliberately shortened to lure tourists to the refuge, which is privately owned.) By now, it was raining solidly, and we were making our way by flashlight. The refuge consists of two stone buildings, and in the smaller of the two we found the unlocked window. Jaccoux climbed in, then Michèle. I handed our packs in through the window and went to a nearby trough to fill our canteens with icy water. By the time I climbed through the window, Michèle had already begun to straighten up the barnlike room that we found ourselves in. There were long wooden decks on which straw mattresses could be placed for sleeping, and we found a vast number of dusty mattresses and

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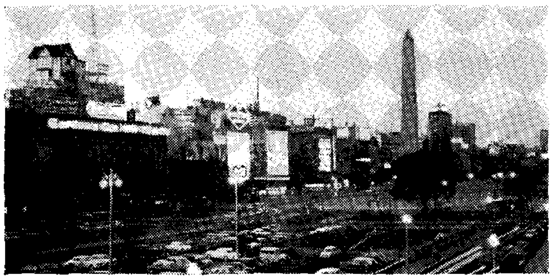

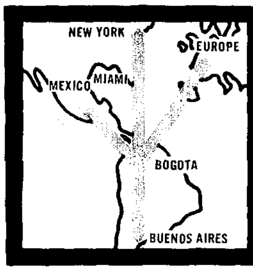

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comfortable-looking blankets stacked in every corner of the room. Each of us fixed up a bed, and then Michèle got dinner, Jaccoux studied our maps, and I rested. After dinner, a tremendous electrical storm broke over the refuge, and we turned in for the night to the accompaniment of the rolling echoes of thunder.

After what seemed like a very short time, I heard Jaccoux calling, "*Debout, mes pauvres! On y va!*" I struggled up from my nest of blankets and, looking sleepily out the window, saw that the sky was thickly overcast. It was not actually raining, but the air had the heavy smell of ozone produced by the lightning of the previous night. We had breakfast, straightened up the room, packed our gear, and climbed back out the window. A narrow, stony trail led onto the glacier. When we reached the ice and snow, at perhaps six in the morning, Jaccoux stopped, took out a solid-looking climbing rope, and tied Michèle in the middle of it and me on the end; one always ropes up on snow-covered glaciers, since there are hidden crevasses. In the gray half light, the glacier, about five miles long, was not a very appealing sight, and I felt some sympathy with a noted French alpinist who wrote, "Then, at the very first peep of dawn, I discovered the glacier of Trélatête. Through all the Alps I know of no more solitary or more forbidding glacier. And that was what I felt when I saw it in the wan light of early morning. It did not resemble at all what I expected. It looked like a gigantic dead beast—some dragon drowned forever between desolate banks. The whole landscape was deeply inhuman and hostile, as if distorted by the light dripping from the dull sky. It was cold, and the cold permeated my whole being, gripping my heart and numbing my body. I felt terribly lost, miserable, a prey to blind but prodigious powers. And I felt terrified." Claude and Michèle and I were cold, all right, but the slope was gentle and the crevasses easily crossed, so we moved steadily ahead. On all sides, we could see the murky outlines of the great mountains, their summits covered with clouds. We were in a narrow glacial valley, and the sides looked so steep that I did not see how we could possibly get out, but after an hour or so, Jaccoux began navigating toward a steep snow slope leading to the Mont Tondu *col*, or pass, and by kicking out steps in the hard snow we got up to a rock outcropping that overlooked the glacier. Jaccoux sat down heavily, and I asked him whether he had stopped to take

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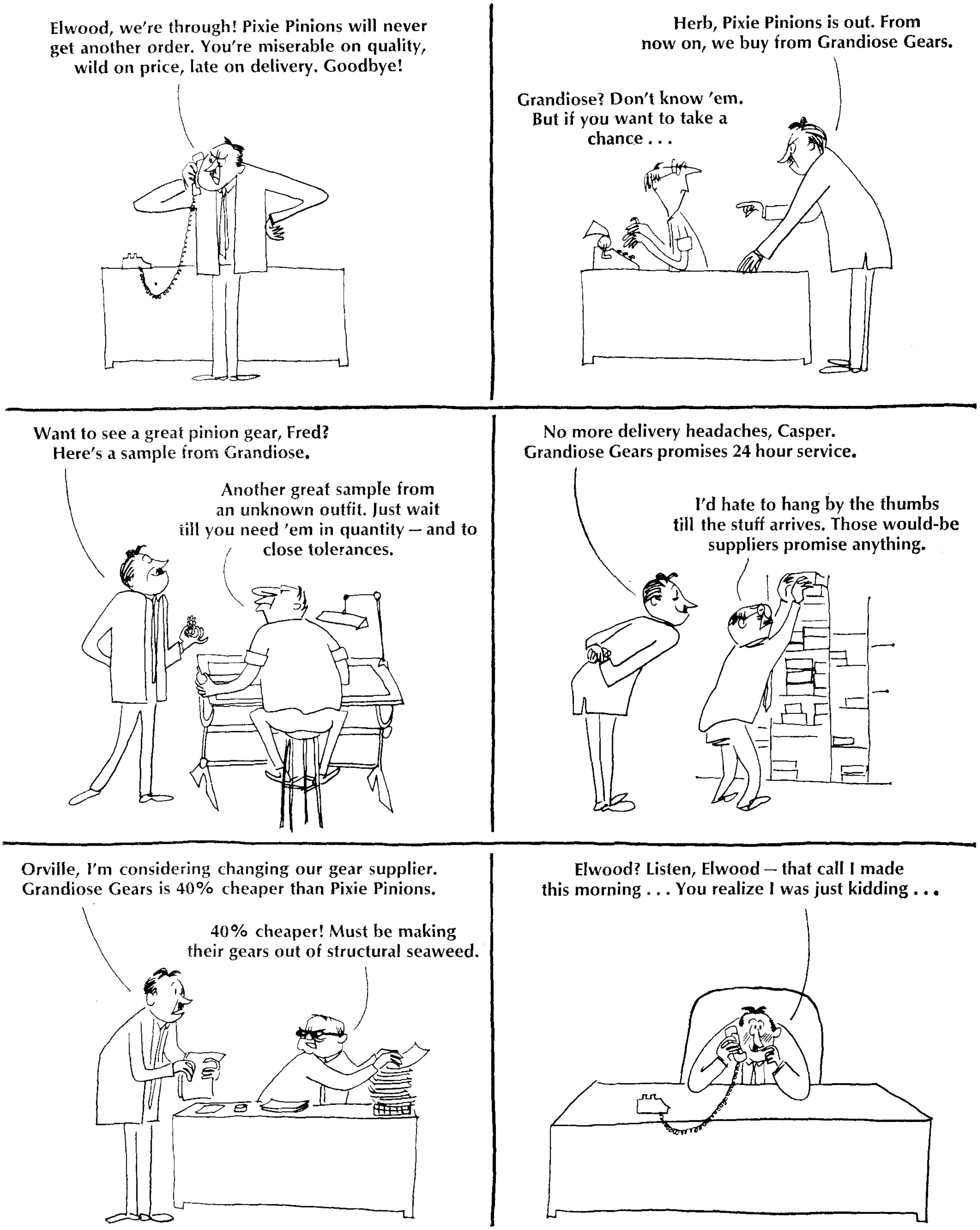
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pictures or something, since he normally stops only to keep his clients from collapsing. *"Je m'arrête pour m'arrêter,"* he responded dourly. The heavy atmosphere had made hard work of walking and climbing, and I was pleased to see that I was not the only one to get tired. Jaccoux decided that we would move more easily if we put on our crampons—metal spikes that fasten to the bottom of climbing boots—and this we did. It was now beginning to snow lightly, and by the time we reached the top of the pass we were being doused by a mixture of snow and rain.

The sight that greeted us there was as desolate as anything one could imagine. To our right there was a long, dark rock ridge that led up to the summit of Mont Tondu (ten thousand feet), and every few minutes the whole ridge appeared to shake when it got hit by lightning. (Later, when we finally returned to Chamonix, I was gratified to read in Edward Whymper's great alpine classic, "Scrambles Amongst the Alps," that he had crossed the Col du Mont Tondu a hundred and one years before us, almost to the day, and also in a severe lightning storm.) Ahead of us, across several snow slopes broken up by long rock ridges, we could make out another *col*—the Col de la Seigne, which marked the Italian frontier. But to move on from the crest of our pass involved dropping down a steep rock wall. It would not have been particularly difficult under normal conditions, but now the rock was slippery and wet and covered with new snow. I inched my way down as far as the rope would let me, while Claude and Michèle anchored me from above. Then I pulled the rope in taut while we got Michèle down, and we both gave Claude whatever security we could while he came down to join us. Finally, I was able to jump out onto the snow, and soon we were together on what appeared to be easy terrain. The only trouble was that the snow was soft, and every few steps one of us would fall through the crust up to the waist. Since there was no real danger, Claude unroped us so we could move somewhat faster. The Jaccoux began to ski down the slopes on their feet, using their ice axes as brakes whenever necessary. I tried to imitate them, but on the first attempt I slipped and began sailing down the long slope on my back, experiencing a sort of sense of suspended animation while the terrain floated past. After sliding for a hundred feet or so, I managed to roll over on my stomach, dig my ice axe into the snow,

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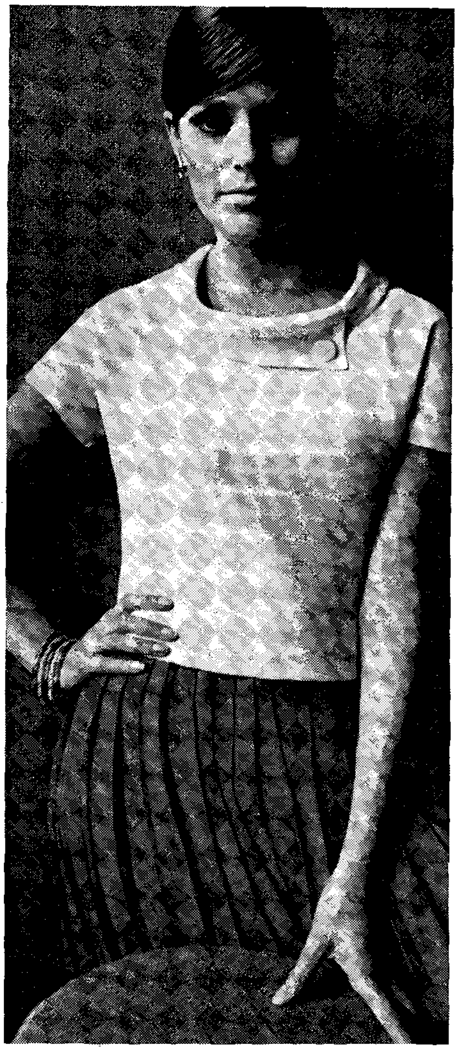

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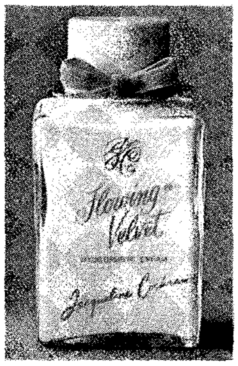

Jacqueline Cochran

Vodka cups and lamp by Ovchinnikov are 19th-century Russian. Courtesy A La Vieille Russie, N.Y.C.

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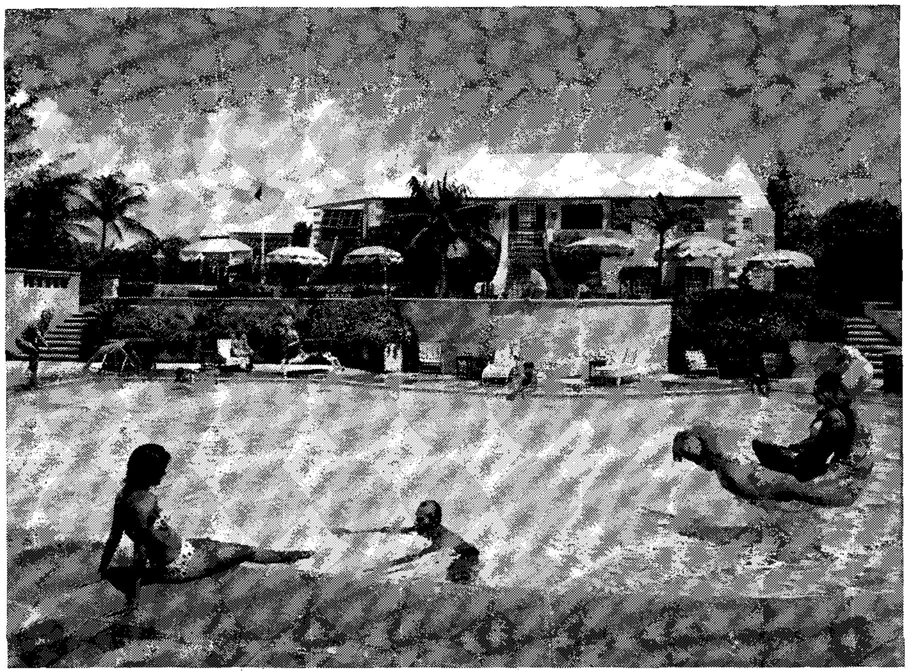
and come to a gradual stop. One of my gloves had come off and gone hurtling down to the Vallée des Glaciers below. I picked myself up, fished a second glove out of my rucksack, and, feeling rather foolish, made the rest of the descent by putting one foot after the other. By the time I reached the Jaccoux, they had found shelter from the rain in a small crevasse by the side of a rock ridge, and as I climbed in to join them Jaccoux said, "What sort of game were you trying to play?" Michèle proposed that we have a little breakfast in the crevasse before going on, and by the time we had finished the rain had subsided considerably, although there was still a good deal of lightning on the ridges above us. We emerged from our crevasse and mounted a small rock pinnacle just in time to witness an absolutely breathtaking sight—right above us, a whole herd of wild, beautiful mountain chamois, terrified by the lightning, were leaping over the rocks, literally gliding in the air from boulder to boulder until they finally disappeared from view. We had now reached the last real obstacle before the frontier—a steep grass slope, made as slick as ice by the rain—and here again we helped each other along foot by foot. Jaccoux kicked steps up a snow wall in front of us, and by the time Michèle and I reached him he was stretched out on the turf, smoking his pipe, eating a piece of cheese, and calmly regarding the magnificent Italian valley that lay spread out before us.

The Col de la Seigne, on which we now stood, separates France from Italy. It is rich in the traditions of the Savoy. Until a hundred years ago, the Savoy—the whole of the Mont Blanc massif—was a single political unit; now it is divided among France, Italy, and Switzerland. In his delightful book "The Alps in Nature and History," the Victorian climber W. A. B. Coolidge notes that even the summit of Mont Blanc (now placed, according to the latest Michelin map, in France) has been the subject of dispute: "As regards the actual summit of Mont Blanc, the French (and their official maps) draw the frontier line slightly to the S. (over the Mont Blanc de Courmayeur) of the culminating point. But the Italians (and *their* official maps) make the frontier line follow the watershed, and so pass over the actual top, and not to its S. Some of the older maps seem to be in favour of the French contention, as well as, apparently, the map annexed to the report of the Boundary Commission of 1861; but this last map is



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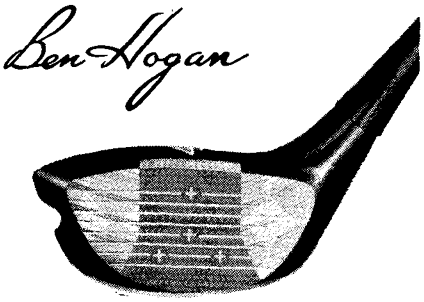

declared by the Italians to reproduce a mistake of the original Sardinian map, published in 1854 but later corrected. The text of the Report favours the Italian contention, stating that the boundary follows the watershed, and so passes over the summit of Mont Blanc." Needless to say, there are no customs officials on the summit of Mont Blanc, and Coolidge concludes: "It is amusing to think that the great Alpine summits have thus had divers political fates. This, however, was not due to any action on their part, but to the struggles of the human midgets at their feet, who were perhaps regarded by the cloud-capped mountains as intruders dividing up that to which they had no right save force. Till very recently, too, these midgets never dared to come within the range of the heavy artillery (such as avalanches) of the Alpine giants, which came into existence geologically before man, and may perhaps long survive his extinction."

The common language of the region a hundred years ago was French patois, and the language of the Italian Savoy is still largely French. Under Mussolini, the people of the Savoy were required to abandon French as an official language, but, as in the Italian Tyrol, where the people were required to abandon German, the policy was not very successful. (Whymper was deeply concerned by the cretinism that appeared to abound in these deeply isolated Italian alpine valleys, where inbreeding was almost inevitable. In "Scrambles," he writes, "The most sanguine person does not imagine that cretinism will be eradicated for many generations. It is widely spread throughout the Alps; it is by no means peculiar to the valley of Aosta; but nowhere does it thrust itself more frequently upon the attention of the traveller, and in no valley where 'every prospect pleases' is one so often and so painfully reminded that 'only man is vile.' ") The Savoyards, even with the political division, thought of themselves as a unified people, and among their most cherished rights was the right to transport goods over the mountain passes from one part of the Savoy to another. After the political division, this, of course, became smuggling, and the Col de la Seigne was one of the great way stations for smugglers. Indeed, Frison-Roche, in his book, recalls that in his youth he often stood lookout for smugglers passing in and out of France, and would receive a pack of cards or a box of matches as a reward. Now the *col* is on the regular route

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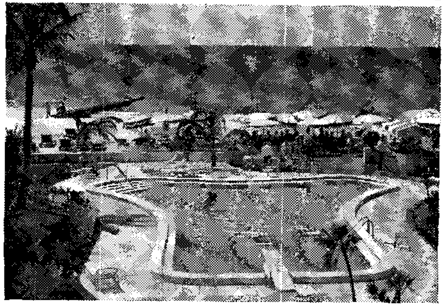

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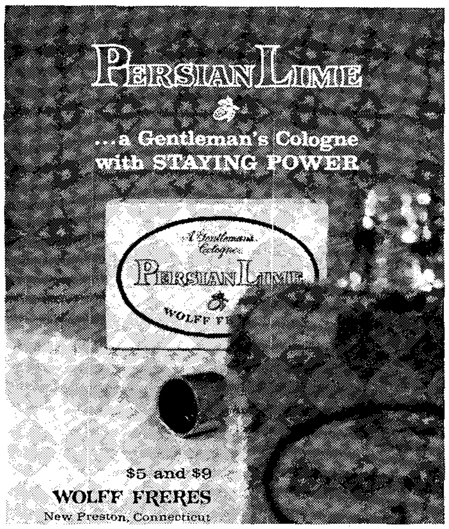

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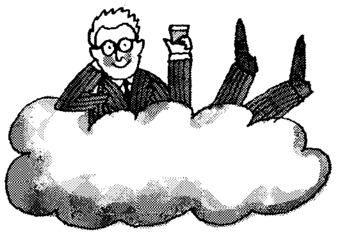

What about all this talk of LIGHTNESS?

It is good talk, this lightness, and compared to most Scotches, we are a light Scotch. But to make a fetish of lightness is to lessen the very qualities that make Scotch whisky different from, say, Canadian whisky or Kentucky Bourbon. Scotch whisky must have body, the right amount of body in proportion to its lightness to make it a truly soft, fragrant Scotch; to give it a true Highland flavour.

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of the classic valley tour of Mont Blanc. By making our way to it over the glaciers rather than via the Vallée des Glaciers, we had replaced the two-day march around the end of the massif by a climb of only seven hours.

Our destination for the night was the Elisabetta, a beautiful alpine hut about two miles from the Col de la Seigne, run by the Italian Alpine Club. We were now on a broad footpath leading down the Val Veni, and soon we passed the Italian frontier station, a small stone outpost that was completely deserted and all but lost in the snow. When we got near the Elisabetta, we could see that it, too, was closed, and that we had no choice but to go on down the valley to the alpine village of Courmayeur, which is situated at the Italian end of the Mont Blanc tunnel. Between the Elisabetta and Courmayeur there is a jeep road, and we would have been delighted to hitch a ride, but much of the road was covered with melting snow and there was no traffic. A few miles from Courmayeur, we saw our first car—a small Fiat, crowded with people, coming toward us. It stopped almost at once, however, and they all got out and stood in a circle while a priest among them said a blessing over the mountains. He was standing on the shores of a small lake, which, I later learned, was created by a giant rock fall from Mont Blanc in the nineteen-twenties. Hoping that they could transport our heavy, rain-soaked packs into Courmayeur, we hurried to reach the car, but the group climbed back in and sped away without seeing us. In a moment, we came to a winding concrete road, and Claude and Michèle, arm in arm, set off down it at such a tremendous pace that I soon lost sight of them. When I caught up, they were stretched out on two wooden benches in front of a tiny Italian inn. It, too, was closed, but we cajoled a couple of bottles of sweet Italian beer from a girl who had been left in charge. A few minutes later, a rather magnificent-looking Alfa Romeo came along, and I managed to flag it down.

Until the opening of the tunnel, Courmayeur was an isolated village with a reputation as a summer retreat for the aristocracy. Frison-Roche points out that the Italian court used to go there for summers, and that young members of the Italian nobility were sent to the valley to learn climbing from the local guides. The occupants of the Alfa Romeo—a middle-aged man and an elderly woman—seemed to belong to this tradition, for they were extremely elegant-looking. But they had

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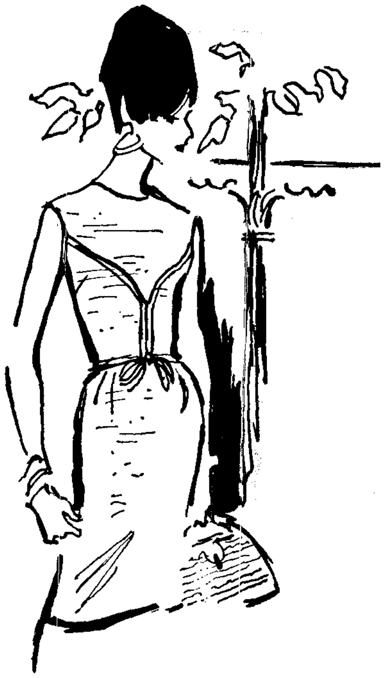

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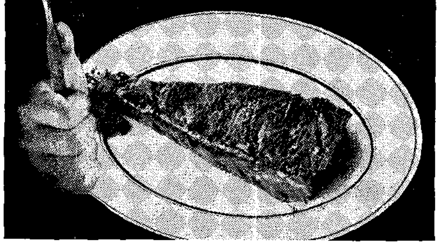

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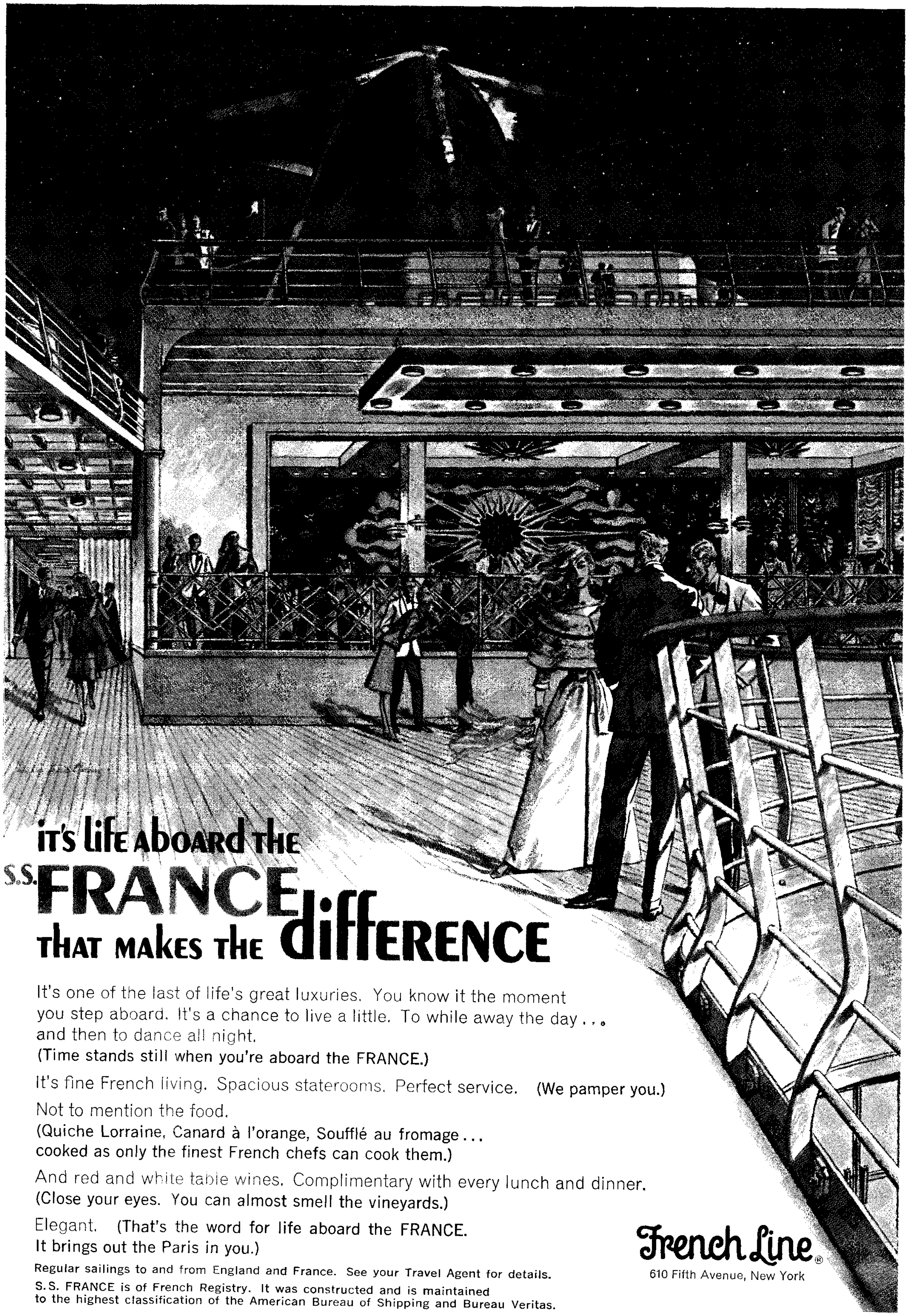

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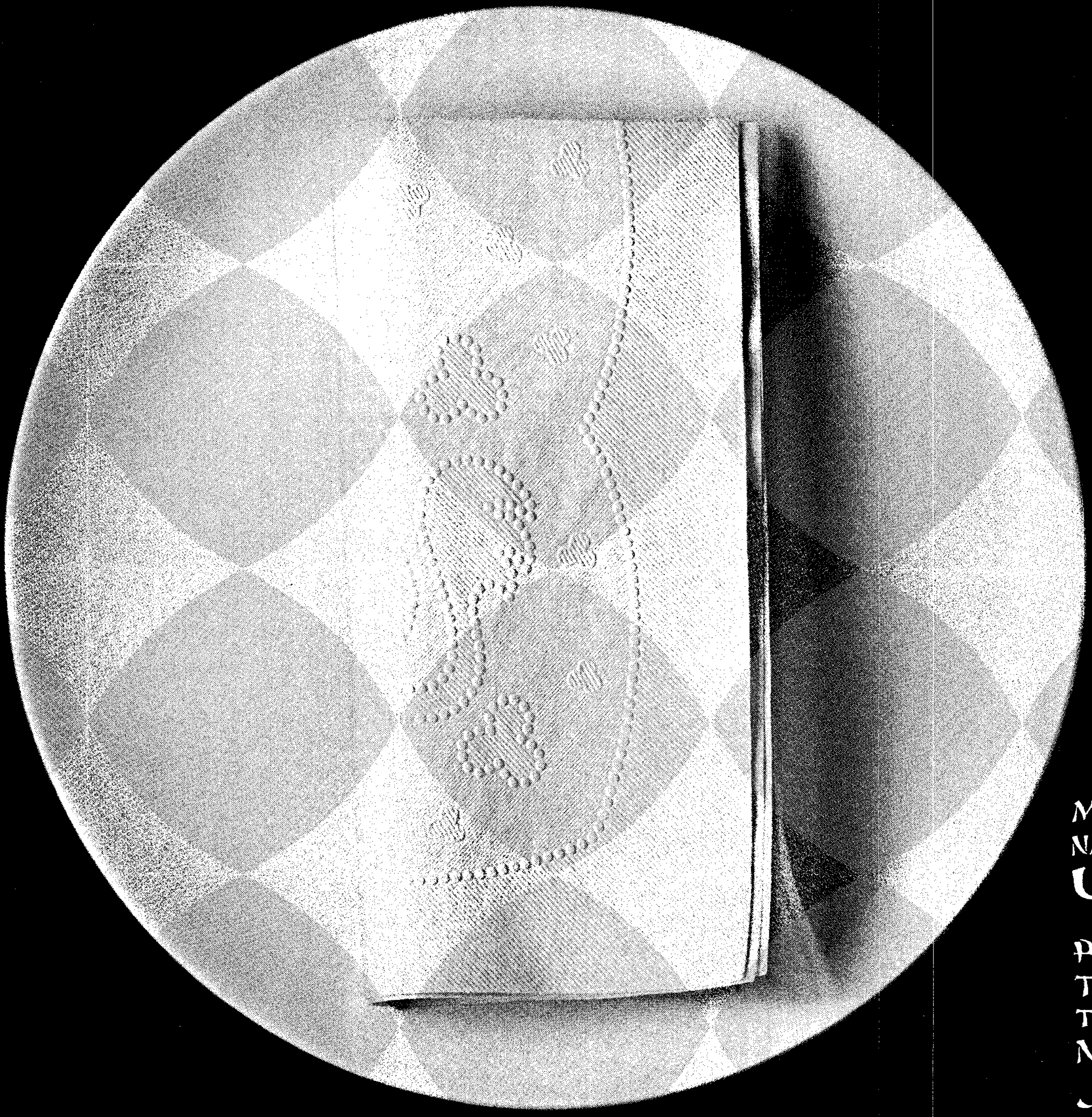

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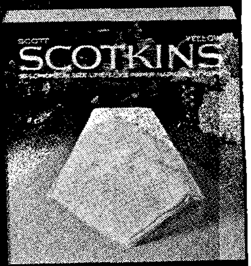
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the air of people who had spent a lot of time in the mountains and, dishevelled as we were, they were happy to crowd us into the back seat of their spotless machine, especially when they learned that Jaccoux was a Chamonix guide with whom they could discuss the mountains. There are guides in Courmayeur, but, as Jaccoux told me, it is a dwindling profession there. One of the reasons is that until the end of this last summer the Italian guide rates were so low, compared to the rates in Chamonix, that a guide could earn a much better living, even in the summer, by teaching skiing. (There is year-round skiing on the glaciers above Courmayeur.)

The Alfa deposited us at the bus station in Courmayeur, and we decided to spend a few hours wandering around the village. It is, or was, a lovely, tranquil alpine resort in the valley, full of charming hotels and restaurants and small cafés. Above the town we could make out the rather ugly road that leads into the tunnel, and we could see the dark gash of the tunnel itself cut harshly into the granite wall. No traffic was moving through, and the village appeared to me to be living on the frontier between its past and a future that would transform it completely. As it happened, we soon had the first half of an experience that enabled us to measure the change during the summer. We knew of a nearby restaurant that was famous among European alpinists for its marvellous Italian-French cooking and for its simplicity—the Restaurant of the Brenva, named after one of the glaciers that come down from Mont Blanc into Italy. After our hard day—we had been walking for nearly twelve hours—we felt entitled to a good dinner and we went there. The food was absolutely brilliant—platter after platter of hot and cold sausages, ham, special cheeses in herb sauces, roast veal and broiled chicken, red wine, mountains of wild strawberries, and, finally, coffee mixed with *eau-de-vie* and sugar and served out of a wooden bowl with three spouts, which we passed around until it was empty. The restaurant was filled with guides, tunnel workers, frontier guards, and alpinists, and the price was half of what one would have paid in a typical restaurant in Chamonix. The other part of our experience came at the end of the summer, when we visited the restaurant again on the *fête des guides*, about a month after the tunnel had been opened. The proprietor told us, with great pride, that he had opened a second restaurant, with the same cooking but with more stylish décor,

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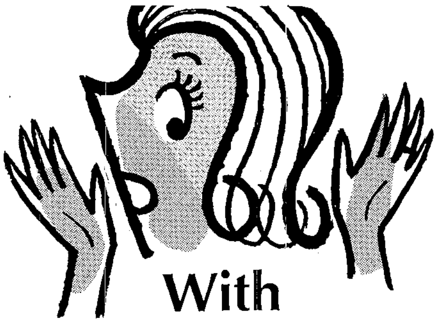
for the new patrons that the tunnel was bringing through. We went to visit it. It was designed in excellent taste in the style of a country inn, with wooden beams that crossed under the roof and small dining rooms in every corner. The diners were so fashionably dressed that we felt a little odd in our mountain clothes. At one point, a parade of people who looked as though they had stepped out of a Fellini movie came down the stairs, and each of them took a turn swinging on the wooden ceiling beams. The sight of a beautiful Roman lady, dressed in the latest fashion, with her lovely, dark face illuminated by candlelight, swinging back and forth on a wooden beam said everything that could be said about what the opening of the Mont Blanc tunnel will mean to the massif.

AFTER a warm bath and a splendid night's sleep in a modest hotel, we awoke to a brilliant sunlit morning. Jaccoux had promised us a relatively easy day. We were to take the bus as far as it went down the Italian sector of the Val Ferret toward Switzerland, and then we were to climb the headwall of the valley—the Col Ferret—dropping down into La Fouly, at the top of the Swiss Val Ferret. All began well. The bus careered along the valley, and we could look out at small country inns, tiny streams, and wooded fields spread before the vertical wall of the Italian side of the Grandes Jorasses, one of the highest mountains in the range. The bus reached the end of its run at a small inn, and we were able to persuade a family in a car to take our packs all the way to the head of the valley, while we followed on foot. As is so often the case in the mountains, the wall of the Col Ferret appeared, from head on, to be absolutely vertical. We could make out the beginning of an abandoned road that wound up the lower part of the face and then disappeared abruptly, as if its builders had suddenly thought better of their project. (In his book, Coolidge refers to the start of the construction of this road, which was to be a rival to the route over the historic St. Bernard Pass, a little to the southeast. I have not been able to discover why or when the project was abandoned.) We followed this road and then headed up the face, which was certainly steep enough, although hardly vertical. It was miserable terrain for climbing—loose turf that slid back after each step, giving one a disheartening sense of insecurity. Claude and Michèle were ahead, and when we were well up on the wall I noticed that they had stopped, and that



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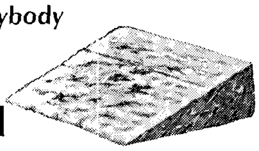

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The Three Fountains
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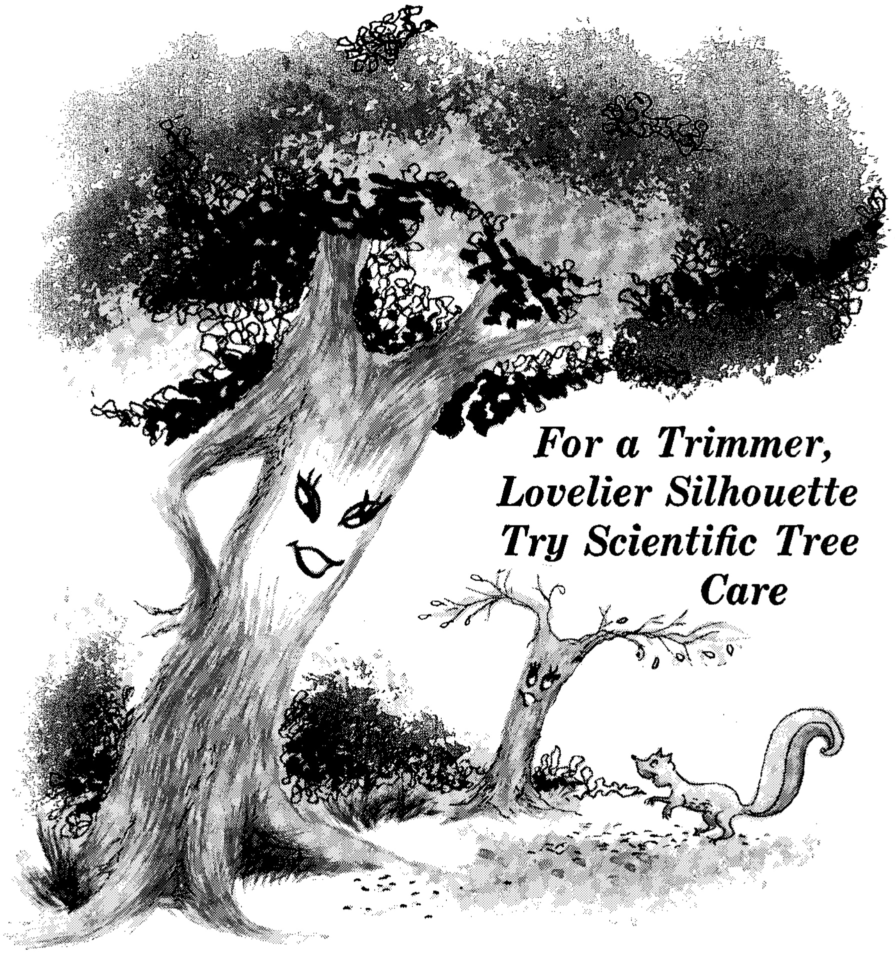
Michèle was sobbing uncontrollably; when I got closer, I could hear her saying to Claude that she was too frightened to go on. Claude was shouting at her to give him her hand, but she was too scared to do anything but cling to the earth. He finally had to wrench her hand away and all but drag her on. As they started up, he turned and said to me, in no uncertain terms, "*Je veux que tu ne panique pas!*" I indeed felt anxious, but I was able to get to the top with no real difficulty.

Later, I asked Michèle why she had panicked. I knew that she had been born in the mountains—in Mégève, in the Haute-Savoie—and that, as a member of the French national ski team, she had specialized in the most dangerous of all skiing events, the downhill run, or *la descente*. It is a race against the clock in which the skier goes straight down, or as nearly straight down as possible. (The downhill seems to run in Michèle's family. Her brother, Pierre Stamos, is currently on the French Olympic team and is one of the best *descendeurs* in Europe. Recently, he was injured in a fall in a competition in Austria.) When Michèle was skiing in competition, she would often attain speeds of over sixty miles an hour on terrain that was easily as steep as anything we had climbed that day. She told me that she had an absolute confidence in her technique on skis, and that on skis she would certainly have been able to go down the terrain that we had climbed up. But the sight of the long, vertiginous drop to the valley, combined with the unfamiliar, treacherous feeling of the terrain, had made her panic. I asked her if she ever got frightened on the downhill. She said that very often she was frightened, but that it gave her a special sense of exhilaration, which made her ski even better; this fear today, on the other hand, simply paralyzed her.

At the top of the *col*, we sat down for a long rest and something to eat. We were now on the frontier between Italy and Switzerland. Behind us, to the west, the whole of the Italian valley stretched out, and to the south the countryside fell away into plains. In front of us was a gentle snow slope leading down to the town of La Fouly, which we could make out in the distance. We slid down the first snow slope, and Jaccoux spotted a system of snow névés—corridors of snow—which we were able to use, thus avoiding the rather tedious walk down on loose rocks. It was beautiful country, with huge cliffs and waterfalls and a rushing glacial stream that led into



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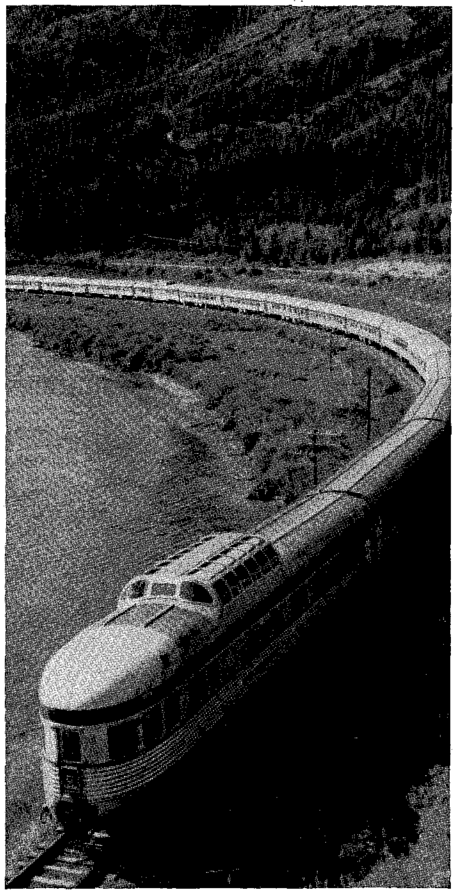

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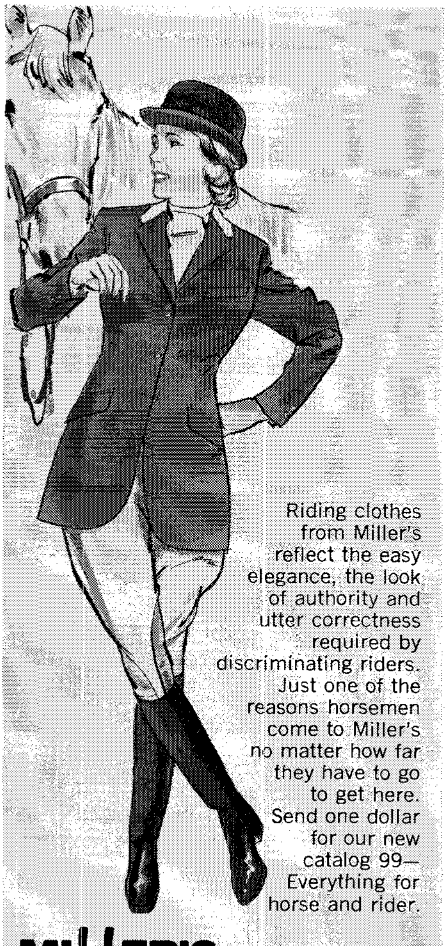
town. We took a path through some woods, and almost before we knew it we were inside a comfortable hotel run by a well-known Swiss guide named Xavier Kalt.

La Fouly is a town that still lives largely in the past. Kalt no longer takes climbers out himself, but he manages a guide bureau for climbers who come into the valley. Most of the people in La Fouly are herdsmen. As is typical of the small Swiss mountain towns in the Valais, they live in *mazots*—log cabins that can be taken apart, like Lincoln Logs, and moved. The Jaccoux had recently purchased a small plot of land near Chamonix and wanted to buy some *mazots* to move onto their land; every time Michèle passed an especially pretty one, she wanted to rush inside to see if it was for sale. Claude introduced us to Kalt, who turned out to be a portly middle-aged gentleman with an impressive beard. Apart from running his hotel, he was well known as a restaurateur, the specialty of his hotel being *raclettes*, a dish that is native to the canton of Valais—the area around the Rhone Valley. *Raclettes* are made from a yellow *demi-gras* Gruyère cheese, which is manufactured in the shape of a large wheel. To make them, the wheel is cut in half across a diameter, and the open edge is heated. The warm face is scraped off in a thin layer and deposited on small wooden plates. It requires a good deal of mechanical skill and physical strength on the part of the chef to keep turning out *raclettes* as fast as the guests can consume them. Traditionally, they are eaten with boiled potatoes, small pickles, and a white wine known as Fendant, and the chef stands by to dish up more *raclettes* as soon as anyone has finished his plate. I have seen Chamonix guides down as many as nineteen servings, but I myself find that nine or ten are more than enough. Jaccoux persuaded Kalt to make us *raclettes*, and after we had installed ourselves in a comfortable dormitory-like bedroom and had a bath, we came down to dinner.

In the dining room, we met Michel Darbellay—the guide of the boots. Although quite young, Darbellay is one of the most famous of the Swiss guides. He looks for all the world like the Hollywood notion of a guide—strikingly handsome, with an air of bravado—and he is known to mountain climbers all over the world as the first man to make the ascent of the north wall of the Eiger alone. The north wall of the Eiger is considered by many to be



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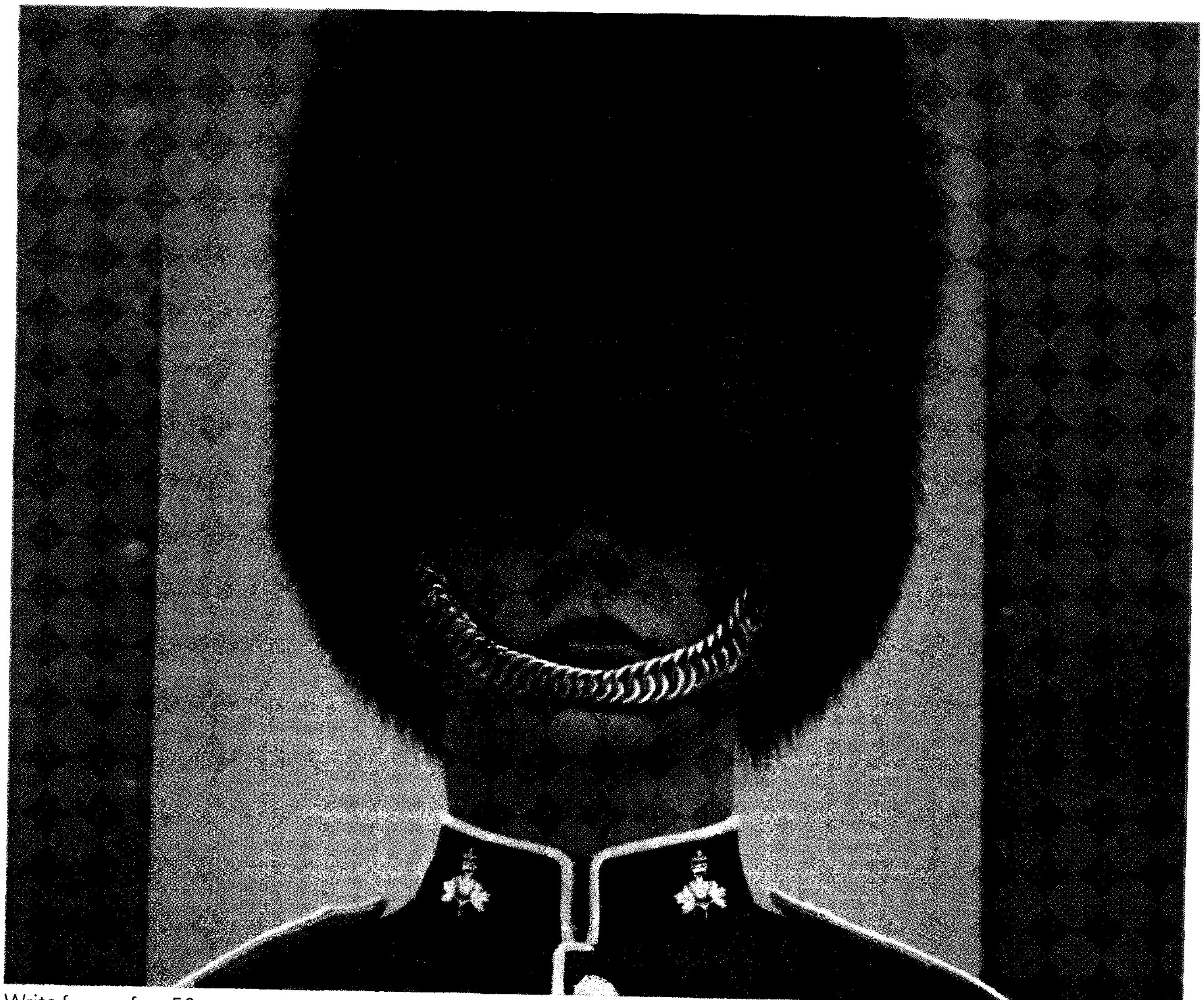

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the most dangerous climb in Europe, and during the Hitler regime many German climbers sacrificed themselves for the Fatherland on it. It has been climbed several times—even in the winter now—but it still takes its toll of climbers each year. Three summers ago, Darbellay succeeded in doing it alone, and in a single day. Overnight, he became famous throughout Europe, and as one consequence he had a pair of mountain boots named after him. I was able to tell him that I had enjoyed wearing his boots but that they shipped water in deep snow. He and Jaccoux agreed that no climbing boots will keep out water indefinitely, and with that we settled down to consuming Kalt's *raclettes*.

JACCOUX had planned a very hard run for us the next day. However, Michèle's morale was low after her experience on the Col Ferret, and I was feeling a real sense of fatigue after three days of hiking and climbing following a long winter of relative inactivity. But nothing would put Jaccoux off, and the three of us settled in our bunks in the dormitory, prepared to get up at four the next morning, with Michèle and me jointly praying for rain; we had extracted an agreement from Jaccoux that if it was raining when we got up he would modify his plan. The next day, I was awakened early by Jaccoux, and after a silent and somewhat gloomy breakfast we strapped on our packs and went outside, Michèle and I being resigned to the worst. No sooner had we put our noses out the door than it began to rain. Michèle and I leaped around like two schoolchildren given a sudden reprieve, while Jaccoux peered sullenly at the dark clouds that were pouring over the high mountain ridges all around us. Jaccoux decided that we would wait for the first bus, travel down the valley to Orsières, and then take a second bus to the resort town of Champex, from which, weather permitting, we would climb up to another alpine refuge. From there we could make the trip back into France over the Glacier du Trient.

The trip by bus was through country as beautiful as any I have seen in Switzerland. This part of the Valais lacks the drama of the better-known Swiss alpine settings like Zermatt and Grindelwald, but it presents a wonderfully charming panorama of deep valleys, richly wooded slopes covered with wild flowers, and always, in the distance, the great snow peaks. The town of Orsières is an attractive collection of

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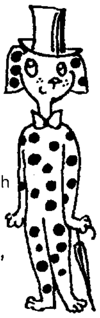

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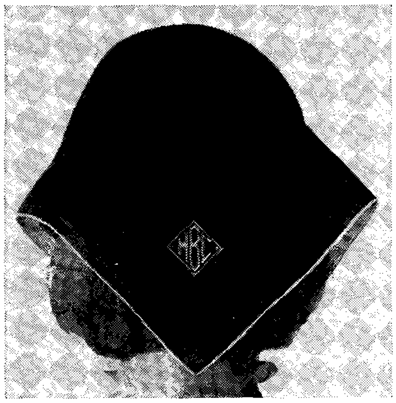

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cafés and *mazots*, while Champex, our last stop by bus, is a slick-looking resort set on the shore of a lake. By the time we got to Champex, the weather had improved to such an extent that we immediately took a swaying chair lift that carried us up over the woods to the base of a trail leading onto the Glacier du Trient. We expected to take about five hours to climb to the Cabine du Trient, a huge refuge run by the Swiss Alpine Club, and we broke the trip in half at a lower refuge that was filled with a large group of elderly Swiss alpinists up for a Sunday outing and in great high spirits. We had a light lunch with them and then headed up the glacier to the upper cabin.

The trip to the upper refuge was along a gently sloping glacier. Normally, one ropes up on glaciers, but this one was so carefully traced out—a well-trodden path through the snow—that each of us went along at his own pace, which meant, inevitably, that the Jaccoux arrived at the cabin long before I did. "Cabin" here is an understatement. Like many of the modern refuges, this one was a huge stone structure capable of sleeping at least two hundred people in dormitories. It had an enormous dining room with a small alpine library, and, like many such places, served simple but excellent meals. It dominated the glacier, and from the long balcony in front we could get a magnificent view of the peaks that marked the French frontier—peaks that I had climbed in and that Jaccoux knew like the back of his hand. Until we reached the Trient, we had had a sense of having the mountains almost to ourselves; it was so early in the season that we had met almost no one. However, the Glacier du Trient was full of people. The principal reason was that a unit of the Swiss Army—young men serving out a few weeks of compulsory duty in the summer—had come up to learn climbing techniques from a group of guides. I have been told by Swiss guides that this military training is one of the major reasons that guiding is a dying profession in Switzerland; so many potential climbers have had such excellent training in the Army that they feel no need to climb with guides when they get out. While we were eating, the recruits, from all over Switzerland, began to troop in. Besides being boisterous, they committed a basic *faux pas* in climbing-refuge life, which is to leave the door of the refuge open. We were at about ten thousand feet, and each blast of cold air from the open door chilled

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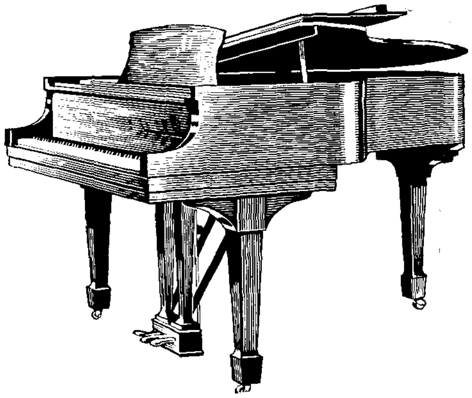
one to the bone. Jaccoux spent several minutes ranting at the new arrivals, but finally he put on another sweater and did his best to ignore the chaos. In all, there were well over eighty soldiers, and since there was already a rather large group of people in the refuge, finding a bunk to sleep in became a problem. We were crowded in so tightly that I was constantly being jammed by someone's elbow or foot. About three in the morning, I gave up and went downstairs to take a walk outside. After some difficulty in unlocking the massive front door, I walked out on the terrace and was struck by the strange, heavy, hot atmosphere. The weather had changed again, and it was unnaturally warm. Lightning began to strike some of the peaks nearby, and when one bolt sizzled off a ridge not far from where I was standing, I beat a retreat inside to wait it out until morning.

With sunrise, the rain clouds lifted, and now the glacier was alive with light. Every few minutes, a gust of loose snow would be sent flying somewhere in the distance; clearly, a high wind was blowing. We had breakfast and, with a sense that we were now in our home territory, we roped up to cross the glacier. Jaccoux set his compass on the Col du Tour, by which we planned to cross into France, and the terrain looked so simple that, in defiance of fate, I said, "*C'est de la tarte*"—a remark that I soon regretted. About midway on the glacier, we were hit by the wind. Jaccoux was leading, and suddenly I saw him tilt forward for no apparent reason, and then right himself. Next came Michèle's turn, and finally an icy blast hit me, bringing with it tiny needles of ice and snow that stung my face fiercely. At one point, Jaccoux stopped and yelled back at me, "*C'est de la tarte, eh, Jérémie?*" When we reached the Col du Tour, we found ourselves in the middle of a raging storm. I have never seen anything quite like it. All the colors were reduced to black and white—black granite and black clouds and white snow driven in great bursts by the wind, then rain with lightning flashes. The wind was incredibly strong, and it was all we could do to fight our way over the top of the *col*. Fortunately, the other side of the *col*, although steep rock and covered with loose snow and ice, was not terribly difficult, so that we were able to get down to the glacier below fairly quickly. Once we were off the ridge and again in France, the whole climate changed again. We were now immersed in a fog—a fog so thick



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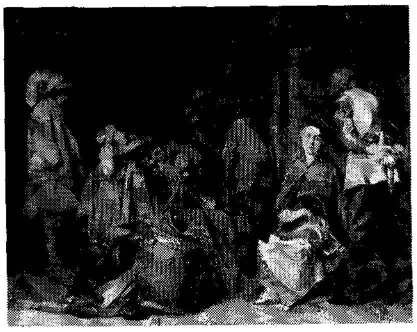

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that one could not see ten feet. Everything was absolutely white and totally silent. I had no sense of where I was or where we were going. Jaccoux, on the other hand, moved off with complete certainty. It was a virtuoso performance of blind navigation. Sometimes he would stop to look at the compass and sometimes at a pocket altimeter, although an altimeter is hard to use in bad weather, since the low atmospheric pressure simulates changes in altitude; even if one stands perfectly still, the altimeter will read different heights while the pressure is changing. Most of all, Jaccoux relied on his sense of direction and on the fact that he had been over this glacier hundreds of times. (He later told me that he has guided people in the fog over glaciers that he did not know by using a map, a compass, and an altimeter, and by measuring out distances and angles by moving one climbing-rope length at a time and counting how many rope lengths he had travelled in a given direction.) At one point, the fog lifted for a minute or so, and we saw that we had been following a perfectly straight path along the edge of a huge bed of ugly-looking, massive crevasses; Jaccoux knew that they were there, and he knew just how far away he had to stay from them. We were constantly losing altitude, and soon the snow turned into a heavy rain. Jaccoux began moving at almost a run, to get out of the storm. I was wearing sunglasses because of the strong glare from the glacier, which can oppress one even in the fog, and they had steamed up so badly that I could hardly see. I kept falling up to my knees into small, loose pockets of snow and being hauled out like a fish by Jaccoux. At one point, Michèle looked back and said of her husband, "*Il a du zèle.*" Puffing and staggering, I found myself being dragged over a small pile of rocks, and then, out of the fog right below us, appeared the Refuge Albert Premier, above the Chamonix Valley. We ran inside the front door and out of the storm.

The rest of the trip back to Chamonix really was "*de la tarte.*" We had lunch at the Albert Premier and, as a private joke, finished it off with *tartes aux myrtilles*, a specialty of the refuge. When we had finished lunch, it was still raining, but the wind had died down, and there were no signs of lightning. An easy trail led from the refuge to the top of a ski lift, and the ski lift took us down to the town of Le Tour, near the head of the Chamonix Valley. We stopped at a small café in Le Tour,

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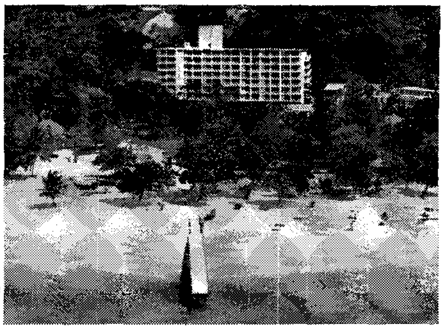

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and the proprietress, a friend of the Jaccoux, after hearing of our adventures, offered us a free coffee with cognac. In an ultimate manifestation of *la tarte*, we called a taxi from Chamonix and drove back to town in high style. A few hours later, we recovered the car from where it had been left in Les Contamines five days earlier.

WHY make such a trip? In his book, written just before construction began on the Mont Blanc tunnel, Frison-Roche wrote, "The Mont Blanc tunnel is going to be built—we have seen the first hole dug on the Italian side. We must hurry, then. We must hasten to speak once more of Mont Blanc, with its valleys which are so dissimilar in appearance and yet so similar at heart, before it is too late and before nothing is left of what made the homogeneity of the range, its old traditions. . . . To be frank, it is already too late! In the Chamonix Valley, tourism has triumphed and the cowbells are silent!" In a few years, with the tunnel, the cowbells will be silent in all seven of the valleys that surround the Mont Blanc massif, and our trip will be a reminder for us of the strength of nature and its weakness before the hand of man.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News]

HOLLYWOOD (AP)—Comedian Morey Amsterdam has dreamed up something that might be the successor to Tom Swifties and elephant jokes. He calls it thin books.

Here's how it came about: seated one day at his cello, he was weary and ill at ease. He looked up toward his library shelf and spotted a single, emaciated volume.

"A thin book," he mused. "Now what could be the title of a book so thin."

That did it. His inventive mind started toying with the possibilities. He has tried out his titles on friends, and they agree that he could make a splendid contribution to cocktail party conversation, though not necesstrily to liturature.

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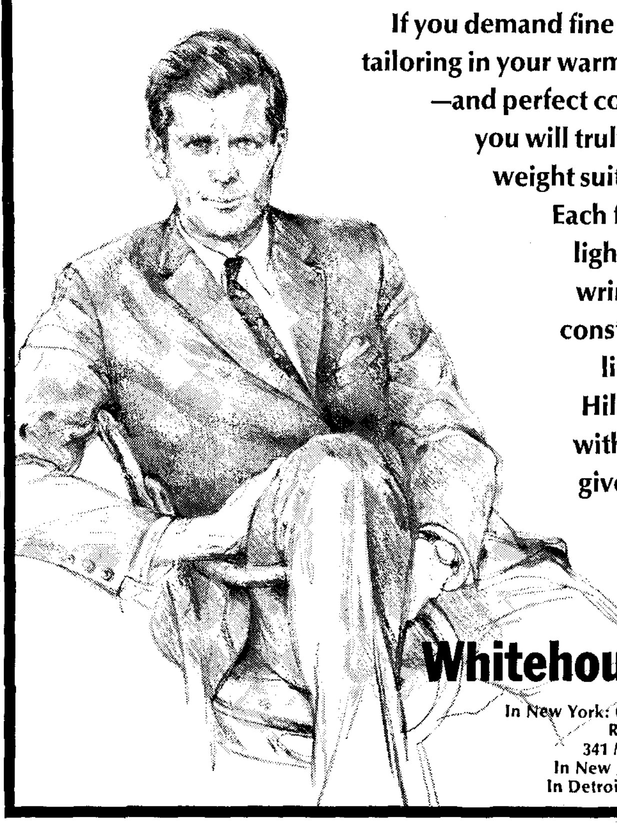

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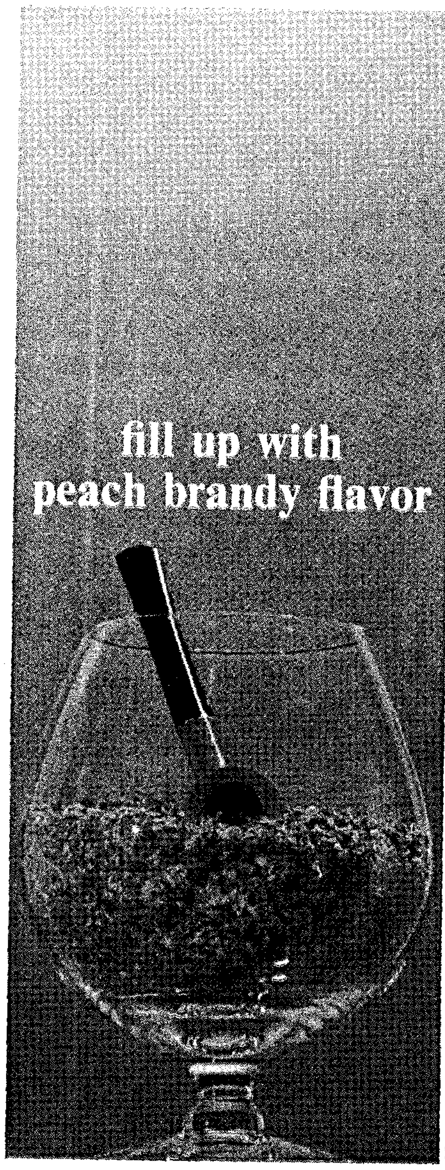

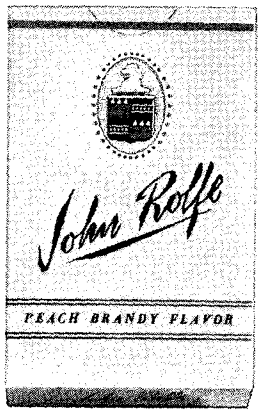

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THERE is only one opera in the entire Wagnerian canon that I find wholly tedious. No, it is not "Parsifal," which, for all its length and pomposity, has a magnificent score. It is "Tannhäuser," which not only offers something less in the way of music but has a libretto of staggering incoherence. The main trouble with this libretto, I think, is that the great crime whose expiation demands a pilgrimage to Rome and a miracle indicating divine forgiveness is a mere lapse of etiquette. Everybody knows that no gentleman ever brags in public about his sexual exploits, and Tannhäuser is no gentleman. He deserves to be socially ostracized, or possibly blackballed from the club. But certainly the divine authorities have more important things on their minds than minor transgressions such as his. In my favorite imaginary version of "Tannhäuser" the climax of the second act goes like this: Landgraf Hermann takes Tannhäuser over his knee and spanks him while Wolfram von Eschenbach stands by singing "Ach Du lieber Abendstern." Tannhäuser, who has obviously never been in love with Elisabeth anyhow, then goes to Rome (he has always wanted to see the place), and Elisabeth, being a sensible girl, marries Wolfram, a really nice fellow whom everybody likes.

Ordinarily, nothing but a profound sense of professional duty can persuade me to sit through this opera. But last Saturday night at the Met there was a special attraction. The woman most eminently deserving nowadays of the title "greatest soprano in the world" (namely, Birgit Nilsson) was to sing the roles of both Venus and Elisabeth—a feat never before attempted at the Metropolitan. Miss Nilsson performed as one knew she would, shading her voice darkly for the mezzo, or contralto, role of Venus, and letting it soar with all its warmth and brightness in the other role. Her phrasing was immaculate, her intonation absolutely true, and she had worked out the contrast between the two personalities with such skill that when she appeared onstage to sing "Dich, teure Halle," it seemed as though an entirely different woman was present. Aside from her performance, and a splendid

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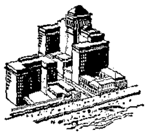

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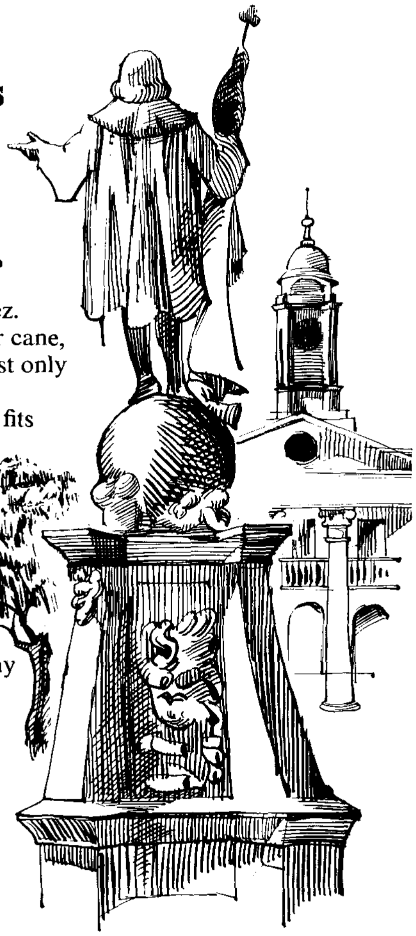
Wolfram sung by Thomas Stewart, however, I could not find much to be enthusiastic about. Wolfgang Windgassen, who was to have been the Tannhäuser, had fled to Europe. In his place we had Pekka Nuotio, a Finnish tenor who had been brought in as an emergency substitute. Mr. Nuotio was obviously nervous at first but later turned out to have his respectable points. He is a small man with a medium-sized voice that has the coloring of a *Heldentenor's*. His German enunciation is particularly good, he is young, he is handsome, and he is a decent actor by Wagnerian standards. The rest of the performance was not much. The ensembles were frequently ragged, probably owing more to under-rehearsal than to Joseph Rosenstock's methodical conducting. One or two supernumeraries got lost on the stage, and the usually efficient chorus got off the beat in Act II because it couldn't see either Mr. Rosenstock or the prompter through the intervening robes of the Landgraf and Miss Nilsson. It was a hot night in the opera house, and very likely nobody felt at his best, except possibly Miss Nilsson, who appears to be utterly imperturbable.

LAST Wednesday night, I attended the Beethoven concert presented at Philharmonic Hall by the Cincinnati Symphony, with the pianist Claudio Arrau as soloist. The orchestra is one of the oldest and most distinguished in the country, and its present conductor, Max Rudolf, is remembered by many New Yorkers because he had been a conductor and the artistic administrator at the Metropolitan during the earlier years of the Bing administration. He is a maestro of experience and authority, and his interpretations the other night were judicious and well organized. In fact, they were just a little too well organized, to my mind, and lacking in those flashes of intuition that distinguish a great from a merely good performance. Discipline was absolute, tempos were rigid, and in many departments—notably the horns—the playing was just a bit harsh and coarse. The scherzo of Beethoven's Second Symphony was beautifully done. In the other movements the string tone tended to be thick, and there was a prevailing absence of elasticity. Next on the program we had that curious work the Choral Fantasy in C Minor for Piano, Chorus, and Orchestra, with Mr. Arrau doing the piano part. Here Mr. Rudolf provided a generally eloquent reading, and Mr. Arrau did his important solo passages brilliantly. After



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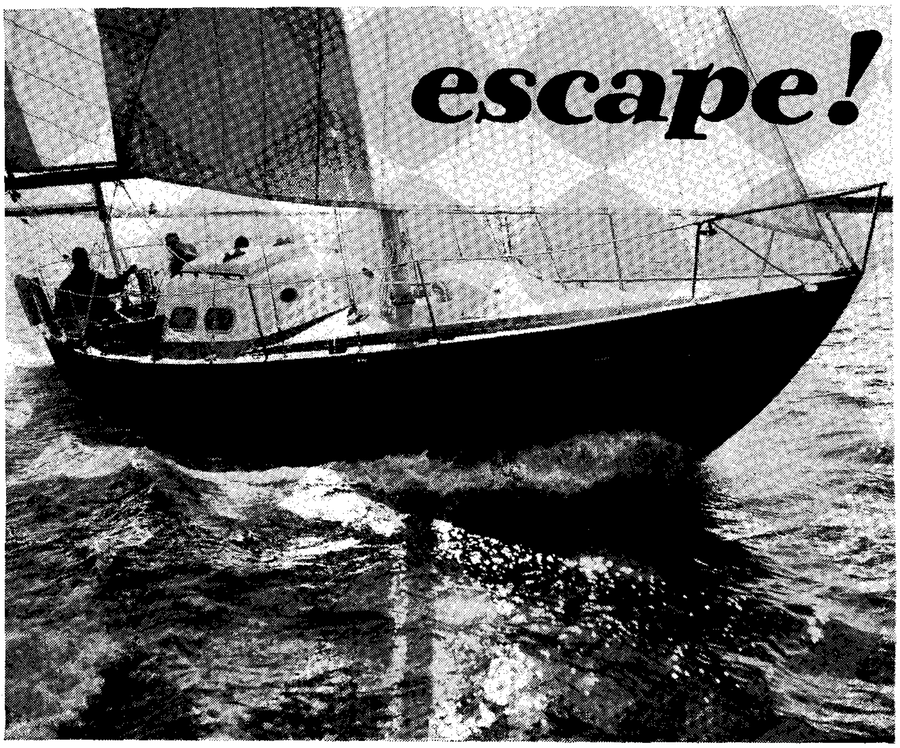

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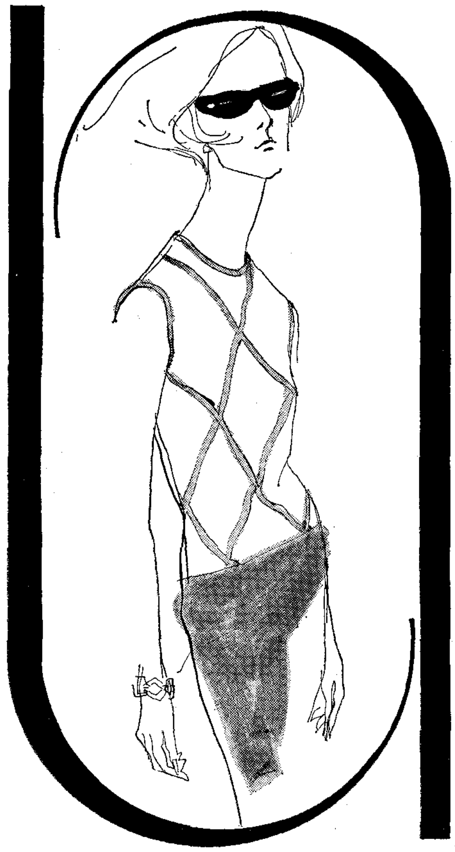

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the intermission, Mr. Arrau took on a greater challenge as soloist in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. Unquestionably, he belongs among the world's finest pianists and among its fine Beethoven interpreters. He has a prodigious technique, a robustness of style that can give way to the utmost delicacy of sound, and a magnificent sense of proportion in large-scale compositions. I found his performance of the "Emperor" Concerto quite absorbing. If there was anything lacking, it was a grasp of the work's poetic, contemplative elements. Everything external—the command of tonal gradation, the flashing fingerwork, the power in fortissimos—bespoke the master pianist.

LAST Thursday night, Thomas Schippers led the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall, presenting a rather conventional program. It started with the overture to Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra," continued with Aaron Copland's "Statements for Orchestra" and Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole," and wound up with Schumann's Second Symphony. I have been following Mr. Schippers' career for a number of years, and I am disturbed to find that he is taking on more and more of an exhibitionistic platform manner. I realize that the role of symphonic conductor is the nearest approach to the superman still accessible to our society. For this very reason, however, it is appealing to see the role politely underplayed. Attention-getting is unnecessary on the part of a conductor; he already has it. I have never questioned Mr. Schippers' outstanding talents. He is an expert at his craft. His fault, if he can be said to have one, is a tendency to overemphasize. His reading of the Rossini overture was terribly intense for so lighthearted a work, and during it the brass often overpowered the strings. The Copland "Statements" was faithfully performed. It is not a composition that has ever aroused any particular affection in me, but I can at least say that it exhibits a masterly command of the bleaker Copland style. The Schumann symphony was set forth rather brusquely—in most places a shade too fast and a shade too tense. But its slow movement was sensitively done, with all its phrasing elegantly brought out and all its soaring lines treated with the utmost grace.

ON Friday night, I made my way up to the Manhattan School of Music to hear a new opera—"The Judgment of St. Francis," by Nicolas

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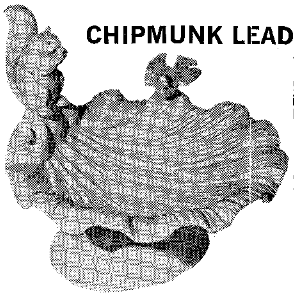

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Flagello, brother of Ezio Flagello, the esteemed basso. An opera on the subject of the life of any saint risks certain pitfalls—lack of love interest, for one thing, and the difficulty of expressing religious ecstasy on the stage, for another. Mr. Flagello's opera does not entirely avoid these pitfalls, and it is not very strong on action, even though its drama has been telescoped into flashbacks rather skillfully. The main thing about it, though, is that it is musically the most vigorous new opera I have come across in a long time. Its score is unabashedly in the main Italian tradition, by which I mean that it has no sophistication whatever, and it draws its style straight from Mascagni and Puccini. This is not as much of a fault as some of our musical thinkers imagine. Moreover, "The Judgment of St. Francis" is that rare phenomenon nowadays—an opera in which real singers can shine. I do not mean to imply that Mr. Flagello has created a masterpiece. He has not. But he *has* shown an unmistakable and totally unconfused talent for the operatic theatre.

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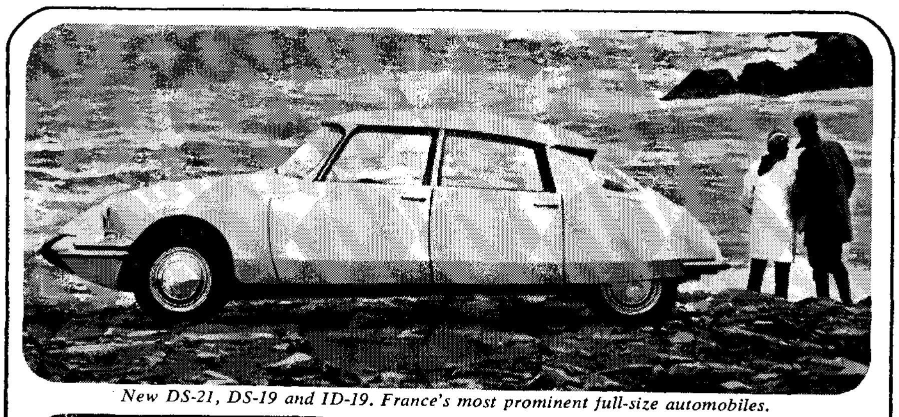

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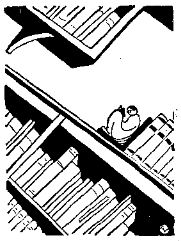
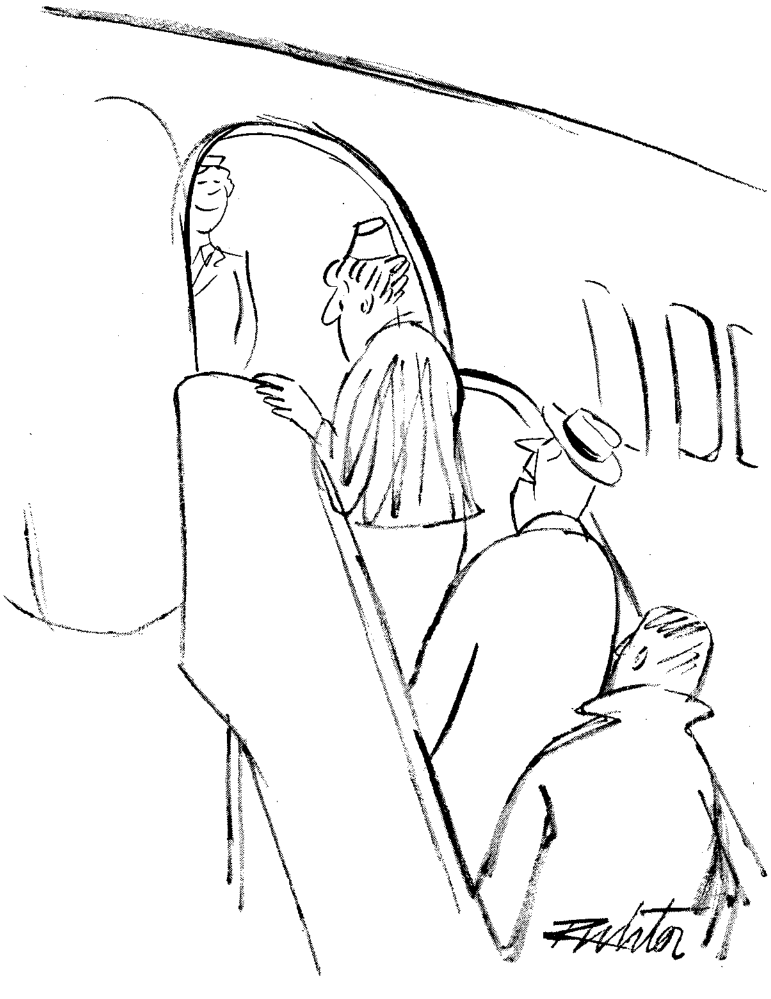


NOW and then a book is published that is so heartening it is like having a feather float down to one's hand through tall, ugly buildings, like looking idly at a wall of black windows and seeing one turn gold—a reassurance that makes everything seem more tolerable. A book that has done this for me, especially since it came to hand at that season of the year that is filled with overlarge and very glossy bids for prestige presents, a book with a refreshment that will last, is "The Pastry Chef," by Bert J. Phillips (Barnes). Self-styled cookbooks, often of dubious value, do not hesitate to call themselves things like *definitive*, *wonderful*, *dazzling*, *exciting*, *excellent*, and even *superb*. *Unique* is another favorite adjective that is bound to raise my hackles as well as my deep-seated suspicions, but in the case of the jacket blurb for Mr. Phillips' book, which starts out bluntly, "Here, in every way unique," I must bow. It goes on, ". . . is a cookbook for bakers." And that is the truth. Other good cookbooks have been written about the art of baking, but when they are geared to the average reader (a weird term!) they have been too casually tossed together for amateurs by overpressed professionals. A good example is Louis deGouy's "The Bread Tray" (Chilton, 1944), a near-standard, even though its recipes are sometimes debatable.

"The Pastry Chef" neatly escapes this hazard of "talking down" by aiming at three groups—professional chefs, at-home bakers, and apprentices. It is a fine plan, for it does what any good teacher tries to do, and assumes that if a recipe is stated in terms clear enough to satisfy the first group, the two others will manage to stay aboard. This sly technique has taught many a child to talk, many a cripple to dance. Mr. Phillips, who was born in Vienna and is deservedly ranked a master chef, brought forth his treatise with the help, I would guess, of some very sharp editors, for every one of his recipes is given "for business as well as personal use"—a trick few working cooks manage to pull off, if, indeed, they think to try it. The professional methods for each general process are discussed briskly and knowingly, and even a bumbling amateur goes on from reading the matter-of-fact directives with a feeling of security and excitement. "Ho *ho*, so *that's* the way!" he says in amazement, and heads for the kitchen.

There are many heartwarming aspects of such a strictly utilitarian book, especially in the torrents of slick glib cookydygook (intimately related to gobbledygook) that now flood the market. For one thing, it weighs only a couple of pounds, as opposed to the stylish holiday offerings, which average well past four—gastronomical mastodons, one realistic editor calls them in private. For another, it is *plain*; that is, its makeup is practical, solid, aesthetically without fashionable frills. It more resembles one of the great old "*mères*" who run world-famous kitchens in small French inns than it does an actor dressed for TV cameras in high white bonnet, waxed mustache, and phony "r"s, who performs for his publishers in weekly exposés of omelet-tossing, letting his accomplices crack the eggs offstage. It is illustrated by "hundreds of pictures," and most of the photographs would send shudders through the cameramen who know how to spray varnish over the salads to make them last for several shootings, or how to pose a poached salmon to look like a gallantly aging actress. Some of the pictures might have been drawn by a friend of the family (let one hope it is a friend of Mr. Phillips') who is ten years old; some of the shots are posed by a man with beautiful hands—perhaps Mr. Phillips', too: first the dough and the butter, to show the "roll-in process" of making puff pastry, then the initial stages with the hands involved, then folding the dough in a single turn, and then, very dramatic, folding it double. A detective might concern himself with the telltale position of the wristwatch in this innocent sequence, but I myself prefer to dwell more upon the approach to the material in hand.

Another thing I like about "The Pastry Chef" is its businesslike Appendixes (*sic*). They give conversion tables, analyses of materials and terms, and a fine section called "Useful Hints and Information," and any cook, no matter how creatively disinterested in pastry as such, would be the better for reading them. Most modern cookery manuals feel obliged to tell, in a chart printed perfunctorily or embellished with simpering decorations, that "a pint's a pound the world around," but few have

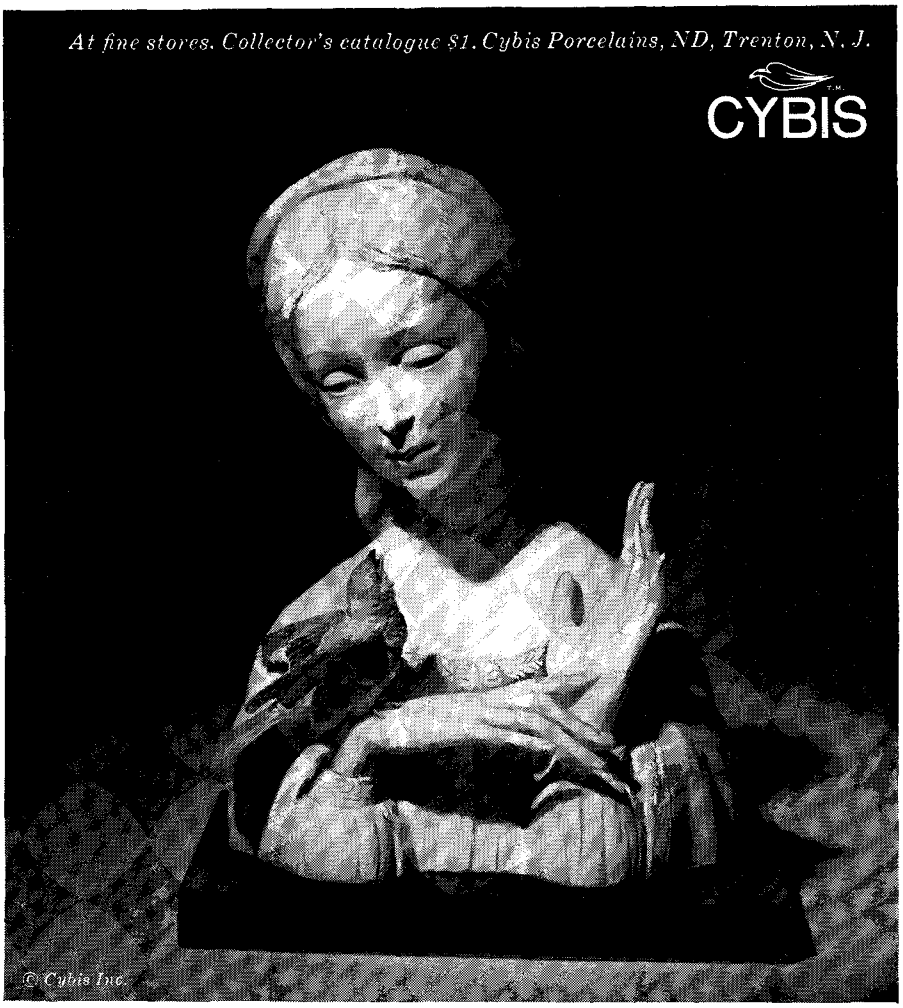


"Well, don't look down."

the authority of this one, or the wish to cater (a dangerous word here) to readers interested enough to *think*. One more small thing that is nice about this sturdy book is that its Viennese author blandly gives not one but five recipes for Sacher Torte, plus one for Sacher Slices. He sticks by his guns and Alt Wien, and unwittingly he acts as a cool wind in the drizzly downpour of current cookery-bookery, which often seems to obscure what can be an enjoyable rather than a dyspeptic aspect of life. Mr. Phillips does not have any literary pretensions; being a cook, he is too busy. His readers do not need to be titillated by color, price, weight; they simply want to know how to make an Italian Lemon Bread (listed as Broad in the index!), or even Chocolate Pretzels. Yes, there *is* a Chocolate Pretzel.

IN an English translation of a non-cookbook, "Katsura, Imperial Villa," by Kunihei Wada (Hoikusha Publishing Company, Osaka, 1963), there is a photograph captioned "Stone lantern blurry in the rain." That, for many reasons, is how I feel about the current weather conditions of culinary literature in this country. The strong stone is there: Mrs. Beeton, Prosper Montagné and Escoffier, Fanny Farmer, Mrs. Rombauer, and a handful more, for which praise God or the tenth Muse (Gasterea, according to Brillat-Savarin). But even these stalwart outlines can be blurred by the misty and seemingly endless rain of books that for the most part are of no real value to anyone but their compilers and—so they hope—their publishers. Several hundreds a year appear in America, and I am told that most booksellers feel them a sure bet, both as status-setters and financially. Often they are nicely printed. They are illustrated by apparently hungry artists, or are thick with glossy photographs in colors aimed mainly at the taste buds. They increase in bulk and price as the Christmas holidays approach, and, judging by their contents, they are meant more for coffee tables and rumpus rooms than for the kitchen, where their size alone damns them as cumbersome nuisances.

It is an itching problem—the real reason so many literate people are producing cookbooks, or, rather, compiling them, for few could honestly be called *written*. Perhaps the most practical explanation is that "one more book" becomes an economic necessity to anyone who has to make a living in the so-called culinary field. This "one more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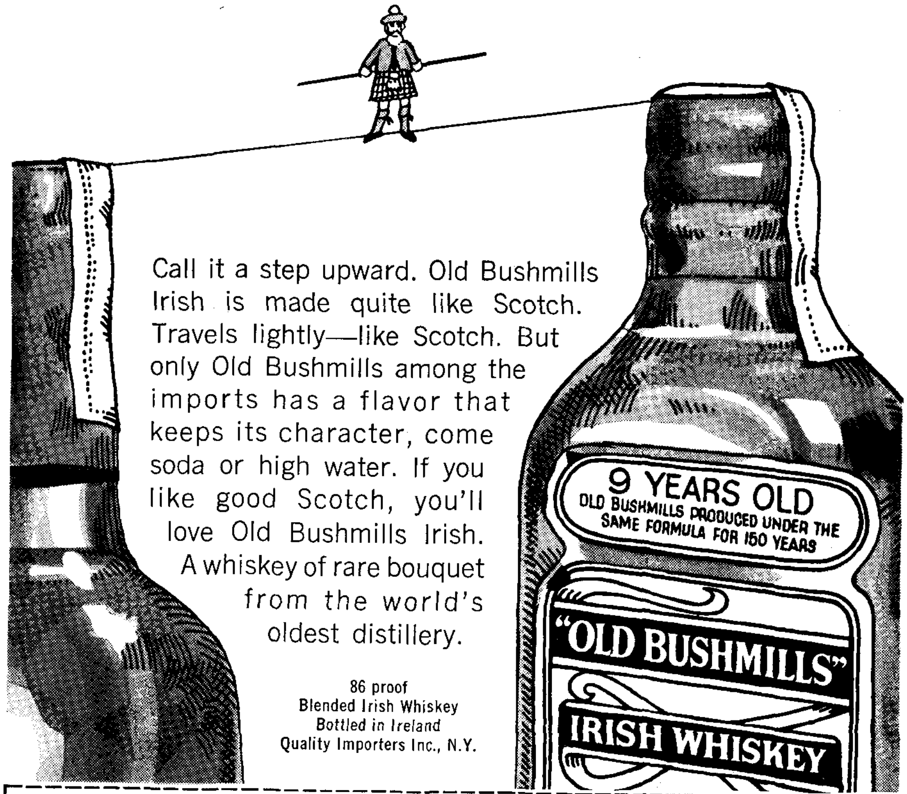
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book" must have a patent excuse for itself—an *idea*. Obviously, professional cookbookers feel a certain desperation in this reaching for reasons, for branches to hang their products on; one can buy treatises on everything from hot canapés suitable for patio entertaining in thunderstorms to holiday desserts for people who have just had their teeth pulled. There *are* books that should (and probably will) sell because they have spiral backbindings, because they are made like loose-leaf binders, because they are covered with rare tropical leaves set in plastic. There is one with each page cut into horizontal sections, so that hundreds of thousands of menus can be flipped together, apart, perhaps together again. There may even be some that flash red and green lights, or ring a bell if the Fudge Delight Goofballs burn. It would be foolish, though, to dismiss all these "idea" books as harmless-useless. Occasionally, one drizzles down near to the matrix of culinary information without blurring it. I can *think* of several efforts, out of dozens available, that have at least a fleeting interest, and, at the risk of damning them with fairly faint praise, I recommend them to readers with some time and tolerance, and money, on their hands.

Atheneum's "The Twelve Days of Christmas Cookbook," by Suzanne Huntley (1965, $4.95), should sell well for, at any rate, a couple of years. It is modishly illustrated by Milton Glaser, and James Beard (Himself) says on the cover that it is a joy to "a lover of the Christmas traditions." The Author's Note admits that her "suggestions . . . are sometimes bunched together with reckless international abandon," but in general she holds rather firmly to the "idea," and provides menus for several trite but traditional holiday meals. There is facile use of the blender, naturally, and I am irked by her equally facile way of advising the cook to "dump" this and that ingredient into the ubiquitous gadget. Why not simply *add*? Or would that be too formal, too staid, too old-hat? I may be too easily irked as I look at most of the rain of "idea" books. Mrs. Huntley is in a large company; hers is not the only cookbook to which phrases about "built-in eye appeal," "guaranteed to set . . . mouths a-watering," "foolproof directions for toothsome goodies," and so on are attached. Not all her fellow-culprits are as convinced that they have worked with "sophisticated gusto" as she may feel that she has, but much can be forgiven

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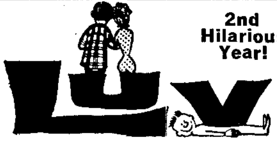

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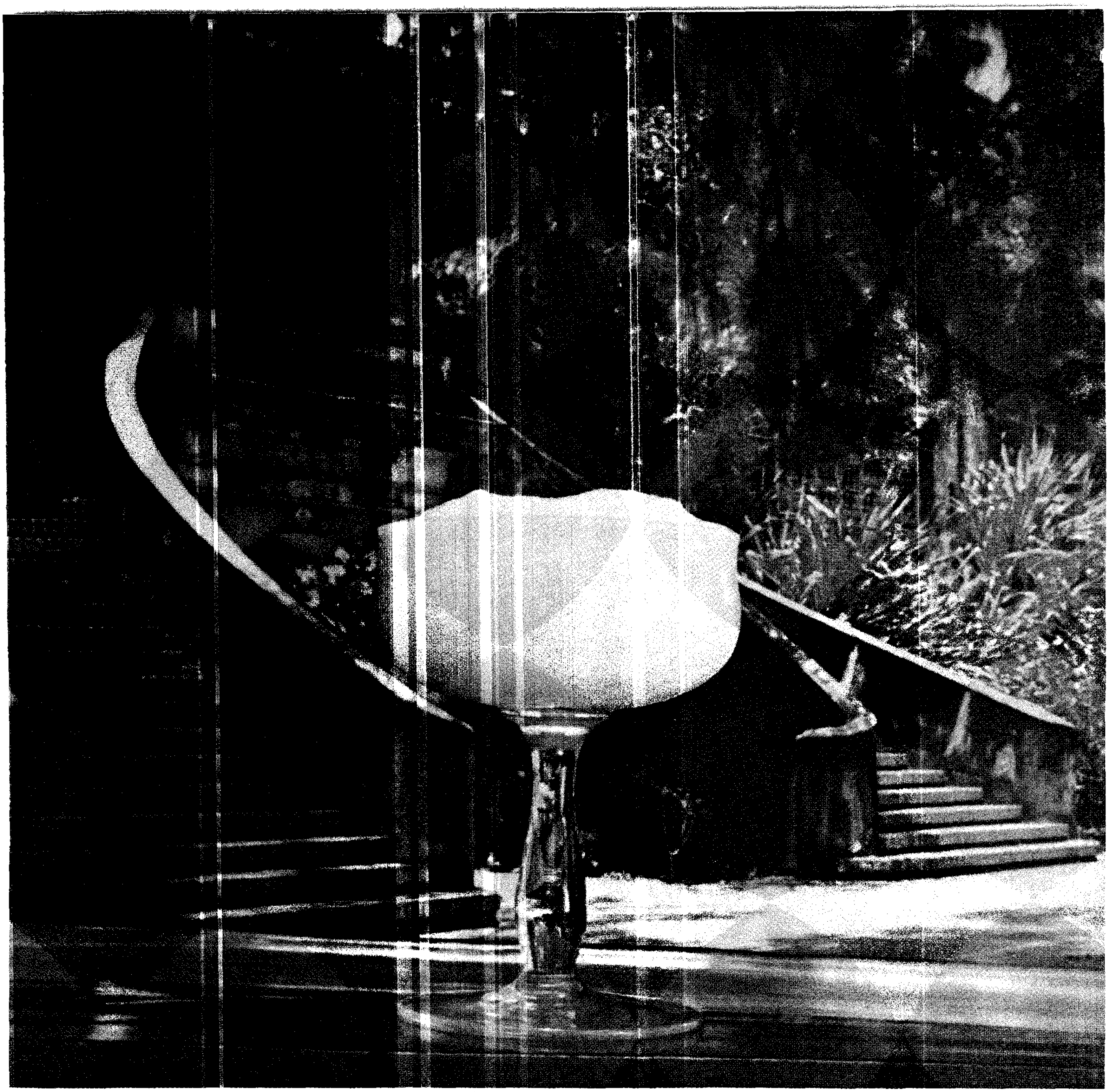

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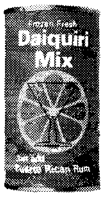

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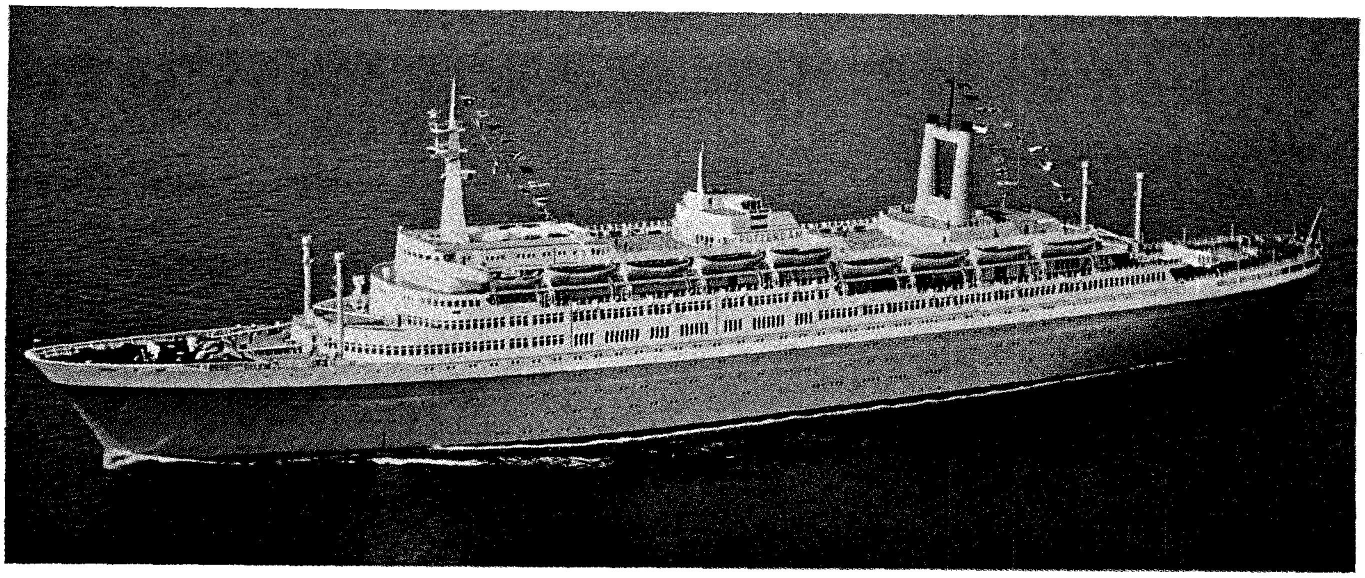

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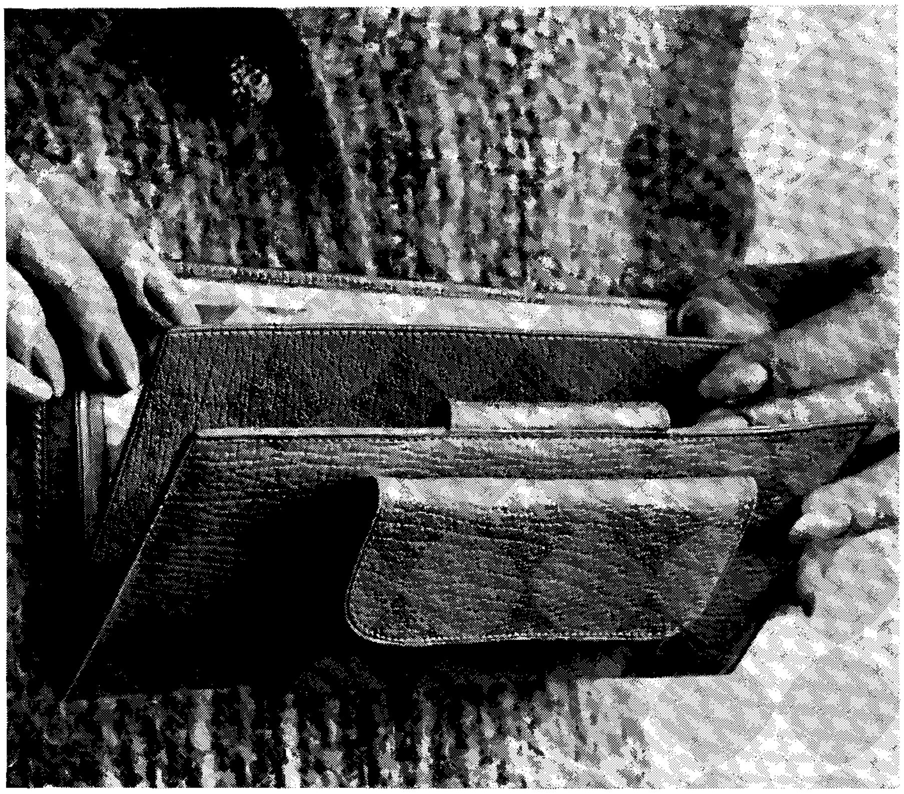
in return for a good recipe like her Corned Beef Hash or several of her practical suggestions and sensible short cuts. My charitable nature, however, is hard put to it to forgive those of her competitors—or should I say colleagues?—who blandly speak of themselves as infallible. “A definitive cooking course for beginners” is bad enough, but the favorite word, if one excepts things like “utterly” and “yummy,” is “complete.” Irked I am, and irked I remain.

Some of the “ideas” are openly far-fetched, as in the recent “Cooking Without Recipes” (Harper & Row), by Helen Worth, one of the In teachers in the now fashionable cooking schools in New York. Her premise, and promise, is that anyone can learn the art of fine kitchenwork by following what she calls “pattern recipes” and go on from there to gastronomical heights. This is hardly startling, in spite of the would-be teaser in the title, and since Mrs. Worth gives three hundred patterns and “exciting” variations, even a tradition-bound amateur can probably find his way to a hard-boiled egg or two. Most probably her school of thought, if such it should be called, is more persuasive in person than on paper. She feels that her lessons, in print as in her school kitchen, will (so the dust jacket asserts) “remove the mystery” of preparing “exciting” meals and make it easy for the cook to “*glow*”—a surmise as odd as my nightmarish one of a succeeding manual, to be called “Cooking Without Food.” Irkiness aside, a book like this one usually contains countless useful hints for beginning cooks: how to separate an egg, how to store leftover waffle batter—homey touches like that. Mrs. Worth is also a real kook for raw vegetables, which gives us a strong common bond, and the section at the back of her book, called “Potpourri of Cooking Aids,” is of value to anyone who likes charts—tables, guides, nutriment values, and other stuff that is supposed nowadays to make up culinary knowledge.

THERE are many other ambitious attempts at the success publishers expect with a trick title. People must fall for them when they don't know what to give to That Cute Young Mr. Whipple's Wife, and I hope they do, for the books between the covers are usually compiled with some reason, no matter how illogically pursued. There is one called “For Serving Four.” Another is called “Exotic Cookery.” “The



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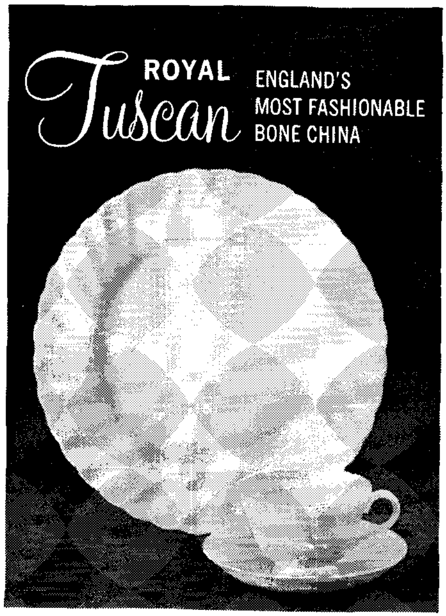

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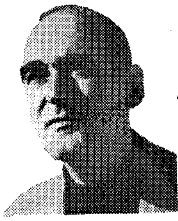
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Cook's Blessings" is a double-edged teaser, and "A Matter of Taste" sounds more like an English novel than a cookbook. It calls itself "the definitive seasoning book," says firmly that most of its recipes do not appear anyplace else, but, unabashed, quotes every authority from Escoffier to the Spice Trade Association, and in spite of this overconfident attitude is a very informative and easily assimilated manual. It is compiled with obvious conscience by Sylvia Windle Humphrey and has lately been published by Macmillan.

"For Serving Four," by Louise Pickoff (Barnes, 1964), has a whimsical jacket with a big food-crammed "4" substituting for the last word in the title. (Laughter.) Miss Pickoff uses Mrs. Worth's far from revolutionary idea that if a given recipe will serve four people (*one*, with Mrs. Worth's patterns), doubling it will make it enough for eight. (Some cooks would question this: seasonings and so on. If two aspirins will help a headache, will four help it twice as fast?) Miss Pickoff is Texan, and her commentary is correctly loose and friendly, almost visibly drawling. She includes a good section on her native cookery, even if she adds tequila to a recipe (for Salty Dogs) and puts the thing under "Desserts." I feel like a salty dog myself—downright mean—but I cannot resist adding that on page 300 there is a recipe, printed without a smile, for Mulled Dr. Pepper. Yippeeeee!

"Exotic Cookery" (Lilla van Saher; World Publishing, Cleveland, 1964) is true to Webster in that its recipes have indeed been gathered from the Far, Middle, and Near East, from Africa, the Caribbean, Indonesia, Israel, Latin America, the Pacific, and—surprisingly—Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Mrs. van Saher's native Hungary. Another part of the dictionary's definition, "strikingly unusual . . . excitingly strange," must be the responsibility more of the author than of the source in such a collection; certainly, most of the names in "Exotic Cookery" show her linguistic worldliness in a striking and even exciting way, even if it is a letdown to find that Mavalo—from El Kharga, in Egypt—is a fruit compote based on marshmallows, and that Rakott Krumpli is a casserole of boiled potatoes and sausages baked with sour cream, another one of those "simple peasant dishes," this from Debrecen, in Hungary. In general, though, the recipes are interesting and actually familiar, such as the excellent one for

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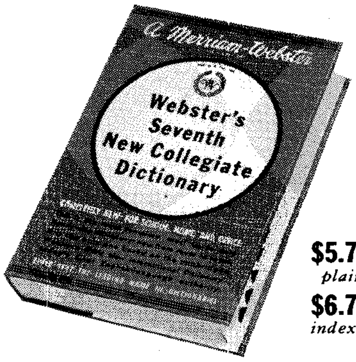

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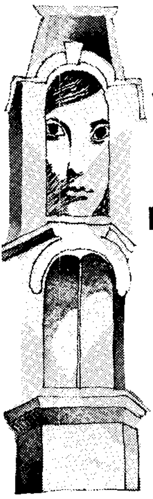
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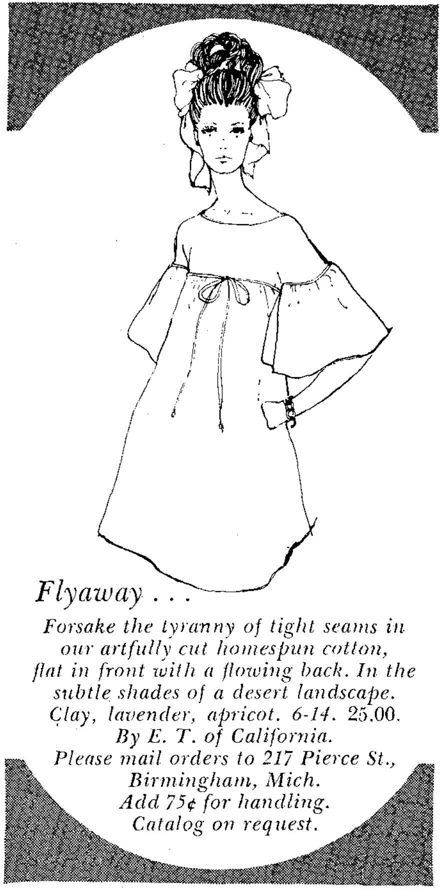

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Occasionally I become not only irked but irascible about a subtle toploftiness in books like this. Obviously, they cannot hope to call themselves culinary necessities if they print only recipes about exotic foods like marshmallows and potatoes, and so they solemnly start out with tables of measurement and definitions of kitchen terms as if their readers had neither experience nor previous education. In Mrs. van Saher's "Explanation of General Cooking Terms," which is written in near-Basic English, she says kindly, "Stir . . . To mix ingredients with a spoon in a circular motion." She notes that in addition to the standard kitchen utensils "exotic" cooking will need such excitingly rare equipment as an electric blender, an egg beater, and a double boiler. My feeling is that anybody who buys a book like this one already owns at least one authority, such as Rombauer, Montagné, Farmer. Would it be bad manners for the publishers of the fringe books to refer frankly to the fact that their potential readers may *already have learned the basic principles* of stirring, boiling, and so on from books issued by rival firms, or even standard dictionaries and encyclopedias?

"The Cook's Blessings" is another book that calls itself "unique," and its "idea," carried out with practiced skill by Demetria Taylor (Random House, 1965), is to base it "on the social and religious traditions of the Catholic World" and to include recipes (some from the Vatican) and menus for holidays, holy days, and such special occasions as baptisms, weddings, and fund-raisings. Miss Taylor is a professional cookbooker and food consultant on such phenomena as home canning, now almost archaic, and frozen foods. Her book is a rich reference supply for harassed newspaper columnists who must turn out weekly copy called something like "Food Facts"—chatty but authoritative information about feast days and their saints and their gastronomical potentials, like making Coquilles St. Jacques on July 25th in honor of St. James, or cream puffs on March 19th for St. Joseph, "foster father of Jesus." Many of the recipes are not extraordinary (Maître d'Hôtel Butter, Brown Bread Sandwiches "recommended for Evening Bingo"), but Miss Taylor writes for a normally hungry audience, and there is a lot of entertainment in her compendium. She ties it together nicely with her title in printing on both end papers and another page, suitable for framing, with

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PERHAPS, I tell myself after even a brief look at the steady rain of cookbooks, it is not the stone lantern that is blurry but the eye that regards it. If every Demetria Taylor tried to be another Mrs. Isabella Beeton, and a thousand other dedicated ladies refused to set clipping shears to work because they knew they could never equal either Miss Taylor *or* Mrs. Beeton, it would be a dull time indeed for the publishers, the dauntless compilers, and the modern readers who eat their way vicariously through millions of recipes each year. The lantern of "standard cookery manuals," irrefutable in the drizzle, still stands, and an occasional brightness lightens all the air around it: "The Pastry Chef," for instance, not essential to an average cook but reassuring in its unblurred simplicity.

—M. F. K. FISHER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE COMPETITOR, by Thomas Bontly (Scribners). This exceptional first novel describes a harrowing day in the life of a thirty-four-year-old shoe salesman who recognizes the loveless, lifeless drabness of his existence and knows he is never going to make a step toward happiness, because he doesn't know where happiness is, and anyway he is afraid to move, or even to think of moving. Marty Hansen, married and the father of three daughters, is assistant manager of a cheap branch store in a smart new shopping center somewhere in Wisconsin. Today is Saturday, and while we watch Marty scrambling to keep up with the younger or more carefree or more ruthless salesmen, we listen as his mind roams back in its eternal search for the first mistake—the one that decided his fate as that of a trapped and frightened man. Here and there, Mr. Bontly makes a point a little too deliberately, but in the main his writing is very good.

THE LAST EAGLE, by Dan Mannix (McGraw-Hill). An ornithological novel—the history of a male bald eagle from chick (in the Chesapeake Bay area) to mated maturity (in the Middle West). Although the events are imaginary, they are (presumably) based on scientific observation. The form is episodic. Mr. Mannix shows us his eagle learning

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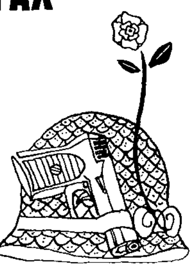

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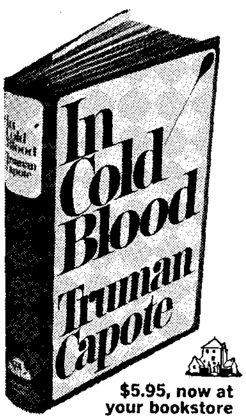

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The contents of this book appeared originally in The New Yorker.

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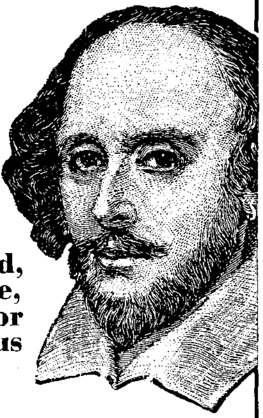
to fly, learning to hunt, learning to keep a safe two hundred yards from man, learning to use the magnetically responsive organs called pectens that enable a bird to return to its seasonal homes, learning to mate and to care for its young. He also gives us a nauseating glimpse of that virile sport which charms so many Texans—shotgunning eagles from a plane. Drawings by Russell Peterson.

NOTE: "A Goodly Babe," a novel about a young Italian doctor by Arturo Vivante, has been published by Little, Brown. Parts of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker* as short stories.

GENERAL

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., 1835-1915: THE PATRICIAN AT BAY, by Edward Chase Kirkland (Harvard). A short, scholarly, amiable biography of the older brother of Henry and Brooks. He belonged to a generation of poor-little-rich-boy Adamses, aggrieved at the transformation of the United States into a huge, egalitarian industrial democracy where lesser folk no longer reflexively deferred to Adamses. Of the brothers, Charles Francis tried hardest to adjust to the harsh new world. He became a businessman and made money; he went in for intellectual good works, such as helping Quincy acquire a public library; he became a historian and the president of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Despite his achievements, he was never pleased with himself or the world as it wagged; he simmered and sometimes exploded. Professor Kirkland writes more in admiration than in pity, but readers will feel free to reverse the balance.

ADDINGTON, by Philip Ziegler (John Day). The author of this biography admits that Henry Addington, later Viscount Sidmouth (1757-1844), deserves his historical reputation as a mediocre and reactionary politician. Nonetheless, the book is a fascinating one. For Addington, who served successively as Speaker of the House of Commons, Prime Minister, and Home Secretary, had many second-rate political gifts; he gave loyalty and commanded it; he was civil in disagreement; and George III, George IV, and the British nation, including his opponents, believed, and rightly, that he was utterly trustworthy and unself-seeking. Addington's combination of wrongness and goodness, Mr. Ziegler points out, was by no means unique in



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English history, and as the author brilliantly recalls Addington's political world—the Napoleonic Wars, the scandals of the Regency, the "Peterloo Massacre"—he encourages the reader to think of later-model Addingtons who are bumbling to success in Parliament and in Congress.

DE GAULLE, by François Mauriac, translated by Richard Howard (Doubleday). This short book is a prose poem of praise. M. Mauriac's love for and gratitude to the French President are unlikely to be shared by most Americans, but his book shows why an eminent French writer with a lifelong record of intellectual independence feels as he does, and though M. Mauriac may not convince, he explains a good deal. The translator has done very well by the author's elegant language.

MUSIC-STUDY IN GERMANY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Amy Fay, with an introduction by Frances Dillon (Dover). Although Miss Fay's collection of observations has a special interest for pianists and historians of piano playing, it is so acute and so charming that it can be read—and, indeed, has been read since 1880, when it was first published, with the help of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—by a much larger public. Miss Fay is said to have been the first concert artist who ever played an entire piano concerto in public in this country. She was born in 1844 in Bayou Goula, Louisiana—a not very hopeful environment for pianists—and she moved on first to New England and then to Germany, which at that time was the center of the musical world. There she studied with a number of formidable artists, including Franz Liszt and Carl Tausig, meanwhile observing the life around her and writing voluminously about it. Her book has, in its time, gone through twenty-one printings in America, and has been translated into French and German.

LIVING WITH BALLADS, by Willa Muir (Oxford). Mrs. Muir, in this well-organized book, turns her perceptive attention upon the nature of those works, great and small, produced in the oral tradition—from the epic constructions of antiquity to the Border ballads and beyond. She is able to remind us, moreover, how close we are to those eras in which the general population was bookless and unlettered by casting back to

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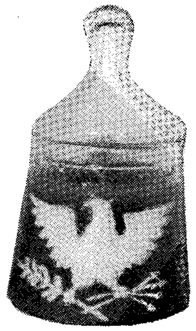

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her own girlhood in the northeast of Scotland, where the tradition still persisted. She found the manner of one singer (a plowman) unemotional and impersonal: "Far from intruding itself, his personality vanished altogether; there was only a voice telling a story to a tune." Other balladists brought to their performances more showy effects, but in every instance Mrs. Muir sensed the presence of "an archaic world of feeling" shared by singer and audience—quite different from the attitude of the self-conscious popular entertainer who is paid to entertain. She recognizes—and makes dramatically clear—the primordial themes, running unbroken down the centuries, in spite of the shifts of history, as well as the survival of certain formal oral conventions (repetition, abundance of detail), all making for the combination of monotony and surprise, the projection of fact, desire, and magical illusion that have kept on attracting scholars, singers, and listeners, generation after generation, into our own day.

EARLIEST CIVILIZATIONS OF THE NEAR EAST, by James Mellaart (McGraw-Hill). Mr. Mellaart is one of the archeologists whose recent work has greatly altered our picture of the ancient Near East, and this short book summarizes his researches and those of others, including important and still unpublished excavations at Jericho and Jarmo. The new picture is of civilizations more advanced—indeed, luxurious—and far earlier than anyone thought. Jericho was a substantial city around 8000 B.C., and its houses had pink floors; Neolithic Jarmoites nibbled pistachio nuts; Anatolia, previously regarded as a barbarous fringe area, is now known to have had the most advanced Neolithic cultures in the Near East, with beautiful obsidian mirrors, marbles and dice, probably wine and beer, and perhaps linen. Many illustrations, some in color.

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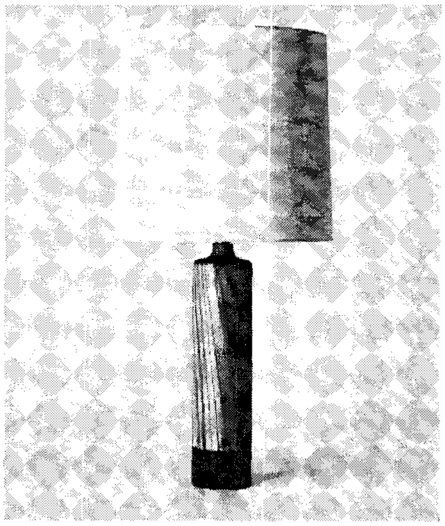

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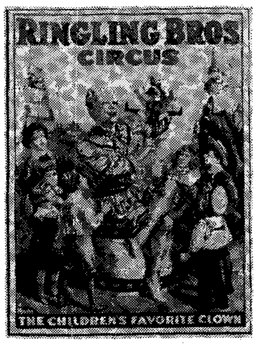

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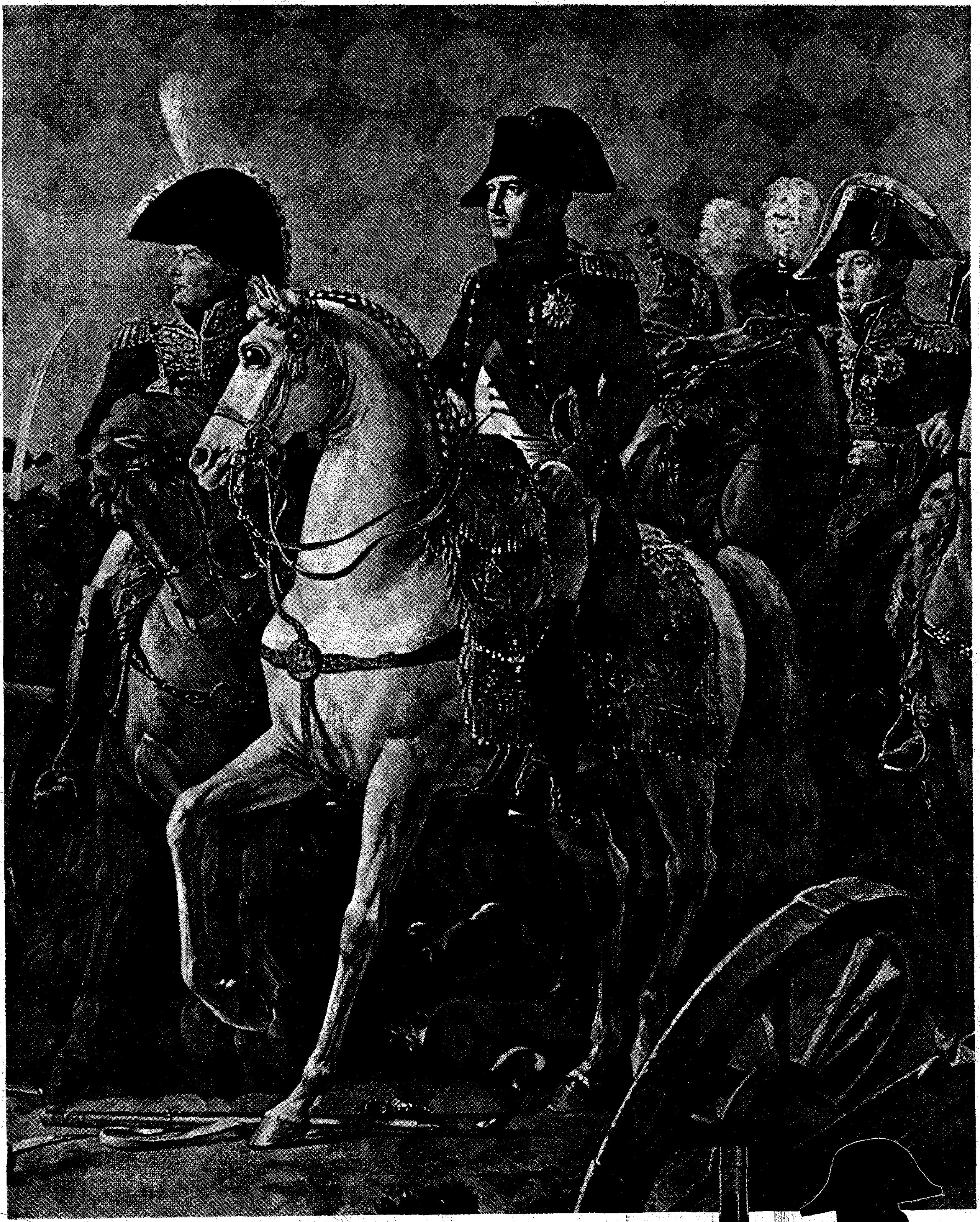

Bataille d'Austerlitz. Detail from the painting by Baron François Gérard (1770-1837). On December 2, 1805, Napoleon watches what has been called the first great battle of modern times, a complete triumph over the far larger Allied armies of Austria and Russia.

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